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TWO YEARS IN THE ARCTIC

BY

ANTHONY FIALA

I

SHIPWRECKED ABOVE THE 81°

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS, WHICH ARE THE MOST REMARKABLE EVER BROUGHT BACK FROM THE ARCTIC

ON the return of the Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic Expedition in the autumn of 1902, the late William Ziegler, who had so liberally financed it, resolved to send a second in search of the North Pole. It was not until December of that year, however, that a leader was chosen. Mr. Ziegler then gave the command to me with instructions to sail North the following spring.

The time for preparation was brief and the work of equipment was necessarily hurried. Fortunately, a certain amount of material from the first expedition was available as a nucleus for the second. Most valuable of all was the steam yacht "America," formerly the whaler, "Esquimaux," of Dundee.

That the personnel of the party should be American was the desire of Mr. Ziegler and myself. A Massachusetts man, Captain Edwin Coffin, of Edgartown, was selected to navigate the "America," and after much trouble he succeeded in assembling his officers and crew, most of them experienced whalers.

For the sake of organization I divided the expedition party into three departments, a Field Department, a Deck Department, and an Engine Department. Captain Coffin, as navigator and Master of the vessel, was, of course, in command of the Deck Department. In charge of the Engine Department was H. P. Hartt, a marine engineer of sixteen years' experience aboard steam whalers, who had passed nine winters in the Arctic and had been with the Baldwin party aboard the "America" in 1901-02.

The Field Department comprised the members of the scientific staff and those of the expedition company not signed on the ship's articles. Among these were the surgeon, assistant surgeon, the assistant surgeon in charge of dogs, a veterinarian, a quartermaster, and a commissary, with a number of assistants.

William J. Peters, of the United States Geological Survey and representing the National Geographical Society, was chosen as chief scientist and second in command of the expedition. The other officer, Russell W. Porter, the first assistant scientist and artist of the expedition, was commissioned third in command while in the field.

The "America" Points Her Prow to the North

The crew for the "America" left New York for Tromso, Norway, in March, 1903, and before the end of April all the stores and equipment had been shipped to Trondhjem.

In the evening of June 23, 1903, we steamed away from Trondhjem, followed by the cheers

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The "America" drifting up the British Channel in August, 1903

of a large company of Norwegians who had assembled on the dock to see us depart.

We put in at the island of Trono and at Archangel, at both of which we shipped ponies, dogs, and stores. The decks were crowded with cases; the ponies were amidships in a rough, makeshift stable, on the roof of which and on the forecastle head the dogs were kenneled. What with all this crowded confusion and the perpetual greetings and combats of the animals, the deck was no place for a lover of simplicity. Five ponies, which for lack of room were tied to the ship's rail, demolished most of the woodwork and all of the rope within their reach.

Possibly nowhere on earth was there just such a situation, or quite such a community as existed aboard our ship. The "America" flew the burgee of the New York Yacht Club with a commission as a pleasure yacht from the Treasury Department of the United States Government. But the "America" was anything but a pleasure yacht. Crowded with thirty-nine men, two hundred and eighteen dogs, and thirty ponies, she had more the appearance of an overloaded freighter or cattle steamer, with every available deck space packed with cargo. Hard, manual labor was the portion of all alike. In addition to the regular work of the ship the animals had to be cared for, and with the crowded condition of the decks it was a difficult matter to coal the bunkers, and all hands, Field Department members and crew, were obliged to take part in the dirty work of passing coal.

Hammering Through the Ice Packs

On July 13th we came up to the ice at 74° 51 N. Lat., 38° 37 E. Long.

We seemed to have struck a late season. The ice was only then about breaking, and the great lanes of water that should have given us a passage between the floes were not to be found. We steamed slowly along the edge of floe after floe of field ice, some of the floes sixty to seventy miles long without a break. Time and time again we were obliged to steam in great circles, miles out of our course to work around the vast, white fields. With favorable conditions the voyage from Vardo, Norway, to Cape Flora on Northbrook

Island in the Franz Joseph archipelago can be made in six days; but as day after day went by and weeks passed without any great progress north the impatient American spirit chafed under the delay, and many a young member of the expedition took his first lesson in Arctic exploration — the lesson of patience. All of July passed with but little distance to our credit. On August 7th we sighted land. Before us lay fields of heavy ice through which the "America" sturdily hammered her way, thanks to an armored prow that could ram and crush without hurt to the greenheart timbers behind its iron plates. "Bucking" the ice was always an exciting experience, the ship rolling from side to side as the ice broke under her forefoot, smoke pouring in huge clouds from the funnels, the engines throbbing and pounding with the strain of their supreme effort, men lining the rigging to mark the advance toward the coveted stretch of clear water, dogs barking, and ponies stamping and stumbling as the impact of ship and floe threw them almost off their feet.

Finally we escaped from the pack at a point where two enormous ice fields had crashed together. These had parted a little, leaving a long, narrow channel choked with heavy cakes. We dislodged and shattered the cakes with charges of gun cotton, the crew pushing the fragments out of the way with poles. Then, as the edges of the field drifted still farther apart with the action of the currents, we steamed through, arriving at Cape Flora on August 12th.

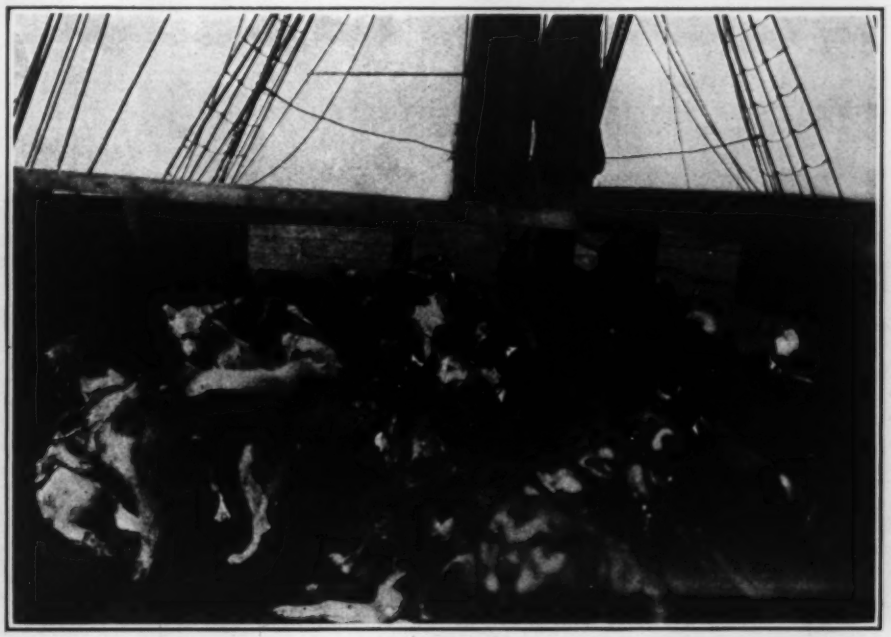
We landed here for the purpose of examining the stores left by previous expeditions.

Into Open Waters Again

On the night of August 29th, we were tied up to the ice in a bay near a little uncharted island north of Cape Hugh Mill on Fred. Jackson Island. My diary for the 30th reads:

> Had been up all night and climbed the hill on the island near us several times in anxious watch of the belt of ice that separated us from the navigable water north. I turned in about one A.M., and asked Mr. Peters and Mr. Porter to watch the ice, as they were taking some angles from the top of the hill. Tired out from many sleepless nights I immediately fell asleep but was awakened at half-past one by Mr. Porter who informed me that the ice had opened. First Officer Haven was just climbing over the side of the ship for the purpose of going to the top of the hill, and we three went together to have our eyes gladdened with the sight of an open lane through the ice. On returning I climbed the hill again with Captain Coffin who gave one look, then hurried back to the ship as fast as he could go, and together we climbed to the crow's nest. A beautiful morning, lighted gloriously with sunshine. On leaving the bay in which we had found refuge we steamed north towards Charles Alexander Island, the beautiful, clear atmosphere revealing the fact that Leigh Smith Island did not exist, and that what was supposed to be that island was really the northeast

A corner in the dog kennel aboard the "America"



end of Jackson Island, and that instead of the channel marked as the De Long Fjord there was really a deep bay.

At Cape Helland we could go no further, a wide strip of heavy ice preventing further progress north. We tied up to the ice to await further developments. Second Officer Nichols, Surgeon Shorkley, Seaman Burns, and myself took the dingy and sounded in the bay north of Cape Helland, hoping to find a lane of separation between the ground ice and the floe, but to no purpose. We then climbed the glacier and from about eight hundred feet elevation saw the welcome sight of open sea as far as Crown Prince Rudolf Island. Returned to the ship convinced that when we did escape it would not be through the bay, but further out in the channel.

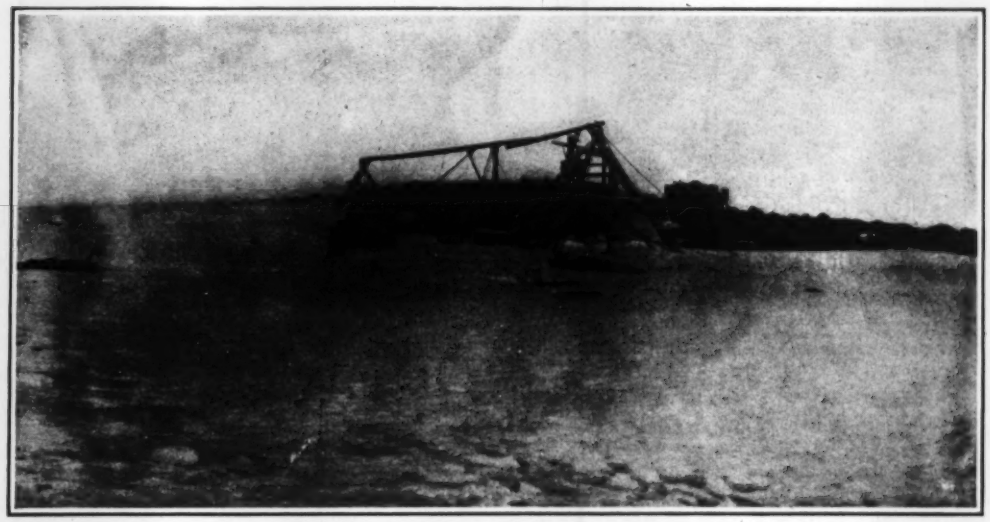
Felt very tired on return to ship for want of sleep. About ten o'clock in the morning I turned in and slept soundly until 4.30. After supper I climbed to the crow's nest and noticed that the ice had opened a little and reported it to Captain Coffin, who went aloft with Mr. Haven, and in a few minutes we were under way.

The bugle then sounded the time of Sunday service, and while we were engaged in a devotional meeting the shaking and pounding of the ship denoted our entrance into the ice. At the close of the service we went on deck to find the "America" slowly forcing her way through heavy ice. Captain Coffin shouted down to me to come aloft and I climbed to the crow's nest, where he and the first officer were. Before long we passed our last barrier of ice and were steaming in the open sea. Captain Coffin reported that when he started, the chances were slim; but as the ship advanced the ice seemed to open and slacken, and what heavy, solid masses of ice they were: great, solid, green, shimmering; tons and tons, extending twenty and thirty feet under water.

We steamed past Charles Alexander Island and toward midnight passed Cape Auk, the south cape on Crown Prince Rudolf Island where we could see the cache left by the Baldwin-Ziegler party in 1902. Teplitz Bay was passed in the sunlight, the skeleton-like remains of the framework of the tent where lived the brave Abruzzi and his companions, standing out in plain view. Open water extending further north, we steamed on toward the midnight sun. On passing Teplitz Bay, Captain Coffin told me the good news that, as far as he could see, it would be safe as winter quarters for the ship.

The "America" Makes Her Farthest North

Early in the morning of August 31st, we made our highest north, the open sea north of Rudolph Island allowing us to pass beyond the 82° parallel of latitude. We returned to Teplitz Bay by six o'clock in the morning of a beautiful sunlighted day, a female bear and her cub paying us a visit as we tied up our ship alongside of the heavy bay ice. The tent where the Duke of Abruzzi, Captain Cagni, and their brave companions had wintered in 1899 and 1900, had been destroyed by the storms, and all that remained was the heavy framework sunk deep in the snow, and the tops of the interior tents. A great cache of food stores was found in good condition, piled on a high rocky point, and down near the tide-track was a great heap of coal. The dogs were landed first and then a gangway was constructed from ship to ice, down which the ponies were led. The ponies had been on shipboard just two months, and in the wild desire for freedom a number broke loose and stampeded, jumping hummocks



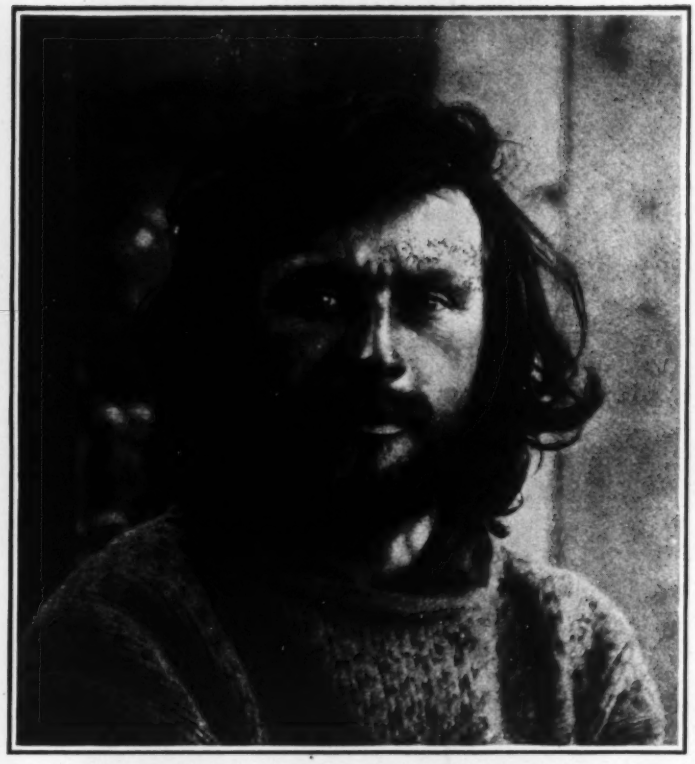
All that remained in 1903 of the winter quarters occupied by the Duke of Abruzzi and his brave companions in 1899–1900

Tent built for the ponies and dogs

and rocks ashore like kangaroos, and disappearing out of sight across the high glacier. Search parties were sent after them, and all were brought back except five, four of which were lost in crevasses — and one which simply disappeared. Sergeant Moulton, Assistant Scientist Tafel, and Dr. Vaughan distinguished themselves in the search.

After constant exertion we succeeded in getting all the good lumber, stores, and equipment ashore, but lost a small boat, some old lumber from the stable, and a number of young dogs that floated away on broken ice in a gale. The violence of the wind and the breaking of the heavy bay ice indicated to Captain Coffin the possibility that Teplitz Bay would be an unsafe harbor for the ship. He told me on September 3d that he would be obliged to take the "America" away and look for other winter quarters, and that he would not be responsible for the ship's safety if quartered in Teplitz Bay. If I had sent the "America" away with her crew I would have been obliged to equip the entire ship's company with sleeping bags, dogs, and sledges, for there was the possibility of the ship's loss, no matter where she was taken in the archipelago. Then there

Building a home for the men. The "America" is seen dimly in the distance



Anthony Fiala after the first winter on the first expedition

was the added disadvantages of a divided party, the loss to the expedition of the services of the crew, and also the sacrifice of such facilities as were afforded by the workshop aboard the ship. There was only one other thing to do, and that was to take everything aboard the ship again — ponies, dogs, large tents, lumber, food, equipment, and stores, and to look south for other winter quarters. But the season was far advanced, and by going further south we would have lost the decided advantage of a high base for the sledge party. After considering both sides of the question, I explained to the members of the Field Department the nature of the risk we assumed by remaining in Teplitz Bay, and then gave orders to Captain Coffin to winter the ship in that neighborhood.

Preparing to Spend the Long Night at Teplitz Bay

A site for the house was chosen on a ridge of rocks, and building was begun. A large tent, twenty feet wide and eighty-eight feet long, was erected, in which the ponies and dogs were stabled. In another large tent room was made for the storage of food and forage for dogs and ponies. The greater part of the large cache of pemmican stored at Cape Auk by the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition in 1902 was moved by steamer to our camp site at Teplitz Bay, and then preparations were made to make the "America" snug for the winter. I had given Captain Coffin a little over half our entire store of provisions for use aboard ship, as he had the larger party. The remainder, with the entire store of sledge provisions, had been moved by the industrious members of the party to the vicinity of camp, this work necessitating hard hauling in all kinds of weather.

By early October the camp, which I had named Camp Abruzzi, assumed quite a businesslike aspect, with a regular routine of duties for all the members. The ponies were stalled in the stable tent. Half of the space inside of the tent was shared by the dogs, which were allowed to come and go at will, but woe to the dog that would stray on the pony side of the tent within reach of the heels. Only those dogs were chained which were found to be particularly incorrigible fighters.

On a ridge of rocks overlooking the bay not far from our camp, and near the great cache of food left by the Duke of Abruzzi, our busy

Anthony Fiala in the fall of 1905

scientists erected the astronomical observatory and set up the large vertical circle loaned by the Christiania Observatory. Near the shore line, about two hundred yards below the stable tent, Mr. Peters and his assistants built the little hut that was to serve as a magnetic observatory. On September 24th the house was completed, and the fifteen members of the Field Department and the steward of the ship moved their belongings to the quarters on land. The interior of the house had been divided into one large living-room, and a number of little rooms, just large enough for two or four bunks. Also a little kitchen was partitioned off for the steward. In the living-room a long table was erected, and over the table was hung an arc-light, connected by wire with the ship, over six thousand feet away. The dynamo aboard the ship supplied the current for lighting the incandescent lights aboard the ship as well as the arc-light ashore.

A well-tramped trail led over the ice of the Bay from the house to the ship, and on the wire imbedded in the snow that conveyed the electric current Engineer Hartt and Electrician Vedoe had cut in three incandescent lights. The lights were mounted on bamboo poles stuck in the snow about a thousand feet apart. Another electric light burned at the gangway of the ship. On windy days when vision was obscured by the flying drift of snow, and at night, these lights served as guides between ship and shore.

The ship's officers had been busy in the meantime, and the after part of the ship was housed in with canvas, and an extra partition and door was placed before the entrance to the forecastle. The store of ship's provisions was cached on the ice not far from the ship. An electrically-lighted workshop was arranged between decks, with a stove to keep it warm. It was clean and comfortable, and work was started putting the sledges together and lashing the joints with rawhide.

The Boat Adrift and the Camp in Darkness

Teplitz Bay was a place of many storms. On October 22d a gale sprang up from the southeast, shaking the house all night with its fearful blast, the velocity of the wind increasing until it reached the maximum of seventy-two miles an hour. At half-past nine at night the arc-light suddenly

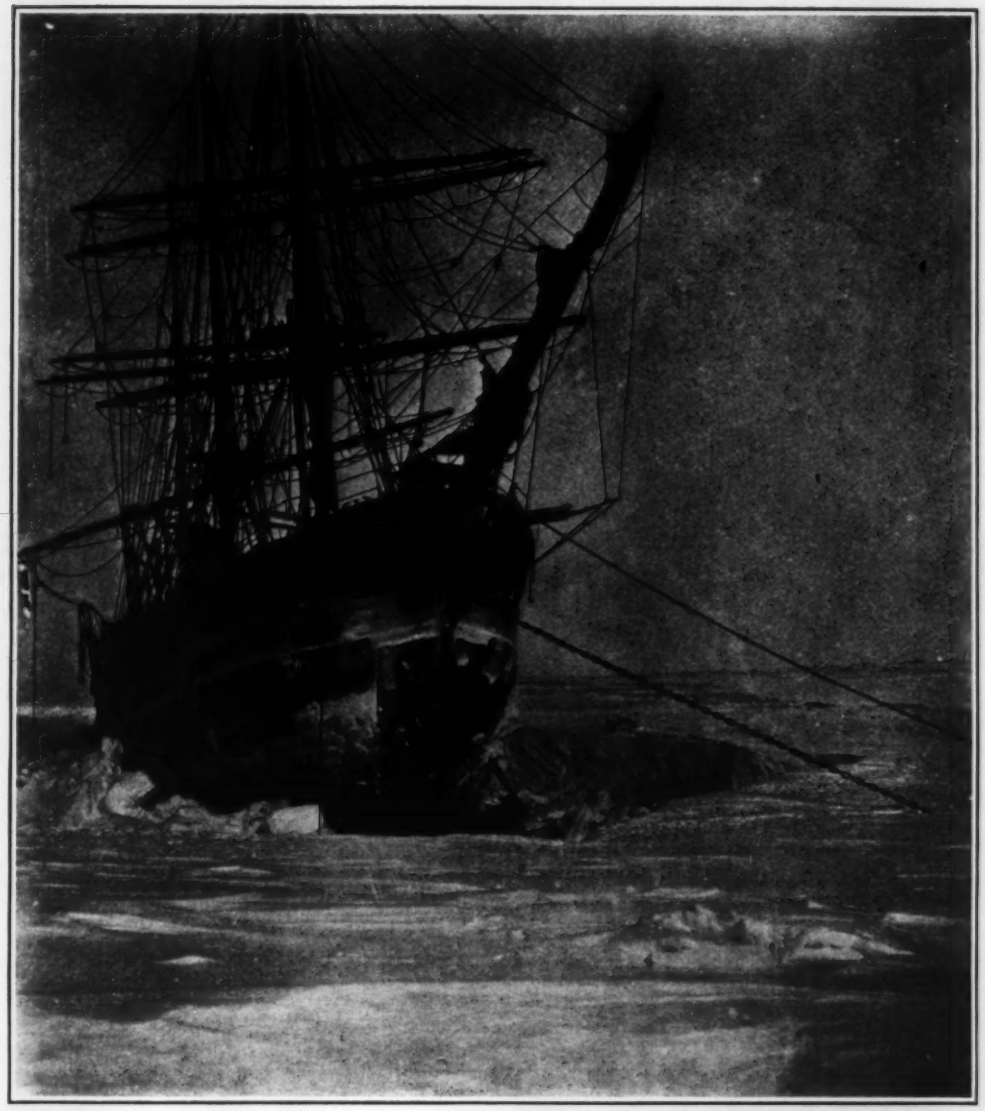
The "America" in winter quarters early in November, 1903. This photograph was made by moonlight. This was the "America's" "farthest north"

went out, and we knew that our connection with the ship was broken. We feared that something was wrong aboard the "America," but we were helpless to assist, for it would have been impossible to have found the ship in the storm or to return to the house again. All sense of direction is lost in an Arctic storm, the flying snow and the drift feel like a sand blast, and blind any one exposed to their fury. During the evening of the 23d there was a lull in the storm, and Mr. Peters and I, with lighted lanterns, ran over the wind-swept bay-ice in the darkness toward the place where the "America" had been moored.

We saw no guiding light from the ship's gangway, and when we reached the place where the ship had been, to our horror we found but a wild, black sea. We ran up and down the rough edge of the bay ice flashing our lanterns, but our ship, with over half the expedition company, had disappeared. Fierce puffs warned us of the storm's return, and we hurried back to camp fearing that our comrades aboard the ship were lost. We reached the protection of the house just as the wind started again with increased violence. We flashed a number of signal lights, and to our joy we detected a faint glow through the driving drift which indicated an answering signal. However, a sudden increase in the wind made further signaling impossible. For three long days the storm raged. On the fourth day, our eyes were gladdened in the twilight of noon by the sight of our good ship steaming in from the north, her hull shining with ice, and slowly forcing her way through the thick slush and ice back to her old mooring place. Going aboard, we learned that the ship had broken loose during the first night of the storm and had been drifting and steering for forty hours without any knowledge of her whereabouts. The mooring lines became entangled in the blades of the propeller and men had to be lowered into the propeller well during the gale in order to cut the entangled mass from the wheel. It was a long and difficult operation. The temperature was low and the men had to be relieved frequently. The heavy port anchor with seventy fathoms of chain first dragged bottom then hung vertically, and as it could not be raised with frozen machinery, had to be sacrificed to save the ship.

Every afternoon, when weather would permit, we mounted the little Siberian ponies and trotted and galloped down the hill and over the trail toward the ship — nearly all the dogs in the pack accompanying us on our wild rides, barking and running as if mad with excitement. We were sorry when the days grew so dark that we could ride no more. All we could do was to take the ponies out of their stable for an hour each day and tie them to a long picket line, allowing them to kick and roll in the snow.

October was a stormy month. November opened clear and cold, the temperature gradually falling. The minimum thermometer registered forty-seven degrees (Fahrenheit)



THE "AMERICA'S" LAST MOORINGS

These photographs were taken a few days apart, by moonlight, during the six months night of 1904. The first shows the "America" as Fiala and his party last saw her, a gaunt, dismantled shell, crushed in the battles with pressure ice and cradled in the ridges off the shore of Teplitz Bay. A heavy storm arose, and when it had cleared the "America" had disappeared, either going under the ice or drifting away. No member of the party saw her again.

Sigfreid Mybre, who died May 16, 1904

In the hut during midwinter. The men engaged sewing furs for clothing to be used in spring sledging

below zero on the morning of the 11th. The ship froze in and seemed safe, every one was hopeful, and work for the coming spring sledge journey went on rapidly. There was a very faint twilight at noon with a low glow in the southern sky on clear days. Thereafter it grew darker each day until there was little difference between noon and midnight.

The Combat with the Floes

On the morning of November 12th I was awakened about four o'clock by the shaking and trembling of the ship. I lay for some minutes listening to the groaning of the timbers under pressure of the ice, and then "Moses," the Captain's dog, pushed his way into my cabin and put his paws on me, looking into my eyes with his great black face. I got up and, putting on a heavy coat, went out on deck. It was so dark that I could not see very far, but could distinguish the white glare of the ice in tumbling confusion, and could see the pressure ridges diagonally across the bow and stern of the ship, with great folds in the ice off to starboard. It felt rather cold, though the temperature had risen to twenty-two degrees below zero, and I returned to my cabin to dress more warmly. While I was putting on my clothing Captain Coffin knocked at my door and told me that he had ordered all hands to be ready to leave the ship. I agreed with him that the order was necessary and again went out on deck. The good old "America" was shaking as with the ague, while the ice was piling up ahead and slowly and fearfully nearing us. Engineer Hartt got his engine together in half an hour. The sledges and sledge stock of lumber, lashing, and parts were dragged out from between decks and placed on the main hatch, and as the shocks increased and the "America" listed to starboard the stuff was lowered down onto the ice. It was a scene of wild activity with a nerve-racking accompaniment of shrieks and groans from the protesting and resisting ship.

About six o'clock the engineer reported to me that the water was above the fireroom

Loading the sledge in the shelter of a storehouse dug in the snow during the winter

plates and that he had started the pumps going. After all the sledge and material had been placed on the ice, I returned to my cabin to save some furs and records which I placed in bags and gave to two sailors who passed them over the side of the ship to their shipmates on the ice. Mr. Porter came aboard at that time. He had been working in the Magnetic Observatory, and noticing the lights at so early an hour walked over to the ship to investigate. I told him to tell Mr. Peters that should the arc-light in the house go out, he should take it as a signal for assistance, and come at once to the ship with the members of the Field Party and ponies and sledges.

Saving the Stores

About eight o'clock we received our worst squeeze. The ship was thrown over to starboard — her bow raised up on the ice. The signal for assistance was sent; and through the darkness, with flashing lanterns, the men from the camp came to our aid with ponies and sledges. The bags and equipment, piled on the ice alongside of the ship, were first moved away to a place of safety.

Later the engineer reported that the pump was gaining on the water, and later still that the bilges were dry. The flood of water was probably caused by the bilge water running astern, as the bow of the ship was lifted up on the ice.

With the last severe pressure the ice fields became quiet, and we had an opportunity to inspect the ship. In the darkness, carrying lighted lanterns, the ship's officers and myself crawled over the walls of ice blocks, tumbled in massive confusion around the "America's" stern, and looked for the rudder and the wheel. But there was such a mass of ice piled up, tons upon tons, that nothing could be seen. The highest pressure ridges were about twenty-five yards forward of the ship's bow, and about the same distance astern. If the ship had been in either place she would have been destroyed. The edge of the heavy bay ice had been cracked in many places, and one of the pressure ridges nearly reached the cache of ship's provisions on the ice.

Trying the cook tent. The day before the departure for the north. The sledges loaded and ready

This invaluable cache, which was separated from the shore ice by a great crack, was in a dangerous position, so sending ashore for more ponies and sledges, all hands worked moving the stores to the shore side of the crack. All the coffee and some of the other stores were sledged to the cache on land.

The ship, in her new cradle of ice-blocks, seemed to be safer than before, and the reassured crew carried their blankets back to the warm and cozy quarters aboard. Days of storm with varying temperature followed the crush of November 12th, and the nights were made unpleasant by the grating of the ice in motion and the groaning and shaking of the ship under pressure.

Early in the morning of Saturday, November 21st, I was awakened by the old grinding and crunching of the ice and the trembling of the ship. As I hurriedly dressed the "America" started to shake as if on the wave of a mighty earthquake; she shrieked like a living thing in pain; every timber seemed to be under a frightful pressure to the very limit of resistance. The first officer, then the captain and the chief engineer, came to my room while I was dressing and told me it was best to be ready to leave, as the ice was bearing down on the ship.

I went on deck in the darkness to realize that the ship was in her death agony. The whole sea of ice to starboard was in motion, sweeping down in great lines and billows of breaking blocks that rose and tumbled over each other like an army of giants determined to destroy us. Huge boulders of ice came over the starboard rail, crushing it like paper; then frightful sounds were heard

Sledge party crossing the glacier

from below as if the ship were breaking in half. The engineer reported that the water was coming in fast, that the pump had been injured by the crush. However, he succeeded in getting it to work and soon its uneven thumping resounded through the ship.

The Second Losing Battle

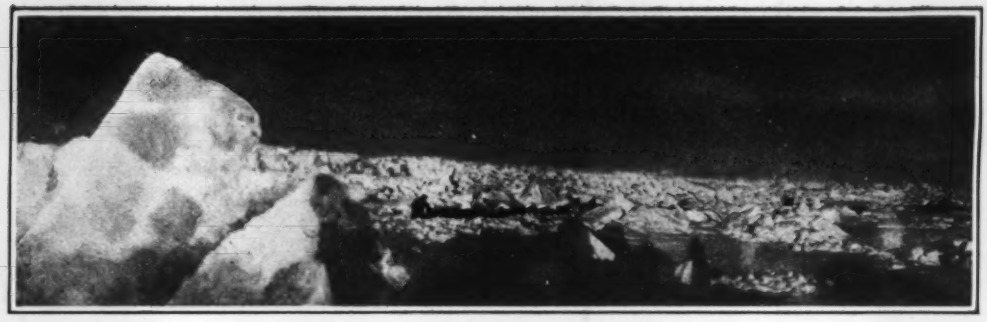
With the thunder of the ice fields in our ears all hands worked sending equipment, clothing, bedding, and everything of value down on the fast bay ice. A sailor was sent ashore to the men at camp, and they came over with the little ponies and sledges to move our valuables to a place of safety on land.

About 7.30 the engineer came to me and, with tears in his eyes, said that the water was entering the ash-pits, and that he could not keep up steam. Later he announced that the water had reached the grate-bars and the fires were out. The water steadily arose as the ice pressure ceased. With the failing steam, the electric lights slowly faded until they merely glowed red and dull. The donkey-pump was quiet, and a silence like death crept over the darkened ship. Under the light of a candle I was busily engaged placing small articles of value in bags, and had just filled the last one and given it to a sailor to take over the side, when a shout rose from the men on the ice — "The ice is opening!" The engineer reappeared to say that I "had better go if I did not want a bath," and together we passed by the Jacob's ladder from the forecastle down to the ice.

But fate postponed the complete destruction of the "America." Another pressure raised her high in the cradle of ice and in that position she froze, the storms drifting her in until she seemed immovable — a black, giant skeleton marooned in the icy waste of Teplitz Bay. Subsequent inspection revealed that the ship had been forced some distance northwest, dragging with her a 1,400 pound mooring anchor, which had torn its way through the ice. The "America" was terribly wrenched and strained. The timbers on the port side were crushed from the coal bunkers to a point thirty feet forward and about five feet below the lower deck, tremendous ice splinters still sticking through in places. Most of the upright stanchioning between the mainmast and the forehatch were displaced, some of it falling into the hold. The mainmast sagged to port. The starboard rigging was loose and ragged. The ship was virtually a wreck and it brought a lump into the throat, as we clambered over the coal heaps in the hold or picked our way across the disordered deck, to view the devastation wrought on that one awful night. A lake of water in the engine-room had begun to freeze and the desolation of the whole picture was accentuated by the incessant moaning of the wind.

With the disablement of the ship arose the necessity of sledging ashore all the coal possible, and of dismantling the interior for the woodwork that would be invaluable for enlarging our house ashore. All that afternoon in a wind registering forty-eight miles an hour the men and ponies labored, moving coal and stores from the ship to camp. The galley range was hoisted out with its 1,500 pounds or more of steel, placed on a sledge, and hauled to the house on shore, where a little kitchen was built. The darkness and wind added to the distress of that memorable afternoon and evening — and at nightfall, when twenty-four homeless men had to be given a place to sleep, the cheapest, meanest Bowery lodging-house would have

on Rudolph Island, March 8, 1904



Sledge party in the rough ice north of Cape Fligely, March 26, 1904

seemed a palace compared with our little hut. Men slept on the tables and underneath them, on benches, on piles of wet baggage.

In the few intervals of calm that followed the great storm, we made sledge journeys over the mile of bay ice between ship and shore. Over two hundred bags of coal were thus sledged ashore, as well as all the interior woodwork, sails, light spars, machine tools, lathes, dynamos, and a small engine. A machine-shop was built by our commissary and carpenter under the shelter of which a boiler was constructed by the engineer and his men from an old balloon tank left by the Duke of Abruzzi. The boiler and engine were to serve for a steam launch to be improvised from one of the whaleboats. The house was enlarged to accommodate the entire company of thirty-nine men. It was far into December before we were free from the noise of nailing and hammering. Preparations for the sledge trip were not neglected, and on Thanksgiving Day, after Divine Service, I gave to the assembled members of the expedition the provisional plan for the sledge trip in the spring.

The "America" Gives it up and Goes Under the Ice

D cember was a dark month. There was no difference between day and night. We missed the cheery illumination of the electric arc, and under the light of numerous little oil lamps we labored, sewing our fur clothing for the sledge trip and making harness. In the carpenter shop, improvised from part of our storehouse, Quartermaster Rilliet, who had the assembling of the sledges in charge, toiled with the members of the crew.

Christmas and the New Year passed happily. We celebrated the anniversaries with banquets, to which our hard-working steward contributed many delicacies. A Christmas edition of the *Arctic Eagle*, our camp newspaper, was printed, Assistant Commissary Stewart making up the forms and running the press, and Seaman Montross, who had once been a printer, acting as compositor. Nearly all the members of the party contributed and considerable amusement was the result.

Storms were many, and the members of the Scientific Staff in their walks to and from the observatories, often had to face winds of high velocity with driving snow and low temperature. At the Magnetic Observatory it was generally necessary for an observer to carry a shovel and dig his way into the hut so as to free the man he relieved on watch. January was a wild month, noted for its variable and high temperature. The maximum thermometer registered thirty-one degrees

The retreat south. Sledge party leaving Camp Abruzzi

above zero on the 21st, during a storm in which the wind reached hurricane velocity. The storm continued until the morning of the 23d, when we found that the bay ice had been broken up, and that much of it had disappeared. In the dim glow of noontime, for the sun was on its return to us, we discovered that the glacier had "calved" for miles along its face. Several of the party explored the bay by jumping from cake to cake of ice, but no sign of the ship or the provision cache could be found, not even a case, barrel, or spar. The "America" had gone to her doom in the night.

The Start With the Sledges

A little after noon on March 2d, our eyes were gladdened by their first glimpse of the sun since the October of the year before. were eleven silk pyramid tents flapping in the wind, each one numbered in flaming red and marked on all sides of its peak, the cook-tent, with its bold insignia — Cook tent No. 1 — breathing the vapor of cooking. The sixteen ponies huddled together in a line on the icy slope, overlooking the impenetrable mist-shrouded distance of glacier and sea. Meanwhile the dogs barked and fought while the men went about their duties in their white-silk wind coats, looking like so many Bedouins or Crusaders.

The wind went down during the night, and in the early morning we broke camp and marched for Cape Fligely. We reached there the same afternoon in a heavy, drifting wind, one man disabled by a rupture from over-exertion, another with a strained back, and three others not in a condition to go

The retreat south. A halt at Cape Fisher

In a twenty-mile wind on the morning of March 7th, we left Camp Abruzzi. The party comprised twenty-six men, sixteen pony-sledges, and thirteen dog-sledges. We reached the summit of the glacier the same afternoon, after a hard pull up the steep slope in the face of the drift and wind. Here we were obliged to camp as everything ahead was obscured by the flying drift. On the order to encamp the picket-line was stretched in the hard snow, the little ponies unharnessed, blanketed, and chained to the picket-line out on the face of the cold, wind-swept glacier.

The dogs were also unharnessed and attached to the little picket-lines that each driver carried, a line just long enough for nine dogs of a single team. Tents were raised after the animals were taken care of, and the camp was an interesting sight, though the howling wind and flying drift brought discomfort in their train. There forward. While cooking supper two of the cookers gave out and in the howling gale it was a difficult and unpleasant task to provide for twenty-six men with a disabled cooking apparatus. The wind increased in velocity the following day and the flapping tents made a sound like many machine guns of heavy caliber in close action. Our last large cooking machine gave out just as we were making breakfast. I spent several hours in an attempt to solder the joints of the oil tanks that had opened, but the grease and cold for a time precluded success. Ultimately the tanks were made air and oil-tight by the use of some cement I had taken along for the purpose of repairing kayaks, and with joy we completed the meal for the hungry party of storm-bound men.

Turned Back by Storm and Suffering

The storm raged all of the ninth and the tenth, drifting over the sledges and partially

The arrival at Cape Flora, May 16, 1904. Putting up the tents and unharnessing ponies and dogs

burying the little tents. The dogs burrowed deep into the snow drifts, curled up in warm balls, but the poor little ponies encountered the blast without shelter. As long as the wind blew it was impossible to give them hay to eat, and even the nose-bags of oats would be blown away unless closely watched. The poor condition of five men, the leaky cookers, and the fact that one man had torn his sleeping-bag, and that two others complained that theirs were too small, decided me to return to camp, refit, and reduce the number for another attempt north. The wind subsided the morning of March 11th, and we tramped back over the glacier, reaching camp at 4 P.M. the same day.

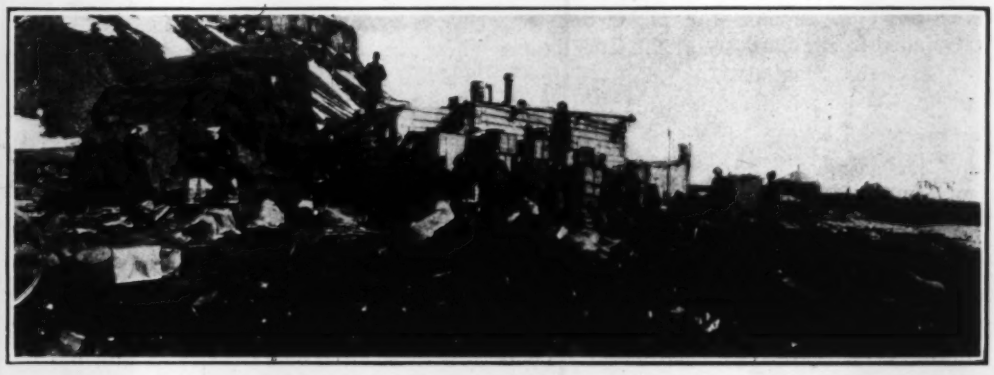
With the necessary preparations and revising of weights and equipment, with the reloading of sledges, also with the delay caused by storms, it was not until March 25th that we could again leave Camp Abruzzi. On the morning of that date we left, climbing the glacier once again, a party of fourteen men, nine dog-sledges, and seven pony-sledges. The weather was cold and beautiful and we ascended the steep slope of the glacier with little trouble.

At Cape Fligely, which we reached that evening, we found the sea ice in bad condition, a ridged rubble as far as the eye could see; but the next morning we set out, with six to eight men with picks always in the van, and a man with each dog-team. Sometimes four men were necessary to help with the sledges, which continually were capsizing. During a halt of several hours to give an open lead time to freeze solid, I carefully inspected the column and found a deplorable state of affairs. The dogs and ponies were standing up well, but the sledges were badly strained and splintered.

I realized at once that, under these conditions, there was no chance of breaking the record; and, in order that the equipment might be saved, I directed a return to the camp, intending again to attempt the North the following year.

Mr. Porter, according to the original plan, after his return to camp with one of the supporting parties, was to have led a small exploring squad south, towards Cape Flora. Now he asked permission to attempt a passage towards White Land, with Assistant Engineer Anton Vedoe. I suggested that, if the

Summer at Camp Jackson. Watching for the relief ship



ice did not improve, he go south towards Kane Lodge, visit the cache at Coburg, and examine ice conditions in the vicinity of the British Channel, bidding him return by April 20th. We reached camp at 6 P.M. on March 27th.

The Search for Porter and Vedoe

Porter and Vedoe had not returned by April 19th, and I instructed Dr. Vaughan to go to Coburg Island to place a cache of pony forage for the use of the party which would soon be starting south, and to look for signs of Porter and Vedoe. Dr. Vaughan returned three days later, having found the descent from the Cape Auk glacier impossible. I was anxious for news of Porter and Vedoe, and, accompanied by Steward Spencer, with a dog-team and sledge left for Coburg Island the following day.

We reached the northwest Coburg islet at ten o'clock the night of April 23d, where we were awakened the following morning by Porter and Vedoe. It was a happy reunion. Porter brought me a valuable report on the condition of the caches and ice.

We got back to camp on the 26th, and I gave orders that those who wanted to go home should prepare for the march south. Nine silk tents, food for thirty-eight days on the trail, and ponies and dogs were told off to the party. The ponies, as their sledge loads disappeared, were to be used as food for the dogs.

Two months provisions for the use of the party at Cape Flora were carried on the eight dog-sledges with the camping equipment. In addition to seven dog-teams that were chained up to remain at Camp Abruzzi, I wished to reserve some of the better ponies for use on the sledge trip north in 1905. The veterinarian had been obliged to shoot five of the little animals as infected with the dread disease of glanders, and on the eve of departure notified me that it would be best to send all ponies south, as there were indications of the spread of the disease, which might menace the lives of the men.

I found it necessary to lead the retreating party in person, and on the evening of April 30th, after the column was formed ready to start, in front of our quarters, I called the little band of volunteers together, those who were to stay at the northern station, and told them that I would return to them in the summer or fall, and that I would bring with me letters from home that were expected on the relief ship that year. We shook hands all around silently, and then I gave the signal to start on the backward march.

The Relief Ship Fails the Homeward Bound

The distance between Camp Abruzzi and Cape Flora, about one hundred and sixty miles, was covered in less than sixteen days. A few of the ponies played out in the early part of the trip, and the rate of march was, of necessity, very slow, always determined by the speed of the slowest man in the column.

We were favored with good weather and long stretches of smooth channel ice. Deep snow and rough ice caused us some trouble, but we reached Cape Flora at nine o'clock on the morning of May 16, 1904. The ice was chopped out of "Elmwood," the house in which Jackson spent three years, and one of the little round storehouses, both of which were made habitable for the large party of men. And then came the long wait for the relief ship. The men would climb the steep talus of the basaltic cape and look with straining eyes southward over the icy vista for signs of smoke on the horizon.

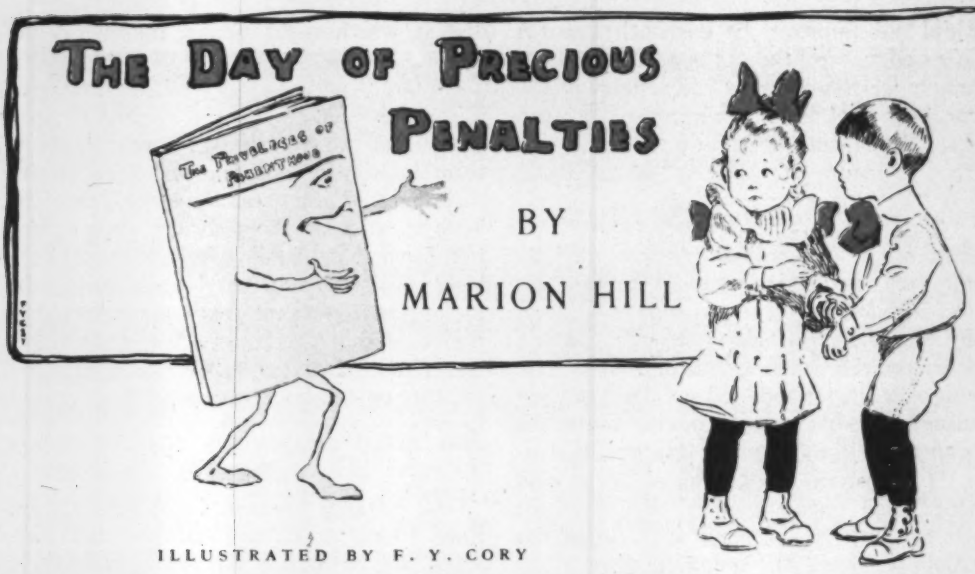
June, July, and August passed without the breaking up of the ice or a sight of the longed for relief ship, and for the homesick ones, as time passed, hope was lost. Many times the cry would be raised: "the ship!" "the ship!" but it always turned out to be either an iceberg with its shadow-side north, or a column of vapor rising out of some solitary water-hole.

[*In the March number Mr. Fiala will give an account of the advance north from Cape Flora to Teplitz Bay, made in the darkness of the fall and early winter after the disappearance of the sun—a march that occupied 62 days, full of thrilling experiences. He will also give a resume of the second year's work, including the sledge trip toward the Pole, the transporting of food and supplies south, and the arrival of the Relief Ship. The article will be profusely illustrated with photographs, some of them acknowledged to be by Arctic travelers the finest pictures ever taken of the ice in the polar circle.*]

THE DAY OF PRECIOUS PENALTIES

BY

MARION HILL



ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

WHEN the postman went, Rex Pettison bestirred his rather anemic little legs, and fairly flew up-stairs to the nursery to share his unwelcome information with his twin sister.

"Regina, the '*Privileges*' has come," he announced, not ungrammatically, either, "and mamma is already half through it."

"Oh, my good gracious! dear, oh dear!" wailed Regina, who took all things hard, and who took this thing particularly so. "What kind of trouble will we get now?"

"It won't be long before we find out," observed Rex gravely, aware that this, though true, was not comforting.

The Privileges of Parenthood was a monthly magazine devoted to the home management of children and to their intellectual and moral advancement; and by its helpful pages Mrs. Pettison was at present steering her offspring, pinning her entire faith to its utterances. To speak vulgarly, she swallowed it whole, not picking and choosing among its blessings, but practising upon the defenseless twins each and every hint held out. They knew that they were being experimented upon, and very much disliked it. They knew, too, the source of the experiments, and hated the *Privileges* from cover to cover. The day of its arrival was always one of unpleasantness.

"What was it we got last time?" demanded Regina crossly.

Her memory was short — a merciful compensation for the fact that her suffering under educational affliction was extreme.

Rex took things philosophically, but never forgot them.

"We had to walk around the block and then come home and tell what we saw."

"Oh my, yes," remembered Regina shudderingly. She would rather ruminate than talk any day. Genteel conversation, such as she was forced into by her father and mother, always brought her to hysterics.

"And," continued Rex, "we left off having cooked mush for breakfast, and had to chew hard on raw wheat — for our teeth and for our brains — and not wash it down with water, either." When he remembered, he did the job completely.

"I did n't mind that so much," confessed his sister, "it was like being chickens."

They spent some further time in reminiscence, and then a summons floated up to them.

"Rex! Regina!" called their mother, in sweet but compelling tones.

"Are my ends on?" demanded Regina gloomily, turning her back for inspection.

Rex carefully noted that her each braid was still clamped with its necessary bow of ribbon, and so informed her.

"You 'd better poke *that* in," she advised morosely, pointing to his feet, and he obeyed her by attending to a dangling shoe-string.

Having thus in some measure guarded against unfavorable criticism, they apprehensively went down-stairs to their mother and the *Privileges*.

This month it contained, in addition to its usual budget of hints, two articles which

appealed to Mrs. Pettison as magnificent. These articles were, "Make Confidants of Your Children" and "Rational Punishment," and along the lines of their advisement Mrs. Pettison intended to speak at once. Indeed, wherever possible she used the exact words of the editor.

"Come, my little son and daughter," she said, starting in at once and in a high-comedy voice, as the twins laggingly approached, "let us have a friendly chat together."

It sounded ominous from the very beginning. To be "friendly" with one's mother smacked of the terrible, so the twins' eyes bulged with fear and they said nothing.

The magazine had made no prevision whatever for anything but a joyous receptiveness, and Mrs. Pettison felt as if she had somehow run off the track, but she was too full of her subject to stop.

"We all make mistakes, grown folks as well as children," she continued, modulating her voice to tender grief — as advised — "and I myself have made mistakes — sad ones, sad ones — "

She paused and waited for the sudden look of love and sympathy which she had been told would be hers, but she did not get it, nor anything like it: her humble admission then and there lowered her very many degrees in the twins' respect.

In their estimation, an infallible mother, though a bad thing, was yet bearable, whereas a mistaken mother was a decidedly disgraceful possession.

"Perhaps — to make an instance," resumed Mrs. Pettison hurriedly, feeling that each pause was lost ground, "sometimes when I have punished you I may have been arbitrary. Do you know what 'arbitrary' means?"

"Yes," said Rex promptly. And he did.

"No," said Regina, gruff with embarrassment.

"I will tell you. It means — it means — " she floundered a little, and Rex looked sorrowful, as if he expected her to slip, for now that she was "mistaken" he did not feel sure of her at any point. She braced herself. "It means 'capricious, not just.' Punishment should always be just. Moreover, it

"'Come, my little son and daughter, let us have a friendly chat together'"

should be rational. Rational punishment never provokes resentment. It explains itself. Perhaps I have not always been careful to have my punishments explain themselves. At times, you actually may have questioned my *right* to discipline you. Is it not so?"

Again she waited for affectionate comment, and again in vain. *Question her right?* They had never dreamed of such a thing! The ethics of infancy are simple: if you are good, you get praised; if you are naughty, you mostly get spanked. Why not? It is as plain as daylight.

"But a mistake may always be corrected," went on Mrs. Pettison, confusedly. Only a strong sense of duty kept her at it. She was not feeling fresh and happy as at the start.

The children in the magazine had made sweet little remarks, leading to an exchange of many beautiful thoughts; but the twins did nothing but awesomely gawk at her.

"I am going to try new methods of punishment. Scolding and whipping are irrational, and therefore useless. Yet wrong doing must be corrected. But how? A little patient thought will suggest the penalty, which must be the logical outcome of the wrong itself. Then it is accepted as inevitable and right even by the sufferer. Shall we try this better way?"

She smiled a winsome invitation to them to open their hearts to her, but they had no reply to make. They felt that it would be frightful to say "no" and indiscreet to lunacy to say "yes," since this last was a tacit bid for chastisement and chastisement of an unknown nature. Silence was best.

Persisting bravely with her part, Mrs. Pettison put one arm around Rex and the other around Regina, and kissed them both. Polite though uncomprehending, Rex returned the kiss; but Regina took it flinching and with eyes shut as if she expected to get clipped, which was an action leading to false conclusions, Mrs. Pettison not having the clipping habit.

"Go now, dears, and think it over," she said, really exhausted with having nothing happen which should have happened.

According to the printed articles, the charming conversation should have hallowed a full half hour, and here it was, over as soon as commenced, after having led absolutely nowhere.

The twins skimmed from sight as soon as they decently could. Left to herself, Mrs Pettison was honest enough to admit that she had rushed into the business without sufficient preparation, and she felt that she would have to elucidate her "talk" by a backing of consistent action.

Meanwhile, Rex and Regina curled up in chairs and brooded over the thing in the peace of the nursery. They were dazed and depressed.

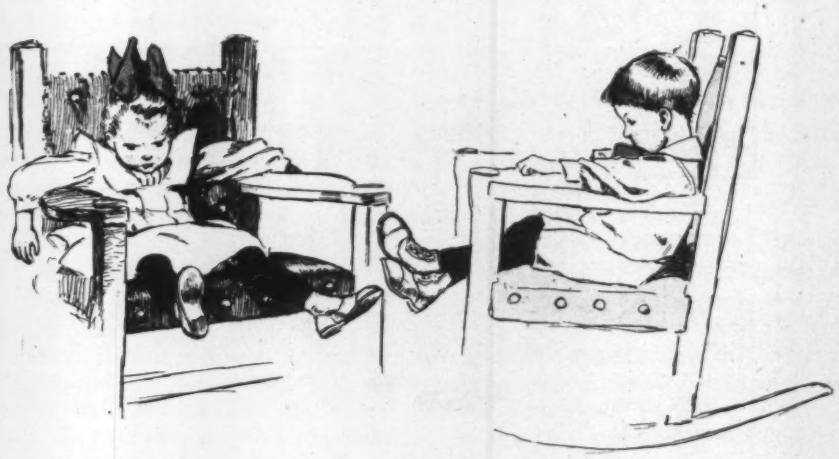
"Have we been bad?" demanded the girl. She could not otherwise account for the plentiful mention of the word "punishment."

"No, I think not."

"What was the matter, then?"

"Please let me alone."

"Rex and Regina brooded over the thing in the peace of the nursery"



This satisfied Regina, for she knew that her brother never indulged in throes of thought in vain, always arriving at solution through revery, so she bided his time.

And it was not long before he roused himself, looking brilliant.

"Sister, we aren't going to get spanked any more——"

"No."

"Nor scolded——"

"No."

"But something queer is going to happen——"

"What?"

"I'm going to find out right now."

"How?"

"*By being bad.*"

When it dawned upon her that he intended to be wilfully naughty, but nobly, for investigation's sake, she interested herself to help him out.

"What kind of bad are you going to be?"

He gazed around the room searching for inspiration to crime and not finding it, for his gentle little soul was moral to inanity. But Regina's eyes glittered hopefully.

"Up there are some things we must n't touch," she murmured in an incidental sort of way, but the guile of the serpent lurked beneath the indifferent words, and Regina's glance rested upon the mantel where stood two Chinese vases — fat, bulging things with four handles apiece.

Without so much as a comment, Rex dragged a chair to the mantel, climbed up, and pushed a vase into space.

The crash which it made as it came to pieces on the floor brought Mrs. Pettison quickly upon the scene.

If the truth is to be told, she was distinctly pleased with so opportune a chance to put her new theories into practice, and she pried not at all into causes, taking a vast deal for granted that was not so.

"My little son forgot himself and handled something he has been forbidden to touch," she said, sorrowfully. "Moreover, he was careless as well as disobedient and let the pretty vase fall. How must we teach him to remember what he is told and make him feel vexed that he has destroyed a thing of beauty?"

"Rex dragged a chair to the mantel, climbed up, and pushed a vase into space"

After some serious consideration, she went out of the room murmuring, "wait a minute," and left the twins frightened yet diverted — like patients reading a comic paper in a dentist's anteroom.

When she came back she brought with her nothing more awful than a ball of string. A piece of this she slipped through a fragment of vase which chanced to have a handle left intact, and she tied the sinful trophy to Rex's arm, explaining the while the significance of her punishment by telling him that the constant feel of the broken china would distress and shame him and bring him to wish that he had never touched it, while the constant sight of it would grow hateful to him and depress him with sorrow for his wanton destructiveness. With all this, she entwined very prettily the story of the "Ancient Mariner" and the slain albatross which was hung upon the destroyer's neck, symbolizing the weight of sin, and she wound up by telling him that she hoped so to develop his spiritual nature that the mere sense of guilt would soon drag him down more degradingly than any bit of porcelain tied to his arm.

It was really beautifully thought out, and would have been worth money to her if sent to the editor of *Privileges*, but the twins, knowing they were being "improved," tried to hear as little of it as possible — except that Rex was drawn to "albatross" as something new in fowls.

"How do you spell it?" he asked meekly.

"A-l-b-a-t-r-o-s-s," she spelled curtly,

and left the room to prevent the arising of any more worthless side issues.

For a short while, Rex stood rigid with stiff arm extended while he viewed his mark of crime from different angles — and with growing approval. Then he tried walking about, and his pride in it grew as it swung and dangled. He felt it to be not only a pleasantly unusual adornment for a little boy, but a highly entertaining one by reason of the thrilling sound of breaking crockery which it gave out every time that it knocked against some furniture.

He was soon trotting around the room selecting different material against which to bang his vase-portion, in order to enjoy variety of tones. He had not been so amused, so satisfied, so mentally fed and refreshed in a long while; and Regina, the Innocent, the Unpunished, the Undisgraced, sat in lonely dejection with nothing to do but watch his orgy of content.

"Why don't you come and play with me?" at last she asked angrily.

"I can't," replied Rex, in a wee, sweet voice, as from some far realm of bliss. "I 'm having too much fun with the — the — the albatross." And he clinked it deliciously against the door-knob.

"I 'll get an albatross, too," cried Regina, maddened by jealousy; and without a minute's hesitation, she jumped to the chair and hurled the remaining vase to the floor.

Rex's stupor of amaze, her own unfeigned horror at the actual consummation of the deed made it impossible for her mother to think this disaster anything but another "accident" — for of course Mrs. Pettison heard the second crash and came in a second time.

"he viewed his mark of crime from different angles"

Consistency demanded that Regina get a bangle, too, but no poetical selection from Coleridge accompanied this seance.

"You are a very, very naughty little girl," said Mrs. Pettison sharply, and she tied some china to the culprit with quite angry jerks and with a tighter twist than was at all necessary, for the fragment was small — Regina's smash had been thorough.

"Mine 's a *baby* albatross," said the smasher complacently, as soon as her mother had left the room.

Now that the children were similarly equipped, they had a lovely time together and put their novel toys to every conceivable and inconceivable test. They began to warm up tenderly to punishments.

"What shall we smash next?" asked Regina, leaning mentally in the direction of a magnificent Satsuma urn in the parlor.

"We 'll — we 'll be bad some other way," authoritatively said Rex. He had the saner mind and realized that the limitations of smash had been reached.

All sports pall in time, and the twins gradually desisted from their exuberant cracking of furniture, and drew near each other to take hold of hands — a friendly trick of theirs when weary. The contact, bringing their bits of bric-a-brac together with a clash, flecking a splinter from each, recalled to Regina the game which is played with Easter eggs.

"Let 's chip albatrosses," she said stoically, and sat down on the floor.

Nothing averse, Rex sat down, too, and the war was on. Clash followed clash and chips flew frantically till finally each combatant came off victorious with but a bracelet of string left.

Their mother who had entered and silently witnessed the contest, deemed it wise to take this disposal of the albatrosses as a matter of course, so she merely made the twins clear up the chips, and then she reminded them that it was time for them to go to their desks; first, to write the usual half page in their copy-books, and, second, to hear each other all the geography questions they could think of. Secretly, she was worried, for never until to-day in all their sternly-ordered, meekly-obedient little lives had the twins shown the least trace of naughtiness. She comforted herself with the belief that the worst was now over, for the children, now sedate as dormice, went tractably to work upon their copy-books. Reassured, she left them to themselves again.

L was the letter to which they were devoting their attention, and the page was spaced thus:

"L! Lady! Led by the right! Lady! L."

If the originator of the copy had had any hope of casting a moral glamor over his page by means of the phrase, "Led by the right," that hope was dashed in Regina's case, for she wrote it, "*Leg* by the right." Stems of letters appealed to her as unimportant. After she had laboriously made a round fat body, it was all one to her whether she turned it into a "d" or a "g."

Moreover, she had her own line of progress. She never went across. She went down. She made six "L's," then six "Lady's," then six "Legs," and so on, and got through in less than no time.

"What 's an island?" she demanded peremptorily. As far as she was concerned, it was the hour for geography.

Rex, who did all things lovingly and well, was still writing, but he looked up kindly and humored her.

"An island is land surrounded by water," he said. Then a pained look came on his face as if he loathed the necessity, but he leaned forward, pen in hand, put a blot on Regina's waist — for the land — and drew a scalloped circle around it — for the water. He tapped the picture with his pen and repeated his definition.

It needs to be impressed that heretofore an accidental blot no bigger than a pin point had been sufficient to set them both into sobbing convulsions of fright.

As the island grew upon her, Regina had one brief, embryonic spasm, and then — she understood. Rex was again martyrizing himself.

"What is a lake?" he asked.

He had an apt pupil. Regina seized her pen and stirred it around in the ink bottle.

"Lakes water!" gabbled she (blot on Rex's shirt) "s'rounded b' land." (Scalloped circle.) "What 's a strait?"

"A strait" — and here Rex sketched upon his sister's yoke something resembling a pair of spectacles — "is a channel of water connecting two larger bodies of water. What is a river?"

"'Let's chip albatrosses'"

"A river" — said she, dithering with delight as she ran a zigzag streak of black lightning down his front pleat — "is water flowing through the land. *Wheel* What 's a hill?"

"A hill," said he, abandoning the pen and dipping his finger in the bottle, "is a low elevation of land." Here he dabbed a cone-like smudge upon Regina's shoulder. "What is a mountain?"

"Mountain 's a *high* elevator of land!" she shrieked, drunken with joy. Inking her whole hand she streaked him with an "elevator" that reached from his belt to his chin. Now was she frenzied indeed, and hissed meaningly, "What is an OCEAN?"

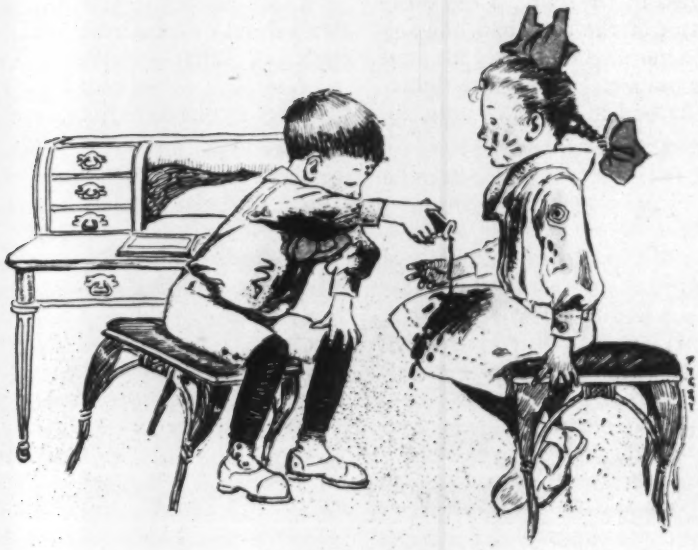
He took the dare even though he paled under the magnitude of the sin thrust upon him.

"The largest body of water," he said, methodically pouring the entire bottle into Regina's lap.

This naturally concluded the lesson; there was no more ink.

"We had better see about this right away," he announced in a businesslike tone. And they sought out their mother.

They found her occupied in rereading the article on "Rational Punishment." They little knew how good a thing it was for themselves that she *was* so occupied — occupied, too, so serenely and deeply that she failed to



"This naturally concluded the lesson; there was no more ink"

notice their approach until Rex murmured, "Mama, something has happened."

She looked up and, catching sight of their really awful condition, was literally stunned and dumb-stricken. All she could do was to wave them away from her. When speech finally returned to her, it was so far beneath the occasion that it sounded tame.

"Get out of my sight as quickly as possible," she begged, "before I say or do what I should not. Oh, do go! Later, when we are all calmer, we will talk over this frightful occurrence; for rest assured I shall demand a full explanation. Not that your punishment will wait till then — no, indeed. I shall attend to that at once and severely. Listen! *I forbid you to change those disgraceful garments.* You shall take your outing in them, you shall see visitors in them — if visitors come — you shall go to the supper-table in them, you shall wear them till bedtime, even if your hearts and mine break with the humiliation. Now go. Immediately."

When they left the room, Mrs. Pettison burst into tears over the problem. The twins did not know that, of course, and danced away perfectly happy; if there was one thing they hated worse than another it was their afternoon raiment of white piqué. The stuff was always starched as stiff as tin, and it creased if it was looked at cross-eyed. When creased it was done for. If the twins had the ill-luck to sit on a peach-stone or kneel on a blackberry, they were in the worst sort of a fix. And to think they could wear their nice comfortable messy suits all afternoon! To think that they could actually go out in them and tell everything to all the other little boys and girls! It was too good to be true. And why should not visitors know about it? The more the merrier. And as for supper — again, why not? Was not their father going to be absent? Of course he was, thank heaven! Yes, really and really, it was too good to be true.

The ensuing hour was positively the happiest they remembered. When they were forced to go out with Catherine, the "help," it was she who suffered, not they. They strutted to the utmost, while she chased desperately to have it over and done with.

"Such a holy show!" she kept muttering.

"Why, Catherine, you're not the holy show, we are," they sweetly insisted, but all the same she hurried them home and left them to take most of their outing on the front steps. That was not so bad, either, for they could point out their adornments in dumb sign to all their passing cronies. They sat there basking in rare contentment.

When it came to be the neighborhood supper-time and the street grew dull, Rex thought out another excitement.

"Sister, I begin to see how this thing works, do you?"

"What thing works?"

"This new punishment. It works this way — when we do something bad we have to keep on doing it."

"Well?" said Regina listlessly.

"Well, we 'll go now *and steal some jam.*"

Which they immediately did. It was not hard to manage, with Catherine making disappearances into the dining-room to put supper on the table. Of course, discovery was swift, but then, discovery was their aim.

"Some bad angel possesses you," cried Mrs. Pettison, despairingly, but still clinging to her ideals. "You think you want jam — I 'll prove to you how mistaken you are — come to the table, and see!"

A large dish of jam was set before them, and their beef broth was removed. When they understood that they were to help themselves plentifully to jam, they wondered if they had not fallen into fairyland. Requesting bread, they were denied it.

"Nothing but jam," said Mrs. Pettison sternly, her sympathetic stomach recoiling from the fearful fate.

The twins perceptibly cheered and tucked into the jam at a great rate. They had aimed at this happiness, but the result exceeded belief. The next course would have been sandwiches of stale bread, sparsely buttered and served with weak cocoa. This, too, they were mercifully spared.

"Help yourselves to jam," ordered their mother, in the tone of an executioner. The twins' whole beings mellowed under the affliction and they stowed away jam enough for a long winter.

This method was persevered in during the meal and at each added prohibition, the twins cheered further and took more jam. At last, Mrs. Pettison, fearing that she was becoming barbarous in her cruelty, offered them forgiveness by saying,

"The dessert is cold rice pudding; you may make your choice between it and the sickening sweet stuff I have forced upon you."

"I 'll take jam," said Rex gently.

"More jam," said Regina, the greedy glitter in her eye undimmed.

They rose from the table oozing contentment from every pore, and Mrs. Pettison wearily kept her seat to ponder upon the situation.

Out in the hall —

"Regina, did n't that jam make you thirsty?"

"Aw'fly."

"Come into the pantry and we 'll open a bottle of grape juice."

But they had been overheard and pursued, and while they were trying to unscrew

"The ensuing hour was positively the happiest they remembered"

the cap of the bottle the wrath fell — and the shameless, degrading irrationality of that wrath would have pained the whole editorial staff of *Privileges*.

"Biff!" on Regina's ear, and "Baff!" on Rex's, and then they were jerked up by their collars and rattled around in the air awhile.

That these processes were dangerous to tympanums and spinal columns, Mrs. Pettison well knew. Temporarily, however, she failed to remember.

"You are a naughty — disobedient — exasperating — bad-hearted — thieving little pair!" she said, by way of making confidants of her children.

She told them so much more about themselves that they could hardly believe it. They had not leisure to listen to it all, being so very busy attempting to shelter various portions of their anatomy. Sweep! and Regina found herself balancing upon her mother's knee in a swimming attitude, and — well, she was given a lesson.

Swoop! Rex took her place, and also received a lesson. A perfectly unpunctuated tale of accusations accompanied all this, and "arbitrary" was the last thing thought of by any of the parties.

Finally, the twins felt themselves hoisted as upon derricks and swirled along the passage to a dark room where they were inconsiderately and ungently dumped, the door being banged upon them.

"And at the next atom of trouble, I 'll treat you to a double dose of this!" was the sybillic utterance which floated in to them.

When they had wept themselves almost to a pulp and their sobs came a little further apart, Rex's broken voice crept from somewhere in the darkness:

"Regina, I think we 'd better be good."

"I thought it first," she hiccoughed.

And since it was upon her that the chastening hand first fell, perhaps she did.

"'I 'll take jam,' said Rex gently"

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

IV

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, at first received the petitions rushing in upon him with sullen silence. He had so recently, and then so emphatically, even so defiantly, proclaimed his inflexible determination never to consent to any constitutional limitation to his kingly power, that the thought of yielding to popular pressure anything that he fancied should be only a free emanation of the royal will was well nigh inconceivable to him. But the situation became more threatening from day to day. Not only the language of the deputations arriving from various parts of the kingdom constantly grew more and more impetuous and peremptory, but the people of Berlin began to hold mass meetings counting by thousands, and to greet with thundering acclamations the political watchwords uttered by popular orators. The municipal authorities, too, were swept into the current, and entreated the King to make concessions. At last he saw the necessity of yielding something. On the 14th of March he gave a "gracious" answer to an address presented by the city council, but that answer was still evasive and too indefinite to satisfy public opinion. Meanwhile bloody collisions occurred between the police, supported by military detachments, and the multitude thronging the public squares and the streets. In one of these a merchant and a university student were killed. The bitterness of feeling caused by such events was somewhat assuaged by a rumor that the King had resolved upon farther and more important concessions which would be publicly announced on the 18th. He had, indeed, concluded to issue an edict opening a prospect of steps to be taken in favor of national unity, and abolishing the censorship of the press.

On the afternoon of the fateful 18th of March an immense concourse of people assembled on the open square in front of the royal palace hoping to hear the authoritative announcement that the popular demands had been granted. The King appeared on the balcony and was received with enthusiastic cheers. He attempted to speak but could not be heard. In the belief, however, that he had granted all that was asked for, the people were ready for a jubilee. Then a cry arose for the removal of the bodies of troops surrounding the palace and appearing to separate the King from his subjects. It seemed to be expected that this would be granted, too, for an effort was made to open a passage for the soldiers through the dense crowd, when a roll of drums was heard. This was regarded as a signal for the departure of the soldiery, but, instead of the troops withdrawing, heavy bodies of infantry and cavalry pressed upon the multitude for the evident purpose of clearing the square. Then two shots rang from the infantry line, and the whole scene was suddenly and frightfully changed. Frantic cries arose: "We are betrayed! we are betrayed!" In an instant the mass of people who but one moment before had joyously acclaimed the King, dispersed in the adjoining streets with the angry shout:

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"To arms! to arms!" In all directions the thoroughfares were soon blocked with barricades. The paving stones seemed to leap from the ground and to form themselves into bulwarks, surmounted by black-red-and-gold flags and manned by citizens, university students, tradesmen, artists, laborers, professional men, hastily armed with all sorts of weapons, from rifles and shotguns down to pikes, axes, and hammers. There was no preparation, no plan, no system in the uprising; everybody seemed to follow a common instinct. Then the troops were ordered to the assault. When after fierce fights they had taken one barricade, they were at short distances confronted by another and another. Behind the barricades women and children were busy bringing food and drink for the fighters and caring for the wounded. During the whole night the city resounded with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry.

The King seemed at first sternly determined to put down the insurrection at any cost; but as the street battle proceeded he became painfully conscious of its terrible character. Reports of the conflict arrived in rapid succession. He would now give an order to stop the fight and then an order to go on. Shortly after midnight he wrote, with his own hand, an address to "My dear Berliners." He began by saying that the firing of the two shots which had caused the excitement had been mere accident, and that "a band of miscreants, mostly foreigners," had taken advantage of this misunderstanding to goad many of his good subjects into this fratricidal combat. Then he promised to withdraw the troops as soon as the insurgents would remove the barricades, and he implored them "to listen to the fatherly voice of their King, to which the grievously suffering Queen joined her affectionate and tearful prayers." But the address failed to produce the desired effect. It was accompanied with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, and the fighting citizens rather resented being called "a band of miscreants."

At last on the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th of March, when one of the commanders of the troops, General Möllendorf, had been captured by the citizens, the withdrawal of the soldiery was resolved upon. Peace was concluded on the understanding that the army should leave Berlin, that there should be freedom of the press, and that Prussia should have a constitution on a broad democratic basis. When the soldiers had marched off, something happened that in dramatic force and significance has never been surpassed in the history of revolutions. From all parts of the city solemn and silent processions moved toward the royal palace. They escorted the bodies of those of the people who had been killed in the battle. The corpses of the slain were carried aloft on litters, their gaping wounds uncovered, their heads wreathed with laurel branches and immortelles. So the procession marched into the inner palace court where the litters were placed in rows in ghastly parade. Around them stood the multitude of men with pallid faces, begrimed with blood and powder smoke, many of them still carrying the weapons with which they had fought during the night; and between them women and children bewailing their dead. Then the King was loudly called for. He appeared in an open gallery, pale and dejected, by his side the weeping Queen. "Hat off!" the multitude shouted, and the King took off his hat to the dead below. Then a deep voice among the crowd intoned the old hymn, "*Jesus meine Zuversicht*," —"Jesus, My Refuge"—in which all present joined. The chorus finished, the King silently withdrew, the corpses were lifted up again, and the procession moved away in grim solemnity.

This was a terrible humiliation to the Crown; but at the same time a pointed answer to the King's address, in which the fighters had been denounced as a band of miscreants, or as the seduced victims of such a band. Had there really been such miscreants, or persons answering our present conception of anarchists, among them, Frederick William IV would hardly have survived that terrible moment when he stood before them, alone and defenseless, and they fresh from the field of blood with guns in their hands. But at that moment their cry was not "Death to the King!" or "Down with Royalty!" but "Jesus, My Refuge!"

Nor was the history of those fateful days tainted by any act of heinous crime. Indeed, two private houses were sacked, the owners of which had been caught in the act of betraying the fighting citizens to the soldiery. But while the insurgents were in complete control of large portions of the city during the whole night, there was not a

single case of theft or of wanton destruction. Property was absolutely safe.

The "Prince of Prussia," the oldest brother of the childless King and presumptive heir to the throne — the same prince who, as Kaiser William I, was in the course of events to become the most popular monarch of his time — was reported to have given the order to fire on the people, and the popular wrath turned upon him. By order of the King the Prince left Berlin under cover of night and hurried to England. Excited crowds gathered in front of his palace on the street "*unter den Linden*." There was no military guard to protect the building. A university student put upon its front the inscription, "National property," and it was not touched. Immediately after the street battle the shops were opened again as in ordinary times.

Arms were distributed among the people from the government armories. The King declared: "I have become convinced that the peace and safety of the city cannot be better maintained than by the citizens themselves." On the 21st of March, Frederick William IV appeared again among the people, on horseback, a black-red-and-gold scarf around his arm, a black-red-and-gold flag at his request carried before him, a huge tricolor hoisted at the same moment on the royal palace. The King spoke freely to the citizens. He would "place himself at the head of the movement for a united Germany; in that united Germany Prussia would be merged." He swore that he wanted nothing but a "constitutional and united Germany." At the university he turned to the assembled students, saying: "I thank you for the glorious spirit you have shown in these days. I am proud that Germany possesses such sons." It was understood that a new and responsible ministry had been appointed, composed of members of the liberal opposition; that a constituent assembly to be elected by the Prussian people would be convoked to frame a constitution for the kingdom of Prussia; and a national Parliament would be elected by the people of all the German states, to meet at Frankfort for the purpose of uniting all Germany under a new constitutional government. The people in Berlin were in ecstasy.

"The heroes fallen in the glorious struggle for social and political liberty," as the proclamation of the municipal assembly called them, were carried for burial to the "*Friedrichshain*" *cemetery*, accompanied by two hundred thousand citizens, who took the coffins past the royal palace where the King again stood with uncovered head.

Such were the great tidings the country received from Berlin. Thus the cause of liberty and national union seemed to have achieved a decisive and irreversible victory. The kings and princes themselves, foremost, the King of Prussia, had solemnly promised to serve it. The jubilation of the people was without bounds.

Since the French-German war of 1870 and the establishment of the present German Empire, it has been the fashion in Germany to scoff at the year 1848, dubbing it the "crazy year," and to ridicule the "thoughtlessness" with which at that time great political programs were made, and far-reaching movements set on foot, to be followed by cruel disappointments and catastrophies. But did the German people of 1848 deserve such ridicule? True, the men of those times did not clearly know how to deal with the existing conditions, nor to carry to the desired end the movement so victoriously and hopefully begun. It is equally true that the popular movement was disjointed, and now in retrospect appears in certain lights fantastic. But what reasonable person can wonder at this? The people, although highly developed in science, philosophy, literature, and art, had always lived under a severe guardianship in all political matters. They had never been out of leading strings. They had observed only from afar how other nations exercised their right to govern themselves and managed their active participation in the functions of the state; and those foreign nations the Germans had learned to admire and perhaps to envy. They had studied the theory of free institutions in books and had followed their workings in current newspaper reports. They had longed for the possession of like institutions and earnestly striven for their introduction in their own country. But with all this observing, learning, and longing, and striving, the larger part of the German people had been excluded by the prevailing rigid paternalism from practical experience in the exercise of political self-government. They had not been permitted practically to learn the real meaning of political liberty. They had never received or known the teachings which spring from practical experience and from the feeling of responsibility in political action.

The affairs of government lay outside of the customs and habits of their lives. Free institutions were to them mere abstract conceptions about which the educated and the seriously thinking men indulged in politico-philosophical speculations, while to the uneducated and the superficial they only furnished political catchwords, in the use of which the general discontent with existing conditions found vent.

Suddenly after a prolonged fermentation, and following an impulse from abroad, the German people rose up in their strength. The kings and princes now conceded everything that they had refused before, and the people found themselves all at once in full possession of an unaccustomed power. Is it to be wondered at that these surprising changes brought forth some confused desires and misdirected endeavors? Would it not have been more astonishing if the people had at once clearly defined and wisely limited their desires, and promptly found the right means for the attainment of the right objects? Do we expect that the beggar who suddenly becomes a millionaire will instantly know how to make the best use of his unwonted wealth? And yet it cannot be said of the large majority of the German people that, however vague their political notions may have been, they asked in the revolutionary movements of the year 1848, in the main, for anything that was unreasonable or unattainable. Much of what they at that period sought to accomplish has since been realized. The errors committed by them in 1848 were more in the means employed than in the ends proposed. And the greatest of these errors sprang from the childlike confidence with which they expected the complete fulfilment of all the promises which the kings and princes, especially the King of Prussia, had made under stress of circumstances. It is idle to indulge in speculations about that which might have been if that which was had been different. But one thing is certain: if the princes had not permitted themselves to be seduced by the machinations of the reactionary parties on the one hand, nor to be frightened by occasional popular excesses on the other, but had with unflinching fidelity and with the exertion of all their power done that which, in March 1848 they had given the people reason to expect of them, the essential objects fought for at that period would have proved themselves entirely practicable. That the people in their enthusiastic enjoyment of what they called the "Völkerfrühling" — the People's Springtime — an enjoyment to which they gave themselves with such ingenuous elation, nourished that credulous confidence, instead of assuring themselves of the necessary guarantees against a possible reaction, was indeed not prudent; but this imprudence sprang from no ignoble source. He surely wrongs the German people who lays solely at their and their leaders' doors the responsibility for the failures of the years 1848–49.

But what should make the memory of that "springtime" especially dear to Germans, is the enthusiastic spirit of self-sacrifice for the great cause which for awhile pervaded almost every class of society with rare unanimity. It is this moral elevation which, even if sometimes it ran into fantastic exaggerations, the German people should prize and honor — of which they should certainly not be ashamed. My heart warms whenever I think of those days. In my immediate surroundings I knew many young men who were without fortune, depending upon their studies to secure for themselves and their families a decent living; devoted to their scientific callings not only from self-interest but also from inclination — but who at that time were ready at any moment to abandon and risk all for the liberty of the people and the greatness of the fatherland. I knew burghers and peasants in plenty of whom the same could be said. We ought to respect him who is willing to throw away all, even life itself, for a good and great idea. And whoever, be it an individual or people, has had in life moments of such self-sacrificing enthusiasm should hold the memory of them sacred.

Upon the occasion of a crowded public meeting of university men in the "Aula," the great university hall at Bonn, I found myself, quite unintentionally, thrust into a conspicuous position among my fellow-students. I do not remember the special purpose for which the meeting was held. Professor Ritschl, our foremost philologist, and if I recollect rightly, at that time dean of the philosophical faculty, a very highly esteemed and popular man, was in the chair. I stood among the crowd. I had thought much and formed a decided opinion of the subject which was under discussion, but did not attend the meeting with the desire or expectation of taking part in the debate.

Suddenly I heard one of the speakers say something keenly repugnant to my feelings, and following a sudden impulse, I found myself the next moment speaking to the assembly. I have never been able since to recollect what I said. I only remember that I was in a nervous condition until then entirely unknown to me; that thoughts and words came to me in an uninterrupted stream; that I spoke with vehement rapidity; and that the applause following my speech wakened me out of something like a dream. This was my first public speech. The vote that followed almost unanimously sustained my contention.

Before long I was again in the foreground. Like all other orders of society in those days, we university men had our peculiar grievances which in the "new time" were of course to be redressed. The Prussian Government kept at the universities an official, one of whose principal duties it was to watch the political tendencies of professors and students. This office had been created at the time of the "persecution of demagogues" after the notorious ministerial conferences at Carlsbad, and was, therefore, in bad odor with liberal-minded men. The officer in question was at that time Herr von Bethmann Hollweg. More on account of his duties than of his personal qualities, he was highly unpopular with the students. We thought that such an office, a product of the period of deepest degradation, did not fit the new order of things, and must speedily be abolished. A meeting of students was therefore called at the riding school, from which, our object having been bruited about, the professors prudently absented themselves. My impromptu speech in the Aula caused my election as president of this meeting. We resolved to present an address to the Academic Senate, demanding that the officer in question be at once removed. As chairman of the meeting I was charged with the duty of writing the address on the spot. This was done. It was couched in very peremptory language and consisted only of four or five lines. The meeting approved it forthwith and resolved — as in those days we loved to do things in dramatic style — to proceed in mass to the house of the Rector of the university and personally to present the paper to him. So we marched, several hundred men, in dense column to the dwelling of the Rector, and rang the bell. The Rector, Herr van Calker, Professor of Philosophy, an oldish anxious-looking little man, appeared soon on the doorstep, and I read to him the energetic sentences of our address. For a moment he timidly looked at the crowd of students, and then told us in halting and stammering phrases, how rejoiced he was to behold the soaring spirit of German youth, and how the students could accomplish in these important days great things, and that he would be happy to submit our address to the Academic Senate and to the government for speedy consideration and adjustment. We read upon the face of the good little man, toward whom every one of us felt most kindly, that he contemplated the soaring spirit of German youth with a certain uneasiness, thanked him for his good-will, took our leave politely, and marched back to the market square. There it was reported to us — whether true or not — that during our visit to the Rector the unpopular officer in question had speedily packed his trunks and already left the town.

While the jubilation over the "Märzerrungenschaften" — the results of the revolutionary movements in March — at first seemed to be general, and even the adherents of absolutism put a good face on a bad business, soon a separation into distinct party groups began between those whose principal aim was the restoration of order and authority — the conservatives; those who favored slow and moderate progress — the constitutionalists; and those who aimed at securing the fruits of the revolution in a "constitutional government on the broadest democratic basis" — the democrats. Instinctive impulse as well as logical reasoning led me to the democratic side. There I met Kinkel again, and our friendship soon became very intimate. In the course of our common activity the formal relations between teacher and pupil yielded to a tone of familiar comradeship.

In the beginning the zealous work of agitation absorbed almost all our time and strength. Kinkel, indeed, still delivered his lectures and I also attended mine with tolerable regularity; but my heart was not in them as before. All the more eagerly I studied modern history, especially the history of the French Revolution, and read a large number of politico-philosophical works and of pamphlets and periodicals of recent date which treated of the problems of the time. In this way I endeavored to clear

my political conceptions and to fill the large gaps in my historical knowledge — a want which I felt all the more seriously as my task as an agitator was to me a sacred duty.

First we organized a democratic club, consisting of citizens and students, which found in the so-called Constitutional Club, led by Professor Loebell, a very able man, a most respectable rival. Then we founded a local organ for the democratic party, the *Bonner Zeitung*, a daily paper, the editorship of which was undertaken by Kinkel, while I, as a regular contributor, had to furnish every day one or more articles. And, finally, once or twice a week, in fact as often as we could find time, we marched out to the neighboring villages to preach to the country people the political gospel of the new time, and also to organize them into democratic associations. Undoubtedly, the nineteen-year-old journalist and speaker brought forth a great deal of undigested stuff, but he believed sincerely and warmly in his cause and would have been ready at any moment to sacrifice himself for it.

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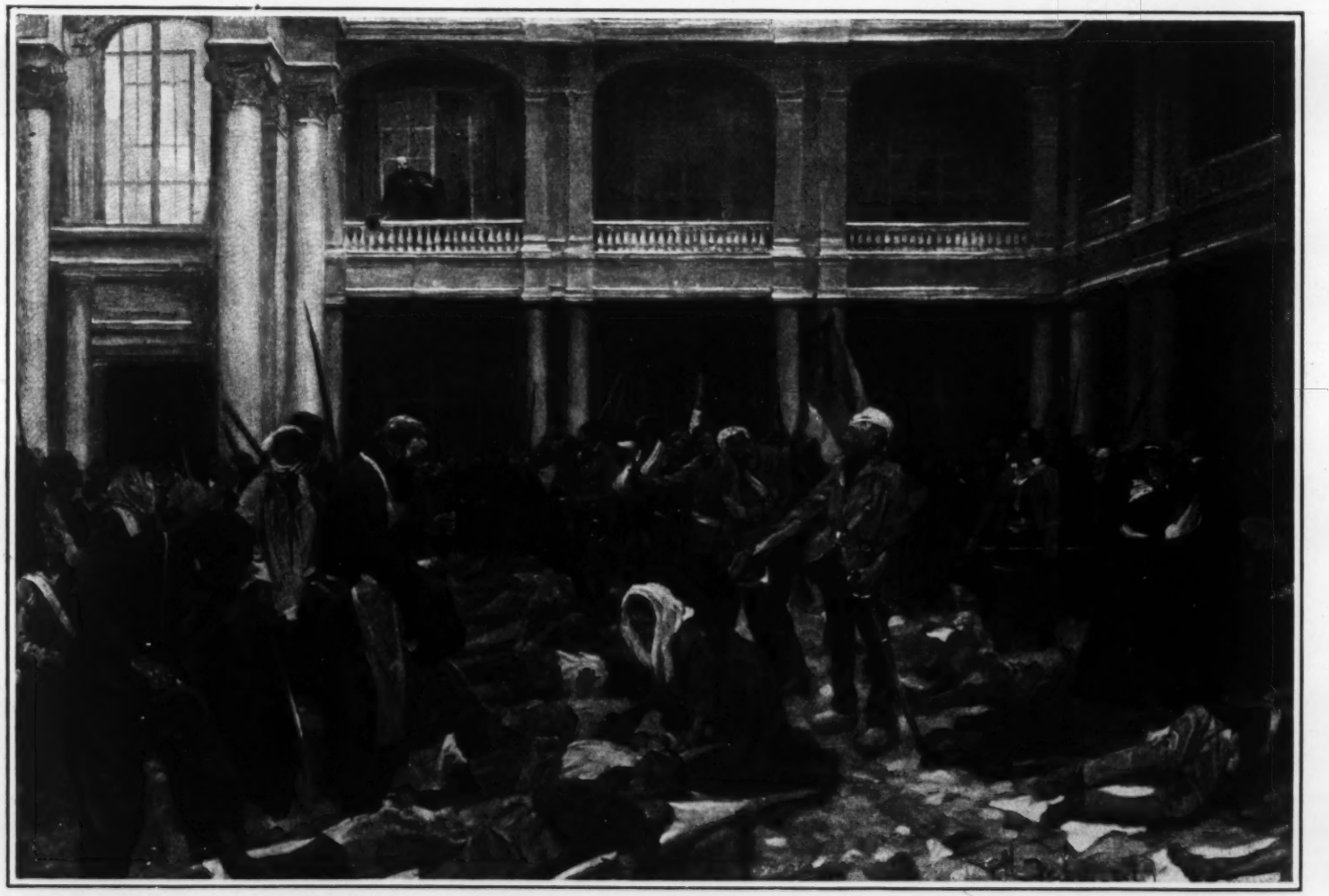
The exigencies of magazine publication compel the omission here of an account of the further development of the reaction. The paragraphs omitted will be found in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.

The visible developments of the reaction had the effect of producing among many of those who stood earnestly for national unity and constitutional government, a state of mind more open to radical tendencies. The rapid progress of these developments was clearly perceptible in my own surroundings. Our democratic club was composed in almost equal parts of students and citizens among whom there were many of excellent character, of some fortune and good social standing, and of moderate views, while others had worked themselves into a state of mind resembling that of the terrorists in the French Revolution. Kinkel was the recognized leader of the club, and I soon became a member of the executive committee. At first the establishment of a constitutional monarchy with universal suffrage and well-secured civil rights would have been quite satisfactory to us. But the reaction, the threatening rise of which we were observing, gradually made many of us believe that there was no safety for popular liberty except in a republic. From this belief there was only one step to the further conclusion, that in a republic, and only in a republic, all evils of the social body could be cured, and the solution of all the political problems would be possible. The idealism which saw in the republican citizen the highest embodiment of human dignity, we had imbibed from the study of classic antiquity; and the history of the French Revolution satisfied us that a republic could be created in Germany and could maintain its existence in the European system of states. In that history we found striking proof of the possibility of accomplishing the seemingly impossible, if only the whole energy resting in a great nation were awakened and directed with unflinching boldness. Most of us indeed recoiled from the wild excesses which had stained with streams of innocent blood the national uprising in France during the Reign of Terror. But we hoped to stir up the national energies without such terrorism. At any rate the history of the French Revolution furnished to us models in plenty that mightily excited our imagination. How dangerously seductive such a play of the imagination is, we were of course then unaware. As usually happens, we tried first to imitate our models in certain external things. To emphasize the principle of equality among the members of our club, we introduced the rule that there should be for all, however different might be their rank in life, only one form of address, namely "citizen." There was to be no longer a "Herr Professor Kinkel," but only a "Citizen Kinkel," and so on through the list. We did not permit ourselves to be disturbed by the ridicule which this oddity attracted, for we were profoundly in earnest, believing in all sincerity that by the introduction of this style we could give tone to the developments which would inevitably come. Of the debates in our club my recollection is not distinct enough to say how much reason or how much unreason there was in them. At all events they were carried on with eloquent earnestness, because most of the participants spoke from genuine honesty of conviction.

In the course of the summer Kinkel and I were invited to represent the club at a congress of democratic associations in Cologne. This assembly in which I remained a shy and silent observer, became remarkable to me in bringing me into personal contact with some of the prominent men of that period, among others the leader of the Socialists, Karl Marx. He could not have been much more than thirty years old at the time, but he

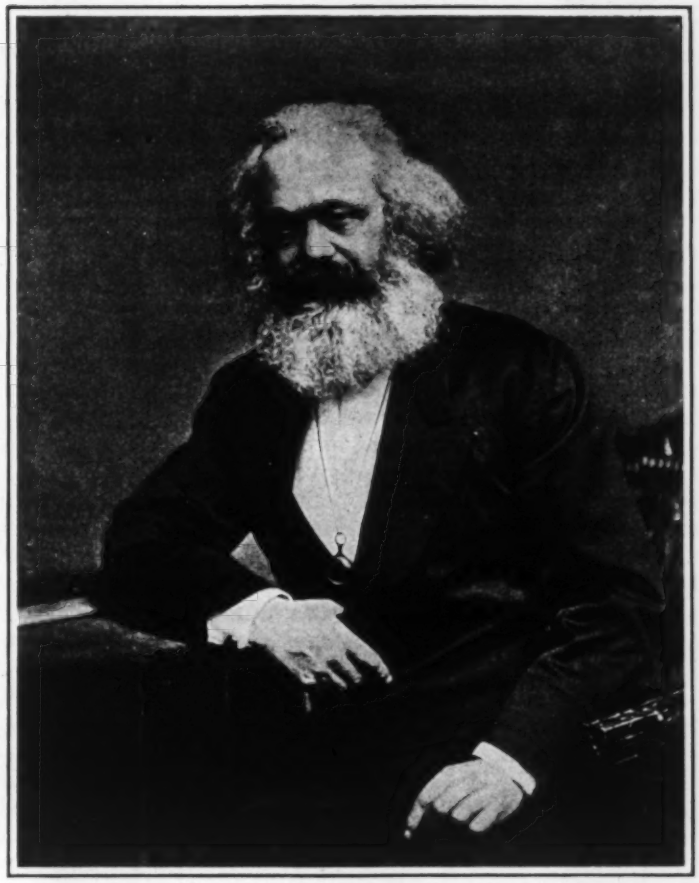


"'HAT OFF!' THE MULTITUDE SHOUTED, AND THE KING TOOK OFF HIS HAT TO THE DEAD BELOW."

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

After the German liberals had adopted a national constitution in 1849 they chose Frederick William IV for first emperor of United Germany. But Frederick William IV refused to carry out his earlier promises to help on the liberal movement. He and the other reactionaries would not acknowledge the constitution. The King declined the crown.

already was the recognized head of the advanced socialistic school. The somewhat thick-set man with his broad forehead, his jet black hair and beard, and his dark, sparkling eyes at once attracted general attention. He enjoyed the reputation of having acquired great learning, and as I knew very little of his socialistic discoveries and theories, I was all the more eager to gather words of wisdom from the lips of that famous man. This expectation was disappointed in a peculiar way. Marx's utterances were indeed full of meaning, logical and clear, but I have never seen a man whose bearing was so offensive and intolerable. To no opinion, which in the slightest degree differed from his, he accorded the honor of even a condescending consideration. Every one who contradicted him, he treated with the most abject contempt; every argument that he did not like he answered either with biting scorn at the unfathomable ignorance that had prompted it, or with opprobrious aspersions upon the motives of him who had advanced it. I remember most distinctly the cutting disdain with which he pronounced the word "bourgeois;" and as a "bourgeois," that is as a pitiable victim of the most depraving mental and moral tendencies, he denounced every one that dared to oppose his opinions. Of course the propositions advanced or advocated by Marx in that meeting were throughout voted down because every one whose feelings had been hurt by his conduct was rather inclined to support everything that Marx did not favor. It was very evident that he not only did not win any adherents but that he repelled many who otherwise might have become his followers.



KARL MARX, FAMOUS GERMAN SOCIALIST

At the beginning of the German Revolution of 1848, Marx, already an exile from his native land, returned to Germany and founded a liberal newspaper at Cologne. In 1849 he was expelled from Prussia again. He continued his socialistic agitation until his death in London in 1883. Mr. Schurz tells of the impression Marx made on him in Cologne in 1848.

From this meeting I took home with me a very important lesson: that he who would be a leader and teacher of men, must treat the opinions of his hearers with the consideration they morally deserve; that even the most superior mind will lose influence upon others if he seeks to humiliate those others by constant demonstrations of his superiority; that that public man will be most successful in enlightening and winning the ignorant, who respects their standpoint, and appeals to their reason and their moral sense, not with haughty condescension but with true sympathy.

On the whole, the summer of 1848 was to me a time of work and worry. The newspaper for which I had to write articles, the agitation in clubs and popular meetings, and, besides, my studies imposed upon me a very heavy burden of labor in which — I must confess — my studies fell into a somewhat subordinate place. What troubled me most was the visibly and constantly growing power of the reactionary forces, and the frittering away of the opportunities to create something real and durable by the National Parliament in Frankfort and by the Assembly in Berlin. I remember well to have carried with me an oppressive consciousness of my own ignorance in political things which was the more painful, the more urgent appeared the necessity for the people to be prepared for prudent and energetic action in the decisive struggles which impended.

The contents of the paragraphs here omitted in the magazine publication are as follows: The truce of Malmö; the insurrection in Frankfurt; the murder of Prince Lichnowsky and Count Averswald; a view of the National Parliament in St. Paul's Church; the students' congress in Eisenach; the uprising in Vienna and the Academic Legion; "Morituri salutamus"; soldiers cheer for the republic; a sober journey home; the Hungarian revolution; the Prussian Constituent Assembly in Berlin expresses its sympathy and is thereupon

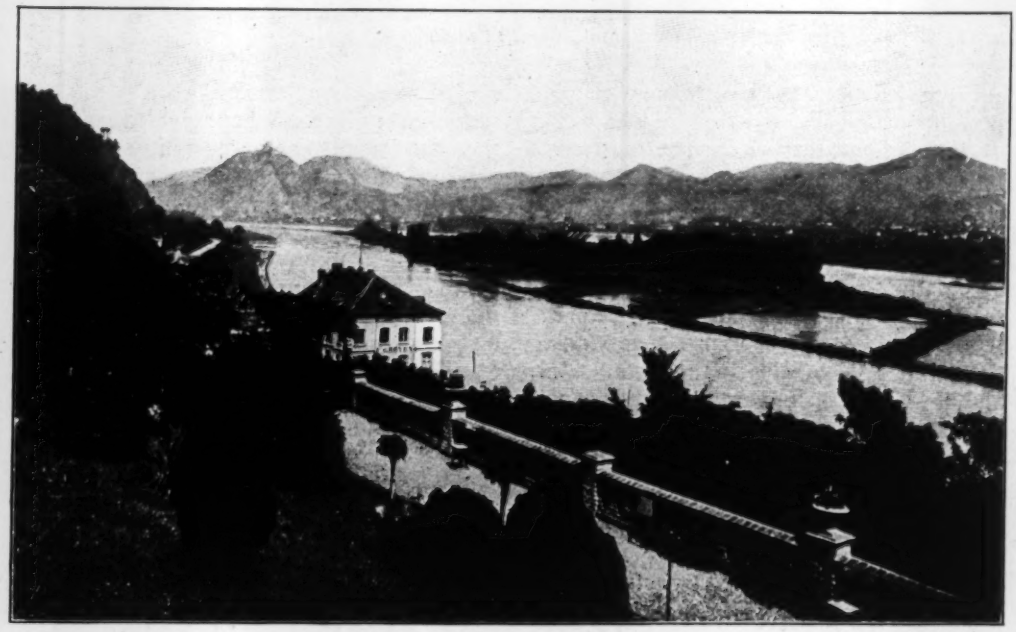
Such uprisings could clearly have a possibility of success only if they became general throughout the country; and indeed it looked for a moment as if the disaffection of the members of the Landwehr in the Rhineland and Westphalia would spread and become the starting-point of a powerful general movement. But what was to be done, had to be done quickly. And in this aspect the exigencies of the moment confronted us in Bonn. Kinkel had returned from Berlin and was on the spot. The Chamber, a member of which he was, had once more urged the King to recognize the national constitution and to accept the imperial crown, whereupon the King dissolved it. Kinkel was in Bonn the recognized democratic leader. Now he had to show his ability to act promptly or to relinquish the leadership to others in the decisive hour. He did not hesitate a moment. But what was to be done? That the Landwehr, at least the largest part thereof, did not wish to take up arms against the defenders of the national constitution, was certain. But in order to maintain this refusal, the Landwehr had practically to take up arms against the Prussian government. To make their resistance effective, immediate organization on a large scale was necessary. If the members of the Landwehr were ready for that, they could do nothing simpler and better than to take possession of the arms, which were stored in the different Landwehr-armories, and then under their own leaders make front against the Prussian government.

Such an armory was situated at Siegburg, a little town, a short distance from Bonn on the right bank of the Rhine. It contained muskets and other equipments enough to arm a considerable body of fighters, who then, joined to the insurrectionists in the manufacturing districts, might have formed a respectable power and spread the rising in all directions. This was the thought which occurred with more or less clearness to the Democrats in Bonn, and they found also a military head for the execution of the plan in the person of a late artillery lieutenant, Fritz Anneke, who came

dissolved by the King; the disarmament of the civic guard in Berlin; movement to stop the levying of taxes in Prussia in which the students of the University of Bonn participate; narrow escape from arrest and prosecution; the King of Prussia promulgates a constitution for the Kingdom and Kinkel's election to the Lower Chamber; a sentimental love story; the National Parliament at Frankfurt completes the constitution of the German Empire and elects the King of Prussia German Emperor; the King refuses to recognize the constitution and to accept the imperial crown; great excitement all over Germany; local insurrections of the people to force the King of Prussia to accept; the people of the Bavarian-Palatinate and of the Grand-duchy of Baden rise in mass; the "Landwehr" in the Prussian Rhineland is called to arms by the King of Prussia, but in various places, such as Iserlohn, Elberfeld and Düsseldorf, revolts against the order mustering them into service; attempts at revolt in sympathy with them are planned at several places on the Rhine, among others, in Bonn.—EDITOR.

ROLANDSECK AND THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

Rolandseck is on the Rhine—about fifteen miles below Bonn, and not far from Cologne and Siegburg



from Cologne. The Landwehr of the district had been summoned to Siegburg on May 11th, to be mustered into service. Thus time was pressing.

On May 10th we were to have in Bonn a meeting of Landwehr-men from the town and the immediate neighborhood. During the morning hours a large multitude assembled in a public hall. The citizen elected to preside, admonished the men to refuse obedience to the call of the Prussian government; if arms were to be taken up at all, it must be against those who wanted to rob the German people of their liberty and unity. The men received this admonition with many signs of warm assent. The meeting continued during the whole day. The number of Landwehr-men coming in increased from hour to hour. Different speakers addressed them, all in the same sense, and, as it appeared, with the same effect. It was agreed that the blow against the armory at Siegburg should be struck the following night. To this end it was necessary to hold the men together during the day so that as large a number as possible might take part in the expedition.

To keep the men together during the whole day was not an easy task. Some money had been raised to provide for their meals. But that alone was not sufficient. Kinkel, after having delivered his last lecture at the university, spoke to the meeting at 4 o'clock of the afternoon. With glowing words he inflamed the patriotic sentiments of the audience, admonishing them urgently to stay together, as now the hour of decisive action had come, and promised them at the conclusion of his speech, that he would soon be with them again, to share their fate at the moment of danger.

I spent part of the day at the meeting, and part with the executive committee of the democratic club. There we received the current reports from Elberfeld and from the democratic clubs of the neighborhood as to their readiness for action. Arrangements were made for the march to Siegburg during the coming night.

There was so much running to and fro during the whole day that many details of what happened are no longer in my memory. But I remember that as often as I appeared on the street, I was stopped by student friends with the question what was in the wind, and whether they should march along with us, whereupon I told them what I had resolved myself to do in this crisis, and that each one of them would have to determine his conduct upon his own responsibility. Under the feverish excitement of the last days I had come to that desperate state of mind which will dare anything. It was evident to me that if the fruits of the revolution were to be saved, we must not shrink from any personal risk.

I also vividly remember how, at dusk of evening, I went home to tell my family what had happened and what I considered it my duty to do, and to bid farewell to them. Since the breaking out of the revolution my parents had taken the warmest interest in the development of events. They had always been enthusiastic in the cause of a united Germany and of free government. Our political sentiments were therefore in hearty accord. My father was a member of the democratic club and rejoiced to see me among its most active members and to hear me speak. The noble nature of my mother had always clung to what she considered to be right and just, with devoted zeal. Both had watched the course of events sufficiently to anticipate the approach of a catastrophe. The announcement I made to them did therefore not surprise them. It was not unexpected to them that I had to take part in an enterprise that was for me so full of perilous consequences. At once they recognized my honorable obligation. To be sure, their hopes for the future rested upon me. I was to be the support of the family in the struggle for existence. But without a moment's hesitation and without a word of complaint they gave up all for what they considered a duty of honor and patriotism. Like the Spartan woman or the Roman matron of whom we read, my mother went to the room where my sword hung and gave it to me with the one admonition that I should wield it with honor. And nothing could have been farther from her mind than the thought that in this act there was something heroic.

At the same hour Kinkel took leave of his wife and children, and then returned to the meeting, where he appeared on the platform armed with a musket. With impressive words he announced to his hearers what was to be done that night and what he himself was resolved to do. He urged nobody to follow him blindly. He concealed from nobody the danger of the enterprise. Only those who in the extreme need of the fatherland felt it to be their duty, he summoned to march with him in the ranks.

I had been instructed to see to it that the ferry across the Rhine should be at our disposal. It was dark when I went to my appointed place on the bank of the river. There I found a fellow student, Ludwig Meyer, with whom I crossed the river in a rowboat. On the other side we met, according to agreement, a troop of companions. At once we took possession of the ferry, the so-called flying bridge; ordered the ferryman to swing it over to Bonn; and then to take it back to the right bank of the Rhine, loaded with a crowd of armed men. This was the force that was to march to Siegburg and seize the armory. Kinkel appeared with a gun upon his shoulder. Two of our friends were on horseback, the rest on foot, most of them provided with arms of some kind, but not a great many with guns. To me was given a rifle, but without fitting ammunition.

Our commander, Anneke, mustered the crowd and divided it into sections. One of these was put under the command of Josef Gerhardt, who at a later period went to America and did good service as colonel of a Union regiment in the Civil war. Anneke found that his troop did not count over one hundred and twenty men, and could not refrain from giving bitter expression to his disappointment. Many of those who attended the meeting during the day, had in the darkness slunk away when the signal was given to march. Patriotic impulses that in the morning were fresh and warm had cooled off in the hours that elapsed between the first resolution and the moment of action.

Our column being formed in order, Anneke made a short speech in which he set forth the need of discipline and obedience, and then the march began. About half an hour after our start one of our horsemen, who had remained behind, came up at a gallop with the report that the dragoons, then garrisoned in Bonn, were at our heels, to attack us. This report should have surprised nobody, for during the day and the evening the preparations for our enterprise had been carried on so openly that it would have been astonishing had the authorities received no knowledge of it, and had they not taken measures to frustrate the expedition. Moreover we had forgotten to make the ferry behind us unserviceable. Nevertheless the announcement of the approach of the dragoons produced in our ranks considerable consternation. Anneke ordered our horsemen to hasten back and to reconnoiter as to the nearness and strength of our pursuers. Meanwhile our march was accelerated so that we might possibly reach the river Sieg and cross it before the arrival of the dragoons, but in this we failed. Not far behind us resounded the trumpet-signal ordering the troop of dragoons to trot their horses. Anneke, who evidently was not very confident of the ability of his men to face regular soldiers in a fight, halted our column and told us that we were evidently not in a condition to offer successful resistance to regular troops; we should therefore disperse, and if we wanted to make ourselves further useful to the cause of the fatherland, we might make our way to Elberfeld or to the Palatinate where he too was ready to go. Most of the men scattered over the surrounding cornfields, while some of us, perhaps twenty, stood still by the side of the road. The dragoons quietly passed us at a trot on their way to Siegburg. There were only some thirty of them.

When the dragoons had passed by and only a handful of our people had again found themselves together on the road, a feeling of profound shame overcame us. Our enterprise had not only come to an unfortunate, but ridiculous and disgraceful end. Our column had taken to the fields before only a handful of soldiers, scarcely one-third of our number. And this after the big words with which many had pledged themselves to the cause of German liberty and unity. I looked for Kinkel, but I could not find him in the darkness. At last I discerned Ludwig Meyer and others of my nearer friends who all felt as I did, and we resolved at once to go on to see what might still be done. So we marched after the dragoons and reached the town of Siegburg shortly before daybreak. The democratic club with which we had been in communication and the leaders of which had been expecting us during the night, had its headquarters in a tavern, and there we went. About daybreak we discussed with them the question whether in spite of the miserable failure of the preceding night and the occupation of the armory by the dragoons, we might not after all take that building by assault and organize a respectable movement in aid of our friends in Düsseldorf and Elberfeld. The democrats of Siegburg could see little to encourage us. In the course of the morning a considerable multitude got together, members of the Landwehr, and their friends from the vicinity. Soon we began to

make speeches before large crowds, and the storming of the armory was repeatedly urged. A rumor came that during the day a fight had broken out between citizens and soldiers in Bonn, and I communicated that rumor to the assembled multitude; but further information having arrived, I had to my shame to confess that the rumor was not true. I was nervously eager to wash out the disgrace of the night before, and to try the utmost for our cause, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. But it was all in vain. The evening came, the crowds dispersed, and I had at last to make up my mind that the people we had before us could not be moved to do anything desperate. Meyer and I resolved to go where there was vigorous action in prospect, and set out for Elberfeld. We reached that town the next day.

There we found barricades on the streets, much noise in the taverns, only a small number of armed men, and no discipline nor united leadership. Evidently here was no chance of success. Nothing could come of this except perhaps a hopeless fight or a speedy capitulation. Meyer and I resolved therefore to go to the Palatinate. Soon we were on board a steamboat running up the Rhine. I wrote home asking my parents to send me some necessary things to our friend Nathan at St. Goarshausen, and on the evening of the same day we arrived under his hospitable roof in the shadow of the Lorelei-rock.

There I had my first quiet hours after the absorbing excitement of the last four days. When I awoke from profound sleep all that had happened appeared to me like a dismal dream, and then again as a clear, more dismal reality. The thought struck me for the first time that now, although safe enough for the time being in Nathan's house, I was a fugitive, running away from the authorities; for it was certain that they would not permit an attempt upon one of their armories to pass unpunished. This was a singularly uncomfortable feeling; but a much more hideous thought followed that I could not be proud of the act to which I owed my outlawry, although its purpose had been patriotic. The outcome had been miserable enough to make impossible my return to my friends, until the shame of it had been wiped out. But my profoundest grief was not in regard to myself. It was the knowledge that all the insurrectionary attempts in Prussia had failed, and that the Prussian government had its hands entirely free to turn against the insurgents in Baden and the Palatinate. I tried indeed to lift myself up to the belief that so great, so just, so sacred a cause as that of German unity and free government could not possibly fail, and that undoubtedly I would still have some opportunity to contribute to its victory, be it ever so little. I have never forgotten the hours which I spent with Meyer and with Wessell (one of our friends of the Franconia, who while not compromised politically, had followed us from friendship), walking up and down, discussing these matters under the Lorelei-rock — that most dreamy nook of the Rhine valley. My friend Meyer looked at the situation in a somewhat soberer spirit than I could command. After mature consideration, in which probably the thought of his family played an important part, he concluded to return to Bonn and to take the chances of a trial for his participation in the Siegburg affair. I did not try to urge my view of the case upon my dear, brave comrade, and thus we had to part.

The leave-taking from Meyer and Wessell was very hard to me. When I pressed their hands for the last time, I felt as if I had not only to say good-by to them, but also again to my parents and sisters, to my home, to all my dear friends, to my whole past.

And now farewell to the beautiful student-life and its precious friendships, its ideal endeavors and hopes, its glorious youthful dreams! The years of apprenticeship were over; the years of wandering began. My friends journeyed down the Rhine to Bonn, and I alone up the Rhine to Mainz.

(To be continued)

THE RAILWAY YARD

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

INTO the blackness they grind
With ever slackening speed,
And out to the widening light
With the thunder of valves that are freed.
Myriad headlights,
Green lights and red lights,
A tangle of sparks and of darks;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Poured out to the city's blend;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Sped forth to their journey's end.
Oh, neighbor, what is the end you seek?
There is none to reply, though the dead should speak.

Click of a switch, a lever's turn,
The clang of the opened gate.
Has the hour struck? Will the train be late?
One prays to his God and one curses his fate.
The lover smiles as he touches her hand,—
And the outgoing passengers wait.
It is only two who thread the throng.
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Pass by and hurry along.

There are some who stand and never go
When the porter opens the gate:
"Good-by, good-by, come back to us soon!"
Their heart is sick with the merciless tune:
Whoot, whoot, hough, hough, zig-zig and away,
To-morrow we follow but never to-day.

A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Who have cast their lot together;
And some set out for a whole new life
And some for a change of weather.
For a dance or for death,
Yet they sit and they sleep,
Or they stare at the engine's curling breath;
They sigh or they smile
At each vanishing mile.
Oh, soul, give your neighbor greeting!
But faces are clouds
Like the flashing trees
And the dizzy houses retreating.

They are running a race, though they know it not,
With a thousand lives that have gone before;
And a thousand souls with a thousand goals
Must press through a single door.
Oh neighbor, think, as the drive-wheel spins,
Of the gutted lamps and the torch-like sins,
Of the babes unborn and the yawning gins!
What is the Crown and Who is it that wins?

OLD BERNSTEIN AND "DE GREAT FIDDLE"

BY

ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

"VELL? News, pleess?" The big white head of the little old man bobbed up, and his blue eyes had the twinkle which always welcomed me into his tiny workroom. "News —mit you all de time, news," he continued, smiling and talking softly down to the old brown fiddle in his apron. "Rush, bang, rub-a-dub — dot is your newspaper. I vood like a paper dot talks news like a fiddle — eh? Look out! Be careful — don't step so quick!" He watched anxiously as I took three careful steps through the fiddles to a broken chair. "Ach! Mein kind! Pleess! Pleess!" — as my overcoat nearly brushed a fiddle from its hook. Fiddles were all around him, below and above; they stood upon their sides on the floor, they lay on small tables, they nestled in cabinet shelves, and above they perched on brackets and hooks; fiddles strung and unstrung, crippled or cured; pieces of fiddles — queer shaped pieces, rough and smooth; tiny curious tools, and little pots of glue and varnish; sweet odors. A bower of fine old fiddles. And in the middle, on a stool, little Bernstein — the great fiddle surgeon, rumpled his soft white hair and smiled with relief. "Vell, mein kind — your music column dis morning vas fine." He held up the fiddle, and ran his eye lovingly along the soft, old varnish. "Fine — fine," he repeated murmuring: "Fine varnish." I watched him work. "Und your news?" he asked, remembering me at last.

"Moronsky is coming."

"Moronsky?" The fiddle dropped into his apron; he seized it and placed it carefully on the table. Then he looked up at me dazed. "Mor-onsky — coming — here?"

"Yes — the young violinist from Prague — the greatest — "

"Hush! Hush!" he held up his wrinkled hand, which was trembling now. "Yes — a vunderful boy he ees — but — vait — let me — pleess — I t'ink I remember somet'ings. Yes! No — Ach — now am I sure?" He kept rumpling his hair faster and faster. "Yes! I am sure!" He jumped up. "It ees de great — de great fiddle! Herman — Shorty!" he cried joyously to his two young helpers in the outer room. "De great fiddle! Moronsky's Stradivarius — vill here come! Ven?" He turned to me with sparkling eyes. "Two veeks — he says two veeks! De finest fiddle in the vorld!" He sank feebly on his stool, breathing hard. A humorous wrinkle slowly appeared on each smooth, old cheek. "Ach," he gasped, "now dot — rub-a-dub paper sings — news — like a fiddle."

"Dot fiddle Moronsky plays," he soon continued, beaming. "Eees by Antonio Stradivari made, over zwei hoondert year ago in de great Cremona vorkshop. Dere Antonio learned from de master, Nicolo Amati, dere many like brudders togedder vorked, but Stradivari he vas greatest of dem all; he ninety t'ree years lived und he ninety t'ree years vorked!" Old Bernstein's face flushed, his eyes shone, his white hair stood up — for this was his favorite story.

"Dot is de great vork!" he cried. "Listen! In de beginning — de vorld of fire! De fire cooled und ve had rocks; den dirt und wasser, und from dis grew trees. Look — a big tree grew old far up in de Tyrolean forests; dot vood a t'ousand year grew fine in its grain. Den zwei hoondert year ago along a man came, he cut out a big chunk und carried it down to Cremona. Dis fine vood Stradivari took und mit it dot great fiddle

made. For zwei hoondert year fine players have made out from dot fiddle de beauty — feelings und ideas. So, out from fire und dirt und vood man makes de Idea —de Beauty — de Heaven! Und dot ees great vork!"

"De great vork" — was the ideal of old Bernstein's life. Sometimes it made him sad. "No more de great vork," he would say. "No more de great fiddles. Peoples are too busy mit gold, dey try to make too quick de fiddles, und so dey are no goot. Vere is de varnish, soft und golden, like Cremona varnish? Lost — dot ees vere it ees — lost. Ach — too much dey love de gold!" He smiled. "Ven a great fiddle here comes to be played, your rub-a-dub paper tells news like dis — 'Dot fiddle ees vurt twelve t'ousand dollars!' Such news your peoples like to read at breakfast, before dey on de trolley vaggon jump, und go downtown to rush und bang for gold.

"Dere ees some great troubles mit men," he would continue sadly. "How long vill it last? Vat can ve do? Dis can ve do — ve can for dese great fiddles take care, so dey don't be busted. Dose fiddles of Amati, Stradivari und Guarneri in Cremona — ve can make dem last maybe zwei hoondert year again, t'rough dese bad fiddle times, so at last ven mens have again de soul to stop bang for gold und make fiddles — den vill dey have dese great fiddles to vork by. Can ve dem long enough save? Ich weiss nicht. Every year some more great fiddles ees broken. Slowly dey grow few. Ach — dot is terrible!"

To keep these old fiddles alive, to nurse the few that had come to the big, dirty, American city — this was little Bernstein's work. A patient, marvelous workman, he had been for years the finest repairer for a thousand miles around. As his fame grew "de gold" piled in. But he did not change his simple living. Instead, he spent the money by hiring Shorty and Herman to work on the cheaper fiddles, and so he bought himself more leisure for finer work.

In his tiny workroom Bernstein bent intent, thoughtful, dreamy from eight in the morning till six at night. He stopped often to chat with friends, for scores of violinists came in to see the little old man they loved. He was always glad to see them, except sometimes when he had learned that some fine old fiddle had been smashed in Europe. Then for days he would be cross and gloomy. Outside his workroom old Bernstein had chosen from the big roaring city two quiet places. One was his German boarding-house, where all were musicians, where they had collected a little music library, and where Bernstein himself played second fiddle in the evening quartettes. His two young helpers, Herman and Shorty lived with him. They called him "de old man" in a tone that meant "the great master." Bernstein's other chosen spot was a quiet old saloon, with a little garden in summer, and, in winter, a back room with a piano. Here he sat before his tall stein, puffing his long, quaintly-carved pipe which, he told me once, was "de great vork — like de fiddle, but not so great. Ach — how it makes soft und fine de ideas." These two places, and once or twice a week a downtown concert, made Bernstein's city.

In the weeks before Moronsky's coming, the little old man grew more and more eager — like a child. On one of my visits I found him working very slowly — his eyes dreaming.

"I vas remembering," he said — and after a pause for work — "ven ve see dot fiddle, ve vill find on one corner of de back two sehr fine, thin lines, und between dem a leetle new piece of vood put in. Vunce dem lines vas cracks. Who you t'ink fixed dose cracks togedder so fine? Mein grossvater in München in eighteen hoondert t'irty one. De finest piece of vork in his life! Mein vater vatched him do it. Und ven it vas done," smiled Bernstein, "und dot fiddle vas saved to live vunce more — den de great Bauerman who played dot fiddle he vept, he embraced mein grossvater und called him brudder. I will show you how dot job vas made ven de fiddle here comes. Moronsky vill bring it here right from de train! Is dot fine? I learned dis from fat Fritz." Fritz was concert meister of the City Orchestra with which Moronsky was to play. Fritz loved old Bernstein, and always brought the great violinists to the shop. "Und you know vot concerto at de concert he vill play?" demanded the delighted little man. "Mendelssohn's concerto in D! Is dot fine? Is dot de piece I like best? Ach! It vill show off de fiddle — *ganz schön — ganz schön.*"

That night he bought the concerto and sat up late reading and humming and smiling. When he went to bed he could not sleep, for the curse of insomnia had come on him in the last few years — part of his incurable nervous disease; he could not sleep at all in the next few nights, his headaches came

back, and when at last the happy day arrived, he looked haggard and white.

That morning on reaching our newspaper office I found "de rush, bang, rub-a-dub" doubled, and when I learned the cause I hurried anxiously over to Bernstein's shop.

"Ach — I vork no more!" he exclaimed. "To-day mein hand ees bad." He looked at his big silver watch. "Late — late!" he said impatiently. Then he chuckled: "Look at dem boys," he whispered, pointing to the two bending backs at the bench. "LOOK at Shorty." Shorty, by the way, was six-feet two. "Crazy — shoost crazy like a baby, vid excitement!" Then he walked nervously to the window.

"Bernstein," I said.

"Vell?" he turned smiling gaily. "News, pleess?"

I looked at him a moment. "Oh, nothing. No news." He turned back to watch the noisy throng below.

"Shorty," I whispered, "what road did Moronsky come by?"

Big Shorty thought hard, scratching his tousled yellow head. "Yes — Meeshigan Central," he said. I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Vell?" said Bernstein turning. "No news? No rub-a-dub bang?"

"Smash-up on the Pennsylvania," I read. "Thirty-three lives lost — search still for — "

"Ach, mein Gott!" His voice had suddenly become a husky whisper. "De fiddle!" His face slowly turned gray.

Big Shorty looked around slowly. "I t'ought — Meeshigan Central — "

"No! Shorty!" he shouted piteously. "No — no! Let me read — um — ach — it hurts — " his voiced cracked. "It hurts — it hurts!"

And then began the waiting. The little man crouched shivering by the window, straining his eyes on the street.

An hour later we heard running steps on the stairs, the door flew open, fat Fritz rushed in, and behind him came a dark, Hungarian boy of sixteen, who stopped and stared at us, hugging a violin box under his arm. His slight frame swayed, his long fingers twitched, and in his dark face — now bloodless — his big eyes looked out, dazed and questioning.

Little Bernstein went to him slowly, and put his trembling hand on the box. The boy quivered and stared down a moment at the kind old face.

"Yes," said Bernstein softly. "Yes. Ve must see, mein kind — yes." Gently he took the box and felt it. The bottom was heavily dented outside. He laid it on the table and we gathered behind him. Slowly, with difficulty, for the fastenings were jammed, he unhooked and raised the lid, he lifted out a velvet bag, and from this he drew slowly and tenderly "de great fiddle."

A heavy breath of relief came from Shorty behind me, for the fiddle was unmarred on the front. The little man held it, gazing lovingly at the wondrous rich gold of the varnish. Then he turned it around. He caught his breath, and his fingers gripped hard on the fiddle's neck; breathless, the violinists behind bent closer; at last little Bernstein looked around, and his eyes were streaming.

The dark boy put his hands down on the old man's shoulders and sobbed wild appeals in Hungarian, but little Bernstein only stared at the fiddle.

"Mein grossvater — in eighteen hoondert t'irty-one — de same cracks," he whispered to himself. "But now — dey are vorse — ach — vorse." He paused and added: "He did it. But he vos greater — much greater — dan me."

Fritz layed his fat hand on Bernstein's shoulder. "You can," he said huskily. "You can. You must!" Still Bernstein stared at the fiddle, and across his face that old wrinkle of humor had become a deep harsh line of pain.

"I must," he whispered. "Dot ees true, I must. But can I? — Can I? — Can I?" He stared on while Fritz and the rest of us consulted by the window in low voices. The concert was Thursday night, and it was already Wednesday noon. The dark boy was half crazed; he leaned on Fritz to decide, and Fritz was sure of Bernstein; so at last the boy consented. Then the little old man walked into his inner room and sat down with the old fiddle in his apron. In a few moments he got up and gently closed the door.

By four o'clock the bare, outer room was half filled with violinists, who talked in low grunts and whispers. We all kept looking at the closed door. Once tall Shorty held up between thumb and finger a tiny chip of wood. We gathered solemnly around it; one man took it to the window; another tapped it gently on the table; for this tiny piece was to be shaved down by Bernstein to one-eighth its size, and would then be glued

in to replace the tiny, shattered splinter between the two cracks. When Shorty took it in we looked through the open door.

Little Bernstein still sat hugging in his knees "de great fiddle," studying it. I could only see that the shattered splinter had been neatly cut out, but fat Fritz seemed to see much more; he tiptoed in — his eyes glistening, and laid a big hand on the bent old shoulder. "*Schön! Schön!*" he whispered.

The little man looked up with shining eyes. "Ach — Shorty — let me see." He took the chip to the window.

The grunts and whispers went on. Fears were heard on every side. It was so — so delicate. A mistake by the hundredth of an inch, or a strain to other parts of the fiddle, might forever kill that world-famous tone. Little Bernstein was fast getting old, the relentless nervous disease would soon spoil his hand, and, in time, would kill him. Could he do it?

The Hungarian boy heard none of this. He sat in the open door gazing now at his fiddle, now at the intent face of the surgeon. Each time Bernstein resumed his work the boy leaned closer; his long fingers clasped and unclasped round the back of his chair; now and then he swallowed hard; and once when the elevated train roared close by the grimy window, he sprang up and came to Fritz. "In Prague," he whispered hoarsely in German, "the people would stop their wagons if we asked them. Will they not stop here?" Fritz looked quickly away. "No," he said harshly, "they will not stop."

At seven o'clock that night Fritz and I took Moronsky away.

The next morning I came back at seven. Old Bernstein was still at his stool. His face had changed; it was gray and haggard as death. Now and then he put his hand to the back of his head. "Ach," he murmured to some invisible demon. "Don't — don't — give me shoost two — t'ree hours more — pleess — pleess."

I tiptoed in and turned off the drop light. He stared up. Slowly he recognized me, and for a moment the old humorous wrinkle reappeared. "News — pleess?" he said huskily. "Vy? — Tell me — vy have de trains not run all day? Dey shoost began one hour ago. Before dot dey all stopped many hours. But — " he pressed his hand again to his head — "I haf trains already dot rush in mein head. Ach — soon it vill bust. But look — look at de fiddle."

An hour later Fritz came in with the dark boy. They leaned over little Bernstein, and then the boy's big Hungarian eyes began to shine, his breath came quickly, and Fritz had to draw him away. Little Bernstein never saw them, for his eyes were strained, and now he kept one hand pressed always to the back of his head.

Then came Shorty and Herman — and still others as the morning drew on. Each newcomer went in softly to look. Some came out proud and excited, to grunt and whisper and make swift, admiring gestures. Others came out silently and went to the window wiping their eyes. The elevated "wagons" roared on.

It was in the middle of one deafening roar that we heard a terrible cry from the inner room. The next instant the dark boy had sprung forward from his chair, just in time to seize "de great fiddle" as little Bernstein fell. The little man lay writhing on the floor and then grew still.

Late that night I came into his narrow bedroom. I had left the concert just after the Mendelssohn concerto, and I tried to tell him how the people went wild, and how the dark boy "made out from de fiddle feelings und ideas." It was useless. He only turned his gray, wrinkled face on the pillow. "Your news ees not true," he whispered. "De great fiddle — I made it fall, I made it smash, de crash I heard all t'rough mein head," he began to sob. "De great fiddle is dead — all — all — all dead." There was no comfort for him. In vain I told him that the fiddle was safe — marvelously cured. In vain the kind old landlady whispered comfort. "Heaven," he whispered, "vot do I want mit heaven? I only vant a fiddle. De great fiddle ees dead."

Suddenly he raised his head, tense and straining to hear. Very softly from the room below came music. It was the Hungarian boy playing for the old man the slow, tender movement from the Mendelssohn concerto.

"Listen!" the old voice rose strong for a moment. "De great fiddle — great — " The head sank back, the eyes closed, but the face grew slowly radiant, while the beautiful old melody floated up, tender, compassionate, divine.

"De great — great — de great — fiddle — " he whispered, "de fiddle's soul — has come avay mit me — up here. — Ach — ach — it vill be *schön — schön.*" His head sank back.

THE PRAYING SKIPPER

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

I

"BUT I 'm not going to stand for this sort of thing," angrily protested young Valentine as he shoved the letter at Port Captain Graham of the Palmetto Line. "The old man may be as good a sailor as you say he is, but it 's high time we set him ashore on a half-pay pension. Why, he 's making our service ridiculous. Read it out to Mr. Holmes."

The Port Captain fidgeted and awkwardly wiped his glasses, for the task was unwelcome:

DEAR VALENTINE: — Congratulations on your decision to mix up in the business of the old company. It seems a hefty responsibility for so young a man, but blood will tell. By the way, here is something for you to investigate while the new broom is sweeping the cobwebs away. I went South on your "Suwannee" a month ago, and have the honor to inform you that her captain is a venerable nuisance, and loose in his top story. He is a religious crank, clean dippy on it, held prayer-meetings until half the passengers were driven on deck, and had a lot of hysterical women flocking around him for two different services on Sunday. The "Suwannee" is a gospel ark in command of a praying skipper, and if only the sanctified are going to enjoy traveling in her, you will lose a lot of business. I reckon it 's time the line had an overhauling, so good luck to you. Yours as ever, JIM.

Young Mr. Valentine explained to the surprised officials:

"The signer is an old college friend of mine, man of a great deal of influence here in New

York, and he gives the line and its biggest, newest ship, this kind of a black eye. And I have heard other rumors to the same effect. Now I want an explanation from both you gentlemen. You know all about Captain Jesse Kendrick of the 'Suwannee,' and it 's your business to report such idiotic performances. If you have been shielding a childish old ass, who is unfit to go to sea any longer, the sooner the thing is sifted to the bottom, the better."

Port Captain Graham flushed and twisted his white mustache with a fist like an oaken billet. He swallowed hard as if trying to keep his rising steam under control, and replied with a catch in his deep voice :

"Mr. Valentine, I 've been with the Palmetto Line going on thirty years, from the time when your father bought the first old side-wheeler that flew the house-flag. Jesse Kendrick was third under me in my first command and I know him inside out. A finer sailor and a better man never rounded Hatteras. Are you going to blackguard the ranking skipper afloat in your service because of a flimsy complaint like that, without calling the old man up to the office? Does n't he get a hearing? Why, you 've just now waltzed into this company like a boy with a lot of toy steamboats to play with, after loafing abroad in a muck of luxury ever since you left your college. You 've never even clapped eyes on Captain Kendrick."

Mr. Holmes the General Manager, was speaking before Mr. Valentine could make heated reply. He was largely office bred, and less outspoken than the rugged Port Captain.

"As far as his religion goes, we know that Captain Kendrick does n't drink a drop, and that he won't ship anything but sober men. And your father had reason to send the old man a good many letters of commendation in his time. Shall I 'phone to the dock for Captain Kendrick? He sails this afternoon."

"You 'll do nothing of the kind," snarled Valentine. "I 'll do my own investigating this time, because you are a bunch of three old pals, do you see?"

"But you 're not going to censure him right off the reel? Good God, it would break the old man's heart," exclaimed the Port Captain, leaning forward in a bluster of indignation. "I 'll bet the morals of your friend, Jim What 's-his-name, need investigatin' a damn sight more than the righteousness of Jesse Kendrick."

Mr. Valentine snapped back, but with weakening assurance :

"If you can't be civil, Captain Graham, there will be more than one reprimand in this day's work. I am the owner ashore, and I propose to be the boss at sea. I 'll think it over, and if I want any more of your advice, I 'll send for you. Good-morning."

He went into an inner office and closed the door. The Port Captain glared at the barrier, and growled as he trudged reluctantly into the outer hall, arm in arm with the General Manager :

"*That* spindle-shouldered, under-engined young cub as the make-believe boss of the Palmetto Line! What do you think of it, Holmes? Dyin' must have come hard to his dad when he took a last squint at the heir to the business. This one surely needs some of Jesse Kendrick's spare prayers."

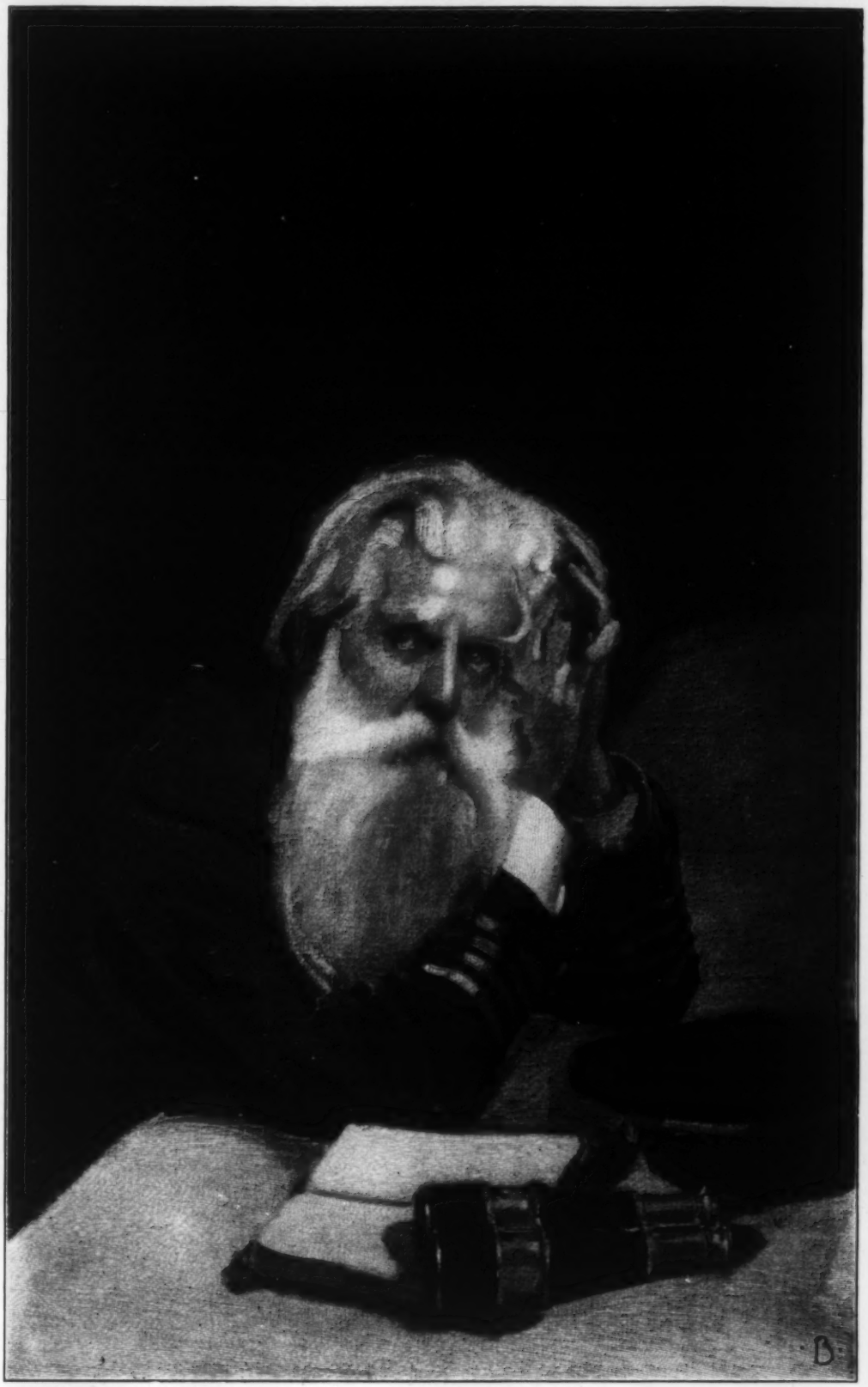
"The young Valentine is cock of the walk," said the General Manager slowly. "But the bantam was crowing to show his authority this time. Anyhow, he said he would think it over, and that means he 'll cool off. Don't say anything to Kendrick about it. No use of discounting trouble that may never come."

But the two men had small acquaintance with the methods of young Mr. Valentine. Without letting go his purpose, he had appeared to give way, because he shrunk from pitting his will against this masterful Port Captain, who made him feel like a house of cards in a big wind. It was not inconceivable that this over-bearing old monster might lay him across his knee and spank him in the white heat of a dispute. When he heard the two veterans depart, the new-fledged owner turned to his stenographer :

"Please take a letter to Captain Kendrick and mail it to catch him at New Orleans. I don't want him storming in here to-day."

The gray hair of the stenographer had been a bonny brown when she entered the employ of the Palmetto Line. As her pencil chased his words down the pages of her note-book, she glanced up with undisguised amazement, and dared to comment when her task was done :

"Please pardon me, but are you sure you mean Captain Kendrick of the 'Suwannee?' You see, I have sailed with him on several vacation trips. When he leads the services on board, I think it is because the passengers like to hear him talk ; such manly, honest talk about the faith he lives day by day. He reminds you of some Old Testament patriarch."



"'CAST ME NOT OFF IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE, FORSAKE ME NOT WHEN MY STRENGTH FAILETH'"

"HIS OLD FRIENDS AMONG THE PASSENGERS WELCOMED HIS LAVISH FUND OF STORIES"

"Old Testament patriarchs are out of date," said Mr. Valentine with evident irritation. "Is there a conspiracy to boom the stock of this senile old geezer? Religion is all right for you women. I am going South in my private car next week, and by Jove, I will just come home in the 'Suwannee' and look the situation over for myself. Mum 's the word. And I don't want any more of my friends to be guying me about running a marine Sunday-school with a sea-parson in charge. That letter ought to choke him off coming back."

II

A fortnight later the "Suwannee" was steaming across the sapphire Gulf. Before her bow flying-fish skittered and splashed like flights of shrapnel bullets, on deck sailors were stretching awnings fore and aft, and wind-sails bellied in the open hatches. Men in flannels and women in trim, white freshness leaned along the rail and watched the sparkling play of color overside. There was the air of a yachting cruise in these pleasant aspects of the day's routine, yet the season was the dead of winter, and the "Suwannee" was hurrying as fast as twin screws could drive her, toward bitter latitudes.

On the bridge walked to and fro, with a slightly limping gait, a man of an unusual presence. Those who looked up at him from the deck noted his uncommon height and breadth, and the white beard that swept almost to his waist. Nearer vision was needed to know the seamed yet mobile face, and the gray eye that held an eager light as of strong emotions continually burning. When he halted to speak to his first-officer, his voice was sweet and vibrant:

"I am going below for a little while, Mr. Parlin. Call me when you 've run down your course."

Captain Kendrick went into his room just abaft the wheel-house, and picked up from his desk a type-written letter that showed marks of much handling. He read it slowly, and his lip quivered as it had done with each of many previous readings. Seating himself upon the edge of the couch, he said aloud little fragments of the letter, taken here and there without sequence:

"Astonishing behavior . . . guilty of annoyance . . . serious complaints . . . ridiculous religious display . . . prime of usefulness past . . . evidently ripe for retirement. . . ."

The letter fell to the floor unheeded, as there came into his eyes a look of impassioned intensity that was focused ever so far beyond the walls of this little sea-cabin. He was on his knees and his head was in his hands as he murmured:

"Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength faileth . . . Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters. . . . I said I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked are before me. . . . But it is also written that evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and He shall hear my voice. . . . They have prepared a net for my steps, my heart is bowed down. . . . But Thou hast a mighty arm, strong is Thy hand and high is Thy right hand. . . ."

While Captain Kendrick was voicing his troubles and his consolations in words wondrously framed by another strong man long ago, the purser of the "Suwannee" was sought out by Arthur Valentine, whose manner held a trace of uneasiness. He would not have confessed it, but far back in the young ship-owner's head was the glimmering notion that a terrier might be snapping at a mastiff. Was this imposing figure on the bridge the "childish ass," to whom he had smartly dashed off his first official reprimand, gloating in the chance to test the sweep of his new authority? But this suspicion now shaped itself only in a growing fear lest he be discovered in such uncomfortably close quarters with Captain Jesse Kendrick. Mr. Valentine closed the door of the purser's room and set that worthy officer's teeth on edge by remarking:

"Fine morning. I say, you need n't bother to make any special point of seating me at the captain's table. Fact is, I don't want to be bored. Just put me over at your table, will you? And please tell nobody who I am. I want to look around a bit. The captain does n't know that I 'm on board, I take it, or he would have been showing me some troublesome attentions. So you need say nothing to him about it. Just see that my name is rubbed off his copy of the passenger list."

The purser disentangled himself from a staggering heap of cargo manifests, and emphasized his reply with a wave of an inky finger:

"All right, Mr. Valentine, if those are your orders, but you miss your guess if you think

our skipper is going to run after you or any other passenger. He ain't that kind. But sub rosy you go, and as far as you like, till further notice."

Slightly ruffled, Mr. Valentine sauntered on deck where he fell in with Second-Officer Peter Carr, who proved to be contrastingly voluble and cheerful. Before the passenger could ask certain questions that were in his mind, Mr. Carr flourished an arm to seaward and began :

"Passin' that bark yonder reminds me of a voyage I sailed as bos'n in the old clipper packet 'Guiding Star,' out o' Liverpool for Sydney. We was carryin' two hunderd Irish girls as immygrants, an' soon after we crossed the Line, they mutinied 'cause we refused to give 'em curlin' irons, an' let 'em waltz with the sailors every night an' twice on Sunday. Bout four bells of the middle watch, pourin' out o' the hatches they come like a consolidated female explosion. I was in th' waist, an' fust I knowed, them millions of infuriated young angels surged straight at poor Peter Carr. Sez I to myself, here 's too much of a good thing for once, an' with that I makes a flyin' scoot an' scrambles aloft like a cat with a bunch o' fire-crackers belayed to its spanker boom. Sw-o-o-o-s-h, the rustle of them billion o' skirts is like the sound of a nor'easter. Wh-e-e-e-e, them shrieks of disapp'inted rage is still ringin' in my ears. I seen the poor old skipper poke his head out o' the companionway, an' so help me, before he had time to say — "

Mr. Carr stopped abruptly and his animated countenance froze in horror as he saw Captain Kendrick wave a beckoning hand from far forward.

"He 's got me again," muttered the mate, as he obeyed the summons, and was seen to follow the cause of his panic into the captain's room.

"Sit down, Mr. Carr," said Captain Kendrick, with a menacing note in his voice. "You have broken your solemn promise made to me last voyage. Those same old gestures told me you were climbing the shrouds of the 'Guiding Star' again. How often have I got to tell you that the 'Guiding Star' packet foundered a dozen years before you went to sea. You soft-shelled coaster, you would n't know the equator if it flew up and hit you in the nose. 'When you were crossing the line,' lies, all lies!"

Peter Carr rubbed his red head and looked sheepish. "Right you are, sir. I forgot, sir," he stammered. "But I 'm improvin'. I can feel it workin'."

"It is n't only your speech and conduct that need overhauling," commented Captain Kendrick severely, as he dug his two fists into his beard and towered over the contrite mate. "These things are signs of an inward state of spiritual rottenness, and I intend to hammer the blessed truth into you as long as we are shipmates. Look at me. Am I a worse sailor for trying to be what your mother on Cape Cod prayed you might grow into, when she used to tuck you up in bed?"

Mr. Carr was as earnest as ever in his turbulent career as he responded :

"I 'll keep in mind what you say, sir. If all the people that flies church colors was like you, a — — sight more of 'em 'ud practise what they preach. Whoa, Bill, I did n't mean to rip out them naughty words. I swear I did n't, sir."

The old man sighed :

"You 're still in the mire. But I 'm not done with you. I 'll have you on your knees yet, Peter Carr."

As the mate rolled forward he muttered :

"He 's sometimes kind of wearin' but he means well. An' he 's gettin' me so tame I 'll be eatin' out of his hand before long."

Arthur Valentine was hovering within earshot, and he halted the solemn-faced officer with :

"Sorry you could n't finish that bully yarn of the 'Guiding Star.' Anything the matter? How did you escape from the two hundred angry ladies?"

Mr. Carr beamed with animation as he hastened to reply : "Well, as I was sayin', the poor old skipper of her stuck his head on deck, an' before he could — Oh, d — , Ouch, excuse me. I bit my tongue. I mean, well, I never did get down out of that riggin', and that 's the end of the yarn. Can 't explain. No time to talk now."

Valentine was puzzled, and laid a hand on the sleeve of the fleeing mate :

"What the dickens ails you? Why can 't you finish that yarn?"

Mr. Carr whipped round and shouted with a noble impulse :

"I ain't goin' to lie again, so help me. The captain 's been laborin' with my poor sin-streaked soul, and I passed the word to steer by his sailin' chart. I 've suffered enough without bein' keel-hauled any more about it."

"Beg pardon," smiled Valentine. "Now I see the joke. The good old man and the

wandering boy. How nice of him. Perhaps he will pray for me if I send up a card. Is he often taken that way?"

"Pretty regular," grinned the mate as he made good his retreat.

"Was I right? Well, rather," thought Valentine. "It 's time I took hold of things. If we should run into a storm, the old duffer would be on his knees praying for good weather and let the ship go to pot."

Later in the day a notice posted in the "social hall" caught his roving eye:

"To-morrow (Sunday) divine service will be held in the main saloon at ten o'clock. As is customary in steamers of this line when there is no clergyman among the passengers, the captain will be in charge of this service."

III

Four bells on Sunday morning found the saloon half filled with voyagers, most of whom looked as if church-going was their custom. Sunlight flooded through the open ports and fretted the floor with dancing patterns as the steamer rolled lazily with the weight of the breathing sea. A warm wind gushed under the skylights and brought with it the thankful twitter of a little, brown land-bird blown into the rigging overnight. If ever worship were meet at sea, a singular aptness was in the peace and brightness of this place.

A hymn was sung and the captain read the morning service from the prayer-book. Then he threw back his shoulders without knowing that he did so, until the blue uniform coat stretched very taut across his bulky chest, and his corded hand gripped a small Bible that lay before him. Something in his pose told those of quick intuition that big emotions were hard held. They knew not why, but this hoary pillar of a man was tugging at their sympathies even before he began to speak, at first frowningly, then with a gathering light in his rugged face:

"From time to time, I have tried to make these shipboard services a little more than the routine calls for. It was my way of thinking that when the Lord has led a man up out of the pit, and planted his feet on the Rock, he ought not to be ashamed of it. Perhaps I have had pride in my redemption. But it seemed to me a wonderful thing that a wicked, drunken young sailor, with no mother and no home, should be brought up with a round turn, as by a miracle of grace; that like a great light shining on the deep waters, the new hope of a better, manlier life came to him; and that he found the peace that passeth all understanding. Since then, some men and women have told me that they remembered sailing with me long after the voyage was done.

"Now I can speak no more of these things. This may be my last voyage, and if I were to talk to you out of the fulness of my heart, it would be wrong. For the Book says, 'servants obey your masters,' and I am still a servant, wearing a servant's livery, and I have been proud to wear it for a good many years. I can't say any more. Several passengers asked me to give a talk in connection with the morning's service, and I want them to know that in disappointing them, my wishes have been overruled. Let us all thank God for fair weather in a closing hymn."

Arthur Valentine left the saloon fairly well pleased with himself, but inwardly recording one objection:

"He 's pretty well muzzled, but I wrote him to cut out all his religious palaver in public, and I won't stand for any more of this nonsense of playing the martyr. That goes."

While idling forward after lunch, he met the first officer coming off watch. Mischievous fortune thus brought together a young man with an ax to grind and a soured elder with a grievance.

"So the captain is ready to stay ashore," observed Valentine after a few greeting commonplaces. "Did you hear his queer speech this morning? I wonder what he was driving at? A passenger can't help being curious to know."

Mr. Parlin was a ripe and ruddy picture of a mariner, passing as heartily frank of speech except among those who knew him well. A lurking notion that he had seen this young man in New York was somehow coupled with the company's head offices, where an errand had called him before leaving that port. As he studied the passenger before replying, his glance was drawn to the gunmetal cigarette case, casually produced, whose face bore in gold outline the initials, "A. H. V." Mr. Parlin was not dull witted. These letters stood for the name of the "old man's son."

The first officer became inwardly alert as he said: "Well, Captain Kendrick is getting old, and he has n't been right since he was smashed up so bad three years ago."

"How smashed?" asked Valentine eagerly.

"Got washed into the scuppers of the 'Juanita.' They found him jammed under a boat with his timbers busted to smithereens. You may have noticed that he walks with a list to port."

"He did n't break his head, did he?" and Valentine tapped his forehead with a significant finger.

"Well, that 's not for me to say," and Mr. Parlin hesitated, with a flutter of an eyelid; "but he has his hobby, and he sets all the sail it 'll carry. You may have noticed it this morning. But he was going it very easy then.

"I 'd have had my ship long before this," continued Mr. Parlin, "if the old man had n't put a black mark on my record in the main office. Now that he talks of going out of the line, there 's no harm in my sayin' that if I 'd flopped on my knees and spouted psalms instead of sticking to my duties, it would be Captain Parlin by now. Excuse me. I have some work on."

Valentine said to himself as he watched the burly, bow-legged figure lumber toward a main-deck ladder:

"Now, *there 's* a proper sailor for you! And this captain — pshaw, he makes me sick."

At the same time Mr. Parlin was thinking:

"Neatly done. I put a nail in the old cuss's coffin."

Three days passed before Captain Kendrick made a social appearance on the after deck. His old friends among the passengers welcomed his lavish fund of stories, some of them a trifle heavy, but all delivered with beaming good nature, and such thunderous sallies of laughter as wagged the white beard until his audience joined in from sheer sympathy. Valentine hung on the outskirts for a little while and then preferred to walk the deck. He felt irritation and disgust, partly because he thought he ought to be holding the center of the stage, and regretting that expediency should force him to travel incognito. Would n't these silly folk open their eyes, if they knew how easily he, the owner, could lay this childish old nuisance of a skipper on the shelf? And he chafed the more because the poison so deftly administered by the first mate was working to confirm all his headlong suspicions.

Scowling at the jolly company as he passed them, Valentine caught a new note of earnestness in the captain's voice and stopped to listen.

"It may not be wrong after all, now that you are all urging me, and I will cut it short. God has been very good to me, and in my poor way, I try to bear witness. And you may understand when I tell you what happened in '67 when I was battering around the fo'csle of a deep-water ship out of Baltimore. Never will I forget the night when — "

The words produced an extraordinary effect upon Valentine. Blind anger seized him. He could see nothing else than that the captain was defying his written order, the passengers abetting him, and the whole group making a mockery of his authoritative judgment. He brushed in among the listeners, and shouted in a gusty treble:

"This has got to stop, I tell you. What did I write you, Captain Kendrick, about all this religious tommy-rot? I 'll show you whose orders go on this ship."

The company scattered as if a bomb had lit in the midst of it as Captain Kendrick took two strides, whipped out a long arm and grasped Valentine by the shoulder:

"No man gives me orders on the deck of my ship at sea. Do you want to go below in irons? Who are — "

"My name is A. H. Valentine, and I threatened to kick you out of your berth two weeks ago, and you know it," screamed the struggling young man. "Turn me loose, I tell you. Pension be hanged. Now you can go ashore and rot. I own this ship and a dozen like her. I 'll put the first officer in command to-day, and it 's high time, too. He deserves it, and I know why he lost promotion."

"I don't care if you 're the Emperor of Chiney. Put a stopper on that tongue of yours, or — " Captain Kendrick checked his hot words and looked at the agitated young man like a pitying father. "You don't know any better, do you? We 'll talk it all over ashore. But not at sea, understand — not at sea."

Captain Kendrick walked slowly toward his room without looking back, and sent word for Mr. Parlin to come to him at once. The mate breezed in with hearty salutation, but his high color paled a little when he looked squarely at the captain's flinty face.

"Stand on your two feet like a man, Mr. Parlin, for you 're before your commander. Have you been telling lies to a passenger named Valentine?"

"Did n't know Mr. Valentine was aboard, sir. Would n't know him if he was sitting there in your chair. Are you trying to insult me?"

"Could I insult a slush-bucket?" thundered the captain. "You have been talking to Mr. Valentine. Don't spit out the lie that 's on the tip of your tongue. Two years ago, I found you asleep on watch. At other times you have been slack and inefficient. I reported you every time. That 's why you 've seen three mates go over your head and get their ships. If I 'd had my way, you 'd have been disrated or thrown on the beach. But you worked wires ashore, you harpooned me in the back, and you held your berth instead of being kicked out for a better man."

The mate's face was purple as he stammered:

"I haven't said anything against you, sir."

"If you 're trying to work up into the wind with Mr. Valentine, you wait until you get ashore," growled the captain. "This is my ship until she docks. You can't say I ever tried to convert you to God. He does n't want jelly-fish. He wants men."

Driven into a corner, the mate tried to take the aggressive in a burst of defiance.

"I guess that what Mr. Valentine says, goes. I 'll see that he hears my side of the case before sundown."

Mr. Parlin had gone too far, and he knew it before he had bitten off his empty words. Captain Kendrick jumped to his feet, and his beard was pushed within an inch of Mr. Parlin's bulbous nose:

"You 're disrated now. Mr. Carr takes your berth until we make port. Get for'ard, you mutinous loafer."

"Get nothin' !" yelled Mr. Parlin. "I 'm going aft to see the real boss."

Two hairy hands clamped down on his shoulders, and he was swung clear of the deck. Then his heavily shod toes beat an intermittent tattoo over the sill and along the planks, as he was hauled and shoved toward his own room. The captain shifted his burden until the mate was tucked under one arm, breathless, impotent, trickling juicy curses. He was dumped inside and heard the heavy storm-door slam and the click of a turning key before he could heave himself to his feet and hammer the barricade in useless rage until his fists bled.

IV

Captain Kendrick had no more time to bother with such trifles as the outbreak of Valentine. Before this day had darkened, the sky turned a dirty yellow, and the weight of the wind was not enough to account for the greasy, sluggish roll of the sea. The barometer needle slid unwaveringly toward the danger point, and after some uncertain shifting, the wind hauled to the north-east and grew steadily colder. Stripped of all superfluous gear on deck, the "Suwannee" was licked into fighting trim, gaunt, streaming, and naked. The weeping drizzle that fogged the sky-line changed to sleet, and soon after dusk came blinding snow with a great fury of wind.

When the captain faced the storm on his quivering bridge, he felt as if all breath and warmth were instantly blown out of him. No fleecy snowflakes these, but hooting volleys of icy shot, incessantly delivered. He groped along the canvassed rail in a choking fight for breath until he found Mr. Carr. They gasped and flinched as they vainly tried to peer into the whirling smother.

The sea rose with incredible swiftness. Within the hour, the "Suwannee" could no longer be held on her course. Yawing wildly whenever a vicious onset of the sea smashed against her quarter and toppled on deck, the ship was brought round and hove to, dead into it. Then the racing of her screws shook her until it seemed as if the engines would tear her hull apart, and speed was slowed as much as the captain dared.

Mr. Parlin was still locked in his stateroom, and as the deep-laden "Suwannee" wrestled with the blizzard, Captain Kendrick argued in his mind whether the mutinous officer should be released at a time when all hands were sorely needed. The third officer had not been long enough promoted to shoulder any grave responsibility. In such a night as this, whose menace was hourly increasing, the vital issue was to safeguard the ship. But the captain's manhood rebelled against a compromise with his deed of clean-cut justice. And rankling in his heart was a damnable phrase, "prime of usefulness is past." It helped to give him the strength of two, now that the test had come, and he decided to fight it through with Peter Carr.

Before midnight, the cold was so benumbing and deadly without chance of respite, that freezing fast to the rail to which they clung was a fate that threatened master and mate. Each begged the other to seek a little warmth and shelter, and their indomitable wills were dead-locked time and again. At length the captain put it as a most emphatic command, and fairly hustled Peter Carr down the steps to the steam-heated wheel-house. When the mate returned, hot with coffee and protestations that the captain take a turn below, the old man refused with a passionate gesture of finality.

Although he had striven to bank the fires of resentment, his thoughts burned like coals that callow youth, sitting in judgment, should have flung aside his faith and works together, like so much trash. But never for a moment did such introspections relax his alert understanding of every symptom of the laboring tussle between ship and sea. So far she had come unhurt. Now, once, as she climbed wearily and hung for an instant like a giant see-saw, Captain Kendrick became tensely expectant as he felt through the planking, a strange jarring break, somewhere down in her vitals.

Then instead of splendidly crashing down the long slope into the hidden wrath of water, the "Suwannee" began to swing broadside as if on a pivot. The wild impulse was unchecked, even as her bow slanted into the tumbling barrier, and heaving far down to starboard, she rolled helpless and exposed, as a bewildered boxer drops the guard that shields his jaw from the knock-out blow.

"*Hard over, hard over,*" yelled the captain down the tube to an empty wheel-house, for a pallid quartermaster darted from within, and scrambled to the bridge, shouting:

"She won't steer, — — her, she won't steer. The gear has carried away below."

With one look to windward, the captain crawled to the engine-room indicator and sent clamoring signals to reverse the starboard and jam full speed ahead with the port screw. But before the "Suwannee" could feel the altered drive of her engines, so huge a sea raced over her lurching quarter that the starboard side of the bridge crumpled under the attack like a wire bird-cage smashed with a club. Roaring aft, the gray flood ripped a string of boats from their lashings. It left their fragments absurdly dangling from the twisted davits, and poured through the cabin skylights, whose strength collapsed like pasteboard.

Peter Carr had seen the danger in time to shout a warning as he fled to the port end of the bridge. On top of him came the captain, washed along in a tangle of splintered oak and canvas. The mate crawled from beneath, and looked for the quartermaster. A sodden bundle of oilskins was doubled around a stanchion almost at his feet, and life was gone from the battered features. Instinctively glancing seaward, the mate noted that the "Suwannee" had responded to the send of her screws, and was veering now to starboard. He signalled to ease her, and as she headed into it again, he made a rush and dragged the skipper clear. The sleeted beard was matted with blood, but the old man stirred and opened his eyes:

"We 've got to nurse her along with the engines," he muttered brokenly. "Thank God for twin screws. Stand by the indicator. Sing down for hands to clear the wreckage, and overhaul the steering-gear. It felt to me like the rudder went at the pintles. But have 'em man the hand-wheel aft."

He wiped the blood from his eyes, and strove to get on his feet. One leg gave way, and he hauled himself up by gripping what was left of the rail.

"It 's gone back on me again," he groaned, "but it was n't much of a leg at best. Lend a hand, and do as I tell ye."

Peter Carr passed a lashing around the skipper's waist, and so made him fast to the steel pillar of the engine-room indicator. Now began the infinitely wary coaxing of the ship to face the storm, now with a thrust of her port screw, again with a kick of her starboard screw. It was thus she must be steered, for word came up that there was no mending the damage this side of port. The mate was afraid to take over the task of keeping the ship headed into the storm, for this was his first experience in a twin-screw steamer, yet he was as much afraid that the skipper might die if he left him where he was.

The ship fought to wrest herself free from this shifting grip, she seemed eager to slay herself by swinging to take the seas abeam, but the man whose face and beard were dappled with blotches of crimson, held her hove to, as if his soul had pervaded her clanking depths. When Peter Carr implored him to have his hurts cared for, the captain answered with such shattered murmurings as these, for the cold and the pain were biting into his brain:

"But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. . . . Let not the

water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up. . . . Oh, spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more. . . . Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distress. . . ."

Peter Carr was a much younger man, and the violence of his exertions had so warmed his blood that he had much strength left in him. Now and then he tugged at the captain's arm, shouted in his ear, tried to lift him; and the third officer who had come from the task of mending matters on deck, joined the heroic struggle. The captain awoke to chide them as if they were impatient boys, but his eyes saw only the swirling curtain of snow ahead and the great seas he must meet in their teeth. Suddenly he tried to stand erect, and shouted as he swayed:

"Vessel dead ahead."

With the words, he sent a signal to his engine-room, and the "Suwannee" shouldered the merest trifle off to port just as a great gray mass slid past, so close that the watchers smelled a whiff of steam. The blackness was beginning to fade out of the storm, day was breaking, and they glimpsed alongside a cluster of jackies toiling in flooding seas at hawsers lashed round two great turret guns. More than ever convinced by this escape that his eyes were needed on the bridge, Captain Kendrick stayed steadfast in his purpose. The two officers felt awe as they looked at him, that he should have sensed, where their eyes could not see, the danger they had shaved by a hair's-breadth. Sometimes now his head fell forward, but the hand on the indicator lever was ever nervously alive to feel the ship and the raving seas, and he was snatching her from death, inch by inch and hour by hour.

V

In the early hours of the storm, Arthur Valentine was battering like a shuttlecock between the sides of his berth, sicker in mind than in body, for manifold terrors had come to prey upon him. Without confidence in the captain of the ship, he felt that his own cowardice was responsible for failure to act when the issue had been almost within his grasp. Through the dragging hours, as the ship cried aloud in every racking beam and rivet, or quaked as if her rearing bows had rammed a rock, Valentine convinced himself that the captain would not have dared refuse him if he had faced it out and insisted that the first officer take command.

"Don't I own the steamer?" he groaned. "Can't a man do what he pleases with his own property? And I let myself be bluffed out like a whipped pup. Only a lunatic would have defied me. Of course he 's tucked away in a corner trying to pray down a storm like this. What did Carr tell me? What did Parlin say?"

On the heels of these emotions came the dreadful instant when the "Suwannee" took aboard the sea that swept her bridge. Valentine was flung out of his berth to the floor in a bruised heap, and heard the crash of glass and the riot of water which tumbled into the saloon outside his room. Before he could get footing, his room was awash, and floating luggage knocked him this way and that. He crawled outside and collided with a half-clad man who was wringing his hands as he wailed:

"Save yourself. We 're sinking. Look at the whole Atlantic Ocean in here."

"What 's the matter? What 's happened?" gasped Valentine.

"What 's happened? I heard the captain had killed the first officer, or strung him up, or something awful. And now there surely is hell to pay. Why don't somebody come to our rescue?"

What passed with him for duty, even the high tide of heroic impulse in his whole life, impelled Valentine to struggle up the stairway to the "social hall" on the deck above. He believed that the risk of being washed overboard was very great, he was almost certain the crazy captain would knock him down or shoot him, but he was braced ready to meet these things. It was a desperate situation demanding a desperate remedy. He felt vague admiration and pity for himself, as he made ready for the plunge on deck. But a dripping sailor barred the way:

"I 'm willing to run the risk," protested the hero. "It 's my duty to save the ship. She belongs to me."

"So does Cape Horn an' the Statue of Liberty," returned the seaman soothingly. "But you don't want to play with 'em now. They 'll keep all right. Nobody goes on deck. Them 's orders. Just sit down an' play you 're a train of cars. It 's lots of fun, an' it 's safe an' dry."

Valentine tried to pass him and was thrust back so violently that he fell upon a comatose passenger stretched on a settee.

This victim sputtered feeble protest and other voices were raised. Valentine noticed now that several men and women were huddled in this corner of the deck-house, fled from the desolation below stairs. One of them screamed above the clamor of the wind :

"The ship is all smashed to pieces and nobody knows what to do next."

"I am going to get forward somehow, and put the first officer in command, if he 's alive," cried Valentine. "It 's life or death for all of us, and my word must go. Does n't this fool sailor know who I am?"

Alas, these shivering refugees scented a new alarm. The poor young man had gone mad with fright, and they, too, tried to soothe him, while a woman of them sobbingly implored the sailor to take him away before he became violent. Valentine cursed them all, and clawed his way down the handrail to the saloon to seek some other exit. The way forward was blocked by savage men dragging tarpaulins, and they kicked him out of their path when he would argue with them. He splashed back and forth, like a rat in a trap, falling against bulkheads and furniture, or pitched clear off his feet, until, worn out, he slunk back in sullen silence up among the little company in the deck-house who waited for they knew not what.

So much of Valentine's purpose had been hammered out of him, that nausea resumed its sway, and he clung to a cushion, helpless through interminable hours. When he was able to pull himself together and make feeble effort, it seemed as if the pitching of the steamer were less terrifying, and through an after-port the daylight gleamed. He dragged himself to it, and caught a glimpse of somber sea and sky.

The blizzard had passed.

Then strong hands were thumping on the outer door, and a steward tugged at the inside fastenings. In a flurry of spray three burden-bearers staggered into the room, between them a great limp bulk in oilskins, whose face was hidden by a sou'wester. As the seamen paused to veer ever so gently around the corner of the hallway, Valentine went close to the third officer who led the way, and said with a novel timidity in his voice :

"I am Mr. Valentine, owner of the line. Can you tell me what has happened, please?"

"It 's the skipper — frozen up, busted up, dyin' it looks to me, sir," was the husky response. "He 's brought her through the blow lone-handed. I never seen another man afloat as could ha' done the trick he did."

The young man trailed after the stumbling procession which turned into a large stateroom aft. Before swift hands had removed the boots and outer garments, a physician from among the passengers was busy with hot water and bandages. The Irish stewardess was weeping as she tried to help. They paid no heed to Valentine who returned to the doorway as often as he was jostled to one side.

The three seamen huddled in the passage talked softly among themselves, and Valentine heard :

"I tink he give der first mate vat vas comin' to him, eh? Und if der skipper 's room vas flodded out, den Mister Parlin must been sloshin' round mit der door gelocked, most drownded. Goot enough."

"It 's sure all right if the old man done it. An' him with two bum legs to start with, buckin' her through last night. Him gettin' smashed galley-west, rudder busted — Hell's Delight, what a mess! He looked as if he was all in when we pried him loose from them slings that was holdin' him up."

"Ask the doc if he can pull him through, will you?"

Valentine tiptoed in, as the doctor whispered with a warning gesture :

"I think so. His head needs a good many stitches, and there is an ankle to set and some ribs to mend. But he will take a lot of killing yet. Come, men, you must clear out of the hall. He will be coming to presently."

What Valentine heard was mightily reinforced by that which he saw with eyes that were misty and troubled. Before him lay such grim reality of duty done, as the shallows of his life had never touched. Groping in a welter of new thoughts, he made his way to the deck and went forward as far as he dared, amazed at sight of the havoc wrought overnight. Perched on his wrecked bridge, the figure of Peter Carr swung against the brightening sky. He had learned who Valentine was, and called down :

"We 'll work her up to Sandy Hook without any blisterin' salvage bills, sir. There 's a few of us left."

"And these are the kind of men I was going to stand on their heads," said Valentine to himself, as he clambered up and asked many eager questions. Nor was Peter Carr

at all backward in painting with vivid word and gesture, the story of the night, down to a parting shaft of crafty comment :

"And there 's them that thinks the old man is a softy an' ought to be knittin' tidies in a home for derelict sea-farin' men."

Restlessly seeking the captain's stateroom again and again, Valentine was denied admittance until late in the afternoon. When the doctor let him in, the old man opened his eyes and his weather-scarred face lightened with a kindly gleam of recognition. Valentine flushed and began hurried speech :

"I hope you 'll forget that letter. . . . Is there anything I can do? . . . If you want to go to sea again, or if you don't, or whatever else — "

The doctor raised a silencing finger. Valentine bent over to stroke a bandaged hand which moved on the blanket just enough to pat his with a little parental caress. The doctor nudged Valentine to withdraw, as the captain whispered drowsily :

"All-l 's well. . . . You did n't know any better, did you? . . . So He bringeth them into their desired haven."

SONG FOR A CRACKED VOICE

BY

WALLACE IRWIN

WHEN I was young and slender, a spender, a lender,
What gentleman adventurer was prankier than I,
Who lustier at passes with glasses — and lasses,
How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came jaunting by!
(But now there 's none to sigh at me as I come creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,
A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose ;
What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and dances,
And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to my toes!
(Egad, it 's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to my toes!)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic
Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven in her eyes,
Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No matter.
Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it where it lies!
(Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted where she lies!)

But now I 'm old and humble, why mumble and grumble
At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing by?
Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who passes,
And Youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of my eye.
(How strange you cannot see it in the corner of my eye!)

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

IV

PRIVATE CARS AND THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

HOW ARMOUR MONOPOLIZED THE FRUIT TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS OF AMERICA

Third Fisherman: . . . Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fisherman: Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. . . . Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish. . . ."

PERICLES, ACT II.

EARLY in the 90's Armour took an extraordinary step in the further development of his already enormous business. He was even then the dominant factor in the beef and pork industry of North America. He owned stock-yards and packing-houses in many cities and distributed his product from scores of wholesale and retail depots scattered throughout the United States and in foreign countries. He manufactured soups, canned goods, lard, and sausages; he dealt widely in poultry, butter, and eggs. He was peculiarly the autocrat of the American breakfast table. His soap cleansed thousands of American homes, the hides he produced shod many citizens, his fertilizers added to the productivity of unnumbered farms. He owned the biggest elevators in the world, and dealt in grain by the million bushels, being the frequent dictator of the Chicago market. He was a director in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, which lies like a hand upon the Northwest. Many cattle raised in the West were thus transported over a railroad in which Armour was a vital factor, fed in Armour's stock-yards, butchered in Armour's packing-house, shipped in Armour's refrigerator-cars, and finally sold to the consumer at Armour's store. And at each step in the process Armour drew his certain profits. In this way the packers of the beef trust touched every citizen, rich or poor, in the United States; every citizen paid money to Armour, directly or indirectly, for his food, clothing, drugs, or luxuries — and still continues to do so.

Armour, the Father, and Armour, the Son

I have already shown how the packers reached this astonishing supremacy in industry. Armour, the elder, was a man of dominant personality, forceful, original, daring; a man of big capacities and big sympathies. Armour, the son, is fully his father's equal in consuming energy; he is more than his father's equal in cold shrewdness, but he lacks the breadth, the originality, the rough sympathy of the founder of the house. In earlier days P. D. Armour was spoken of as "Phil"; his son is emphatically "J. Ogden." The present head of the house is like many sons who inherit industrial power; he is not so much the master of the profit machine as he is a part of it — an essential part, it is true, and yet driven, as much as driving. The father made money; money made the son. But both men — the first by the very impact of rude power, the second by a cold and merciless intellectuality — were well fitted to survive in that stage of industrialism which justifies any means that produces a given end, that end being cash profits. Armour, the father, lived in a halcyon time when rights were chiefly emphasized, and force was more highly prized

than justice. Armour, the son, has reached the day when the people are demanding what service rich men have done the people in return for their privileges and immunities. For it is not only that Armour's methods have grown more exacting, but that the people's ideals of social responsibility have risen to a higher plane.

Good Causes and Bad Causes of Armour's Success

As I have already shown, Armour's success and that of his associates in the beef trust was due to two causes, one good, one bad. By his genius, he developed processes of saving the parts of the carcasses of animals formerly wasted. Out of hoofs, hair, bones, blood, he manufactured useful products which made his enterprise not only profitable to himself but of genuine service to the state — although this service, it must truly be said, was made possible by the concentrating influence of the railroads. Such developments were good; and Armour is entitled to all the fortune from these sources that he earned.

But at the same time that he was devising new and valuable economies, he was also crowding his neighbors and rivals from the common highway — the railroad. He was getting special favors, rebates, concessions, discriminations, by which unfair, unjust, and positively unlawful means he built up his business. That was wholly bad. It was exactly as if he had gone out and taken possession of the street in front of his packing-houses, permitting every one to pass freely except carriers of beef and pork. Thus he and his associates in the "beef trust" ruined their rivals in the packing-house industry. So far as beef and pork were concerned, he controlled most of the railroads of America — and continues to do so even to-day.

The chief element in his power over the railroads, as I have shown lay in the possession of private refrigerator-cars in which he shipped his own product. I have shown that his net profit from the use of these cars alone is some $3,000,000 a year — so much that he could afford to conduct his packing-house business without profit and still make an enormous income from mileage on his cars, paid to him by the railroads.

It was a mistake, of course, for which the railroads of the country have paid dear, to allow any private individual to own railroad rolling stock. Once given the whip-hand, great shippers like Armour did not stop. Men with power never stop until they are compelled to. He had tasted the nectar of car-mileage profits, and he wanted more. Therefore he took the remarkable new step to which I have referred. *He reached out and offered his private cars for the transportation of products owned by other people.* With none of the responsibilities of a common carrier he entered upon the work of a common carrier. Armour, a private beef-butcher, became, curiously enough, a carrier of California oranges and of Georgia peaches. And that was an extraordinary development in the history of American transportation.

Origin of the Idea of Fruit Refrigeration

The shipment of fruit under refrigeration was not originally Armour's idea. Armour was exactly like Rockefeller. Many of the original ideas which contributed so much to the success of the Standard Oil Company — as the method of transporting oil long distances in pipes — were developed by Rockefeller's rivals. Rockefeller permitted them to waste their money on the new schemes until they were proved practicable; then he quietly gobbled them up.

Thus, in the fruit industry. As far back as 1868 fruit had been transported under ventilation or partially iced. Swift transported iced beef with established success in 1880, but it was not until 1888 that any one was daring enough to attempt the costly transportation of car-loads of fruit under complete refrigeration from California. The idea was laughed at by the fruit men and pooh-poohed and opposed by the railroads, for it was very much further then to California than it is now, and the fruit industry was new. But the man with a real idea is deterred by no discouragement. In 1888 several men, Hutchins of Detroit; the Thomases, father and son, of Chicago; and the Hubbard brothers, after experiments with the shipment of iced fruit in Michigan and from the South, demonstrated the practicability of a thorough iced car service from California, and the next year staked everything they had upon their idea, and induced a few growers of cherries and apricots in California to try their new cars.

In spite of every obstacle, Thomas and his associates were successful — unexpectedly so. Upon their almost forgotten efforts, indeed, rests much of the present prosperity of California. They organized the California Fruit Transportation Company, and within

three seasons, so amazing was their success, that they owned over six hundred cars — and their profits were really fabulous.

Armour Begins Swallowing His Competitors

But they quarreled with the Earl Fruit Company, one of the largest fruit shippers of California. Undeniably they themselves became greedy. Earl went to Chicago and tried to make terms with them. When he failed he approached Armour and made arrangements to rent some of his refrigerator-cars in the fruit industry. He also got hold of certain patents and organized two refrigerator-car lines of his own. Backed by Armour, whose influence with the railroads was supreme, Earl began a fierce contest for the business. He paid rebates for the first time on the California fruit business. In two seasons Thomas was utterly defeated and finally, after disastrous experiments in shipping fruit to Europe, the California Fruit Transportation Company was sold out, name, idea, business and all to Swift & Co. — and Swift & Co., of course, is a part of the "beef trust."

Armour now perceived the brilliant opportunities for profits in the fruit-shipping industry. He developed his business rapidly. For some time he worked on terms of apparent friendliness with the Earl Fruit Company. But Earl was a man of great energy and capacity, and he developed so much aggressiveness and his profits were so glittering that Armour decided to eliminate him. He apparently offered to buy him out. Earl was in the flower of success, with a good future ahead, and he did not want to sell. In business no friendship counts against profits; so Armour, as nearly as we can get at the story, began to support Earl's greatest rivals in California, the Porter Brothers Co. It should always be kept in mind that Armour's power comes from his influence with the railroads. He can say who shall and who shall not use the rail highway; therefore the business destiny of all men is in his hands. He simply shuts the public road to people who do not please him: they cannot go to market; therefore they die industrially.

We do not know all of the inside history of this contest. We do know from sworn testimony that P. D. Armour made "loans" in various sums to the amount of $663,000 to James S. Watson, president of the Porter Brothers Company. We know that rebates were paid in large amounts on the fruit traffic.

Here is a bit of the evidence given before the Interstate Commerce Commission which will show how the thing was done:

Mr. Marchand (for the Commission): Mr. Watson testified that under his arrangement with you he was charged the full tariff rate but had a contract with you for a special rate, and that the difference between that tariff rate and the contract rate was his profit. Is that correct?

Mr. Robbins (president Armour Car Lines): Generally speaking; yes, sir.

In other words the Porter Brothers Company was given a rebate, by contract, in addition to the mysterious "loans." Quite naturally Earl was unable to stand such competition, and in 1900, he was willing to sell out, cars, fruit business and all, and Armour bought.

Earl being now disposed of, the Porter Brothers Company curiously and quickly went into bankruptcy — with the same strange, creeping malady which attacked so many of Rockefeller's rivals in the palmy early days of the Standard Oil Company. Probably Armour simply turned on them and fought them with rebates; at any rate he soon swallowed the business of the Porter Brothers Company and completed his monopoly of the California business. All this he was able to do because and only because he had more power over the public road than his competitors.

Extent of the Armour Monoply

Having crushed his last rival, Armour rapidly broadened his activities, reaching out for more and more of the profitable fruit business of the country. To-day he owns and operates some 14,000 refrigerator-cars worth over $14,000,000; he not only controls most of the fruit transportation of California, and therefore the destiny of the fruit-growers themselves, but he penetrates the peach-growing districts of Michigan and Georgia, and the strawberry fields of North Carolina; he brings tropical fruits from Mobile and New Orleans, melons from Indiana and Illinois, and early vegetables from Arkansas and Missouri.

On all these fruit-cars, going and coming upon the face of the continent, Armour makes a profit for every mile operated, doing the business which the people chartered the railroads to do. A man in the business of butchering cattle has thus become a powerful factor in the transportation business of

the country, so powerful that he intimidates the greatest railroads, and yet when he is attacked for his oppressive charges, he asserts that he is not a common carrier at all: he takes all the profits and privileges of a common carrier, and denies all the duties and responsibilities.

Having crushed his private-car rivals in the fruit industry, Armour now began a new and an almost inconceivably bold campaign. The railroads themselves had been buying refrigerator-cars and offering them for the shipment of fruit and dairy products. This, of course, was the plain duty of the chartered transportation agent of the people. But Armour did not like it; he saw in the spread of this movement a threat to his monopoly and a limitation of his power and profits.

How Armour Prevented Railroads From Using Their Own Cars

So he went to various railroads and proposed or demanded that they make contracts with him for the exclusive use of Armour refrigerator-cars. I showed in my last article what great power Armour had over the railroads through his ability to give or withhold his enormous shipments of freight. He pays over $200,000 a week in freight at Chicago alone, and vast sums elsewhere. By giving his business to one railroad and taking it from another he could almost make or ruin the profits of the companies concerned. Here was the Pere Marquette Railroad, for example, over which was shipped the bulk of the fruit grown in the rich districts of western Michigan. The Pere Marquette was a weak railroad, hungry for more traffic. Armour went to the eager officers of the Pere Marquette and guaranteed to give them forty cars of meat a week, in return for which the Pere Marquette agreed to use none but Armour's cars for its fruit shipments. The Pere Marquette had a few refrigerator-cars of its own with which it had served its customers; but under the new contract *it could not supply its own cars to the people along its own line.*

It is the theory of the private car that any shipper can own cars and have them shipped over the railroad. Armour says plausibly enough to his rivals who complain:

"Why don't you get your own cars — if you want to do business on an equality with me?"

But these competitors, even if they bought cars, could not ship them over the Pere Marquette Railroad because Armour had prevented the use of any cars but his own anywhere on that railroad. And the Pere Marquette was not the only road affected. Within the short space of three or four years Armour had forced or bargained for exclusive contracts on all the railroads in America, with two or three exceptions, which reach into the great fruit-producing or fruit-shipping localities. By an exclusive compact with the Southern Pacific, Armour seized most of the fruit business of California and the Southwest; through the Georgia Central and Atlantic Coast Line, the Seaboard Air line, the Louisville & Nashville, he absolutely controlled all the great fruit centers of the South. The Louisville & Nashville gave him a hold on the pineapples and other fruit brought from the tropics to the ports of the Gulf of Mexico.

In the Senate hearing last spring Senator Clapp asked Mr. Robbins:

"What roads, then, reaching the South Atlantic States, the fruit regions, are exempt from the exclusive contracts with your company?"

"Broadly speaking," answered Mr. Robbins, "none of them. . . . We handle all that business."

In other words, no railroad in all the great fruit country of the South was at liberty to use any refrigerator-cars except Armour's.

Similarly Armour's arrangements with railroads in parts of Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri gave him control of much of the fruit and vegetable areas of those states. And finally, he also gathered in the Michigan Central, giving him what little was left of the Michigan fruit territory. About the only fruit-originating railroad of any importance which he did not get was the Santa Fé, which does its duty by its clients by owning its own refrigerator-cars — although it charges the same icing rates as Armour and has indulged in the same methods of paying rebates. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Gould lines also own their own refrigerators and have refused to make exclusive contracts with Armour.

Armour's Really Valuable Service

There are two or three reasons why railroads should have signed such humiliating contracts, trading away the very essence of their functions as common carriers. First and foremost, of course, the punishing power of Armour as a great shipper, to which I

have already referred. But that was not all. Armour really performed a valuable service which we must acknowledge. Some roads like the Pere Marquette are weak; they found it a burden to buy and own enough refrigerator-cars to handle all the fruit business on their lines, because fruit shipments are crowded into a certain short season lasting only two or three months of the year. Now, Armour could send his cars to Florida or to California in the winter, Georgia in the spring, and Michigan in the summer and fall. He could employ all his cars all the time, which is an economic saving and therefore a service to the people. There can be no question that the Armour service — the quality of the cars, the attention given by inspectors and so on — was superior in most instances to the former inefficient, under-supplied service of weak lines like the Pere Marquette. Moreover, Armour, driving his cars with the sharp lash of his perfect system, for his profit lies in making high mileages, was likely to bring fruit shipped with him quickly to market. I talked with certain fruit growers on the Pere Marquette Railroad who regarded the coming of Armour as a real godsend. Under the former inefficient railroad management it often happened that they could not get any cars at all and they saw their fruit rot in the fields. They wanted service on any terms, and they were willing to let Armour charge anything he pleased, if only he would help them to market. Could anything reveal more clearly the pitiful dependence of the citizen upon the transportation agent or the terrible power of that agent? The very life of these hard-working Michigan farmers depended on railroad service and they were naturally willing to pay almost anything rather than to perish industrially. But can we, after all, excuse Armour on the ground that the railroad did not do its duty?

The first exclusive contract between Armour and the Pere Marquette was signed in 1902 and the next year, 1903, the Michigan Central was forced into line, placing practically every bushel of fruit in Michigan (except that shipped on the lakes) under the control of the Armour Company. By virtue of their monopoly they could charge what they liked for the service and the farmers could not escape them. One of these fruit men said to me:

"It is either let our fruit rot or pay Armour."

I have shown what tremendous profits Armour makes from mileage paid him on his refrigerator-cars. For every mile the car runs loaded or empty he forces the railroad to pay him one cent or three-quarters of a cent a mile (or six mills on the Southern Pacific). In one year from this source alone he makes in *net* profits on his 14,000 cars over $3,000,000.

Beginnings of the Icing Extortions

But now that Armour had completed his monopoly on the fruit trade in various parts of the country this profit did not satisfy him — big as it was. He wanted more, and this is the way he got it: When he made the exclusive contract with the Pere Marquette in 1902, he found that the railroad was billing a cost-charge for ice supplied in refrigerating cars. At first the railroad had iced refrigerator-cars and made no additional charge beyond the freight-rate, but as business increased the cost of ice was added to the bill.

In 1902, before Armour came, for example, that icing charge from Mattawan, Michigan, to Duluth, Minnesota, was $7.50 — the actual cost of the ice and the service. The next year, after Armour came, the icing service jumped to $45 — or over 500 per cent. This represented the *net profit* of monopoly on a single carload of fruit.

From Paw Paw, Michigan, to Dubuque, Iowa, the icing charge before Armour's reign was $10 on the average. After Armour got possession it increased to $37.50. To Boston from Grand Rapids, before Armour, icing cost $20 a car; after Armour, $55. Other advances, not only in Michigan, but nearly everywhere else were made in similar proportions — rarely less than 100 per cent, often 500 per cent.

No monopoly even in this patient country ever before, perhaps, put on the screws so suddenly and with such utter cold-bloodedness. Most monopolies have the patience of cunning; this one apparently could not restrain its greed for a single season.

Do not forget that each one of these refrigerator-cars, constantly rushed by the iron-system of Armour, was making huge profits — twenty per cent at least — on mileage. To this they now added perfectly enormous icing profits. Ice cost no more after the Armour contract was signed than before. Indeed, in many cases the railroads continued to supply the ice exactly as they had in the past, out of their own

ice-houses, but instead of charging the cost to the shipper they charged it to Armour and let Armour collect the huge extra profits of monopoly.

Pleas for Relief by Fruit Growers

A shipper told me how he went down to Grand Rapids and tried to reason with Armour's representative there. He explained how unreasonable and unfair such charges were; how, in the end, they would serve to limit the fruit production of Michigan and therefore reduce the business of the Armour car line itself, let alone that of the railroads. When he had finished speaking Armour's man looked up and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

One fruit grower, W. C. Wildey of Paw Paw, Michigan, gave sworn evidence of how he pleaded with the Armour Company to let him get out to market on reasonable terms with his fruit. He said (Interstate Commerce hearings):

"I made the Armour people an offer of $10 a car if they would stay out of the country and let us use some other car, and let me ice it from start to finish, and give them $10 if they would keep out of the country. I can offer to do that and make $15."

These high charges did, indeed, decrease by just so much, the range of the market for Michigan fruit. Thirty dollars a car extra cost for transportation means that a car cannot be shipped so far with profit. Indeed, the Iowa markets, which had been profitable to Michigan growers, were almost entirely closed after 1902. Read this letter from the Jewett Fruit & Fish Company of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to W. C. Wildey dated September 9, 1903:

> Your two wires of even date quoting Concords at fifteen cents and at fourteen cents received. We have not accepted, however, for the reason that we can lay them down at a lower cost from Iowa points. Refrigeration charge of $40 per car from Paw Paw practically prohibits touching Michigan grapes, except on a considerably lower basis of first cost than from Iowa points.

Hopeless Conditions in California

But conditions in Michigan, bad as they were, cannot be compared for downright hopelessness with that of the fruit growers of California. For the longer the distance shipped, the more dependent the shipper becomes. I have n't space at this time to go into the story fully. I hope to later. To defend themselves the growers have, from time to time, formed co-operative associations. In these small democracies, as in our political parties, bosses developed, and some of these bosses became grafters and sold out the interests of their people to Armour or to the railroad companies. This year nearly 30,000 car-loads of refrigerated fruit will be shipped from California eastward. Careful estimates show that the *profits* on icing charges paid mostly to Armour, but partly to the Sante Fé Railroad, by the California fruit growers

Comparative icing rates per car on fruit over railroads bound to Armour and railroads free from Armour. The charge of $50.63 from Decker, Ind., was on a car of melons consigned to J. C. & C. R. Scales of Chicago.

will be from $800,000 to $1,000,000. And this does not, of course, include the mileage profits, which, because of the long, continuous haul from California, are unusually large. The result has been that in the past many of the fruit growers of California, between the Armour Company and the "bosses" of the co-operative associations, have not only made no money, but in innumerable cases have seen their crops swallowed up by freight and icing charges, leaving them nothing at all. I know of many cases in which fruit growers, after spending time and money for a whole season on their fruit, have shipped it and sold it for *less* than the freight and icing charges, leaving them a *loss* which they were compelled to make up

at the end of the year. High prices in the Eastern market, due to high transportation rates, have, of course, tended to reduce the consumption of California fruit and thereby added to the woes of over-production.

Thus the farmers of Michigan, California, Georgia, North Carolina paid dear for Armour's enterprises — and they could not help themselves. For it is a principle, as clear as clear can be, that he who controls transportation controls the destiny of every citizen. At present that control in this country rests with irresponsible, private individuals — not only the railroad managers, but men like Armour and Rockefeller and Havemeyer who are permitted by weak railroad men to take from the people under cloak of their charters.

In one of the hearings Commissioner Prouty tried to find out why the Pere Marquette Railroad, after paying a shamefully high mileage on his cars, then allowed Armour to exact a big second profit direct from the shipper. Here is a fine bit of testimony:

Commissioner Prouty: You have already paid the Armour Company compensation for that (the use of their cars) and why should the Armour Company exact it a second time from the shipper?

Mr. Patriarche (of the Pere Marquette): Well, that is the question. I can not answer that.

Is it any wonder in view of this confessed weakness and irresponsibility that there should be a demand for an impartial governmental tribunal to regulate the railroads? Is n't it wonderful that that demand should not be stronger?

Two conflicting agents in transportation have made trouble in other ways. When there are complaints by shippers Armour will sometimes blame the railroad and then the railroad will shoulder the charges back upon Armour; between the two the poor shipper gets no redress at all. In one instance I know of, Armour refused to pay damages for a car that arrived at its destination without ice. His agents claimed that the car had been properly iced at each station, and blamed the railroad for the delay in arrival. Result: the shipper lost all his fruit.

But the fruit men, though in reality bearing the brunt of the burden, did not realize the exactions of Armour's monopoly as sharply as the dealers in fruit and the commission men in various parts of the country.

Insurrection Against Armour is Begun

When Armour began to practise these sudden extortions, many fruit dealers paid the icing bills, charged the cost up to the farmers or added it to the price to the consumer, and said nothing. But a few of them met the demands in exactly the spirit of our Boston forefathers who refused to pay the British stamp and tea taxes. Only in this case it was the tomato and cantaloupe and peach taxes that were resisted. There is something, after all, admirable in the way that the American, pushed to the wall, will finally fight for his rights, fight alone or fight in company. They resolved, no matter what happened, not to submit to such impositions. And it was serious business for them. They were dependent on the railroads for their very existence, and Armour absolutely controlled the railroads in so far as the particular commodity in which they dealt was concerned. And Armour could and did punish, as I shall show.

E. G. Davies, a fighting Welshman, was one of the early insurgents. For a long time he had shipped fruit over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad from points in lower Indiana and had had no trouble. From Decker, Indiana, previous to the appearance of Armour and his exclusive contract with the C. & E. I. Road, the icing charge was $27.50. On August 11, 1904, Mr. Davies received a car on which the icing charge was $45. Now Decker is only 247 miles from Chicago; if the refrigerator-car had been shipped from New Orleans, which is 923 miles from Chicago over the Illinois Central Railroad (which is not an Armour line), the icing charge would have been only $30.

He refused to pay. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois demanded that he settle his bill. He said he would pay a reasonable charge but he would not be robbed. When he asked the railroad company how it was that they were trying to collect an Armour charge, which had nothing to do with the freight, and when he still refused to pay, they threatened to cut off his credit — which meant, practically, that he must go out of business over that line of railroad. All this was brought out in sworn testimony.

"The next thing I heard," he said, "was that my shipments were under embargo on

the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad. A circular had been issued by Mr. Hillman, general freight agent, saying that no business consigned to Edward G. Davies could be accepted unless the charges were prepaid."

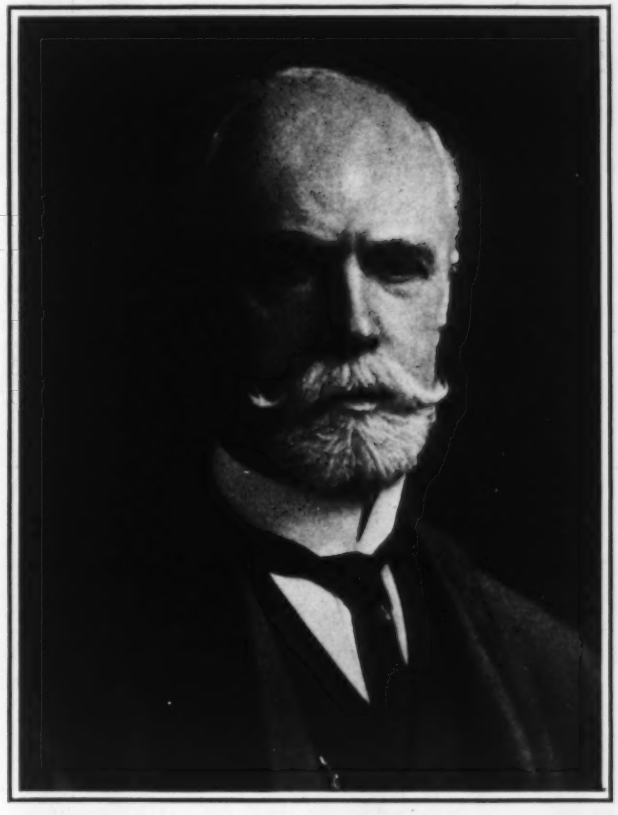
This shows how Armour even forces the railroads to do the "dirty work" of collecting extortionate icing charges.

Still Mr. Davies refused to pay. Finally one day he received a visit from Mr. Urion and an associate, attorneys for the Armour car lines.

"I did not know what they wanted," said Mr. Davies in his testimony, "he (Mr. Urion) gave me practically a notice to get out of business; that I could never have any more refrigeration done. I said, 'Gentlemen, I will have you to understand here and now that I never knew Armour and do not want to know him now. He has nothing to do with the movement of interstate traffic.' He left me, but the embargo is still hanging over my head on the Evansville and Terre Haute and these bills are hung up until your honorable Commission or some competent court shall pass on the question whether $45 is a reasonable charge for icing that can be performed for $12.50."

Story of a Car of Tomatoes

Another insurgent was W. J. Ellis of Chicago. He bought a car of tomatoes in Gibson, Tennessee, on July 11. Gibson is only 522 miles from Chicago, but the Armour icing charges were no less than $73.92, while the freight itself was only $111.57. This was also on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. If the car had come from Memphis, Tennessee, practically the same distance from Chicago as Gibson, over an Armour-free railroad (the Illinois Central) the charge would have been only $15—about one-fifth as much, while it could have been brought from New Orleans, nearly twice as far from Chicago,



J. W. MIDGLEY OF CHICAGO

Agent of the combined railroads, made a thorough investigation of the private car evil, and has done great service in bringing the abuses to the public attention. He said in his testimony: "They (the private-car owners) are the largest shippers, the most arbitrary, the most remorseless that have ever been known."

LEADERS OF THE REVOLT AGAINST ARMOUR'S

E. G. DAVIES

Fruit receiver of Chicago, an early insurgent against Armour. He was punished by having his credit stopped by the railroad through Armour.

GEORGE F. MEAD

of Boston, president of the National League of Commission Merchants. "We feel," he testified, "that Armour can make or break communities at will."

W. C. WILDEY

Fruit-grower of Michigan, who testified against Armour. "I made the Armour people an offer of $10 a car," he said, "if they would stay out of the country."

for only $30 or less than half the Gibson charge. Is it any wonder that these dealers revolted against Armour?

But what could they do? Armour had his monopoly fastened upon the Eastern Illinois, and he made the officials of that road jump attendance to him.

When Ellis refused to pay he, like Davies, was threatened by both Armour's men and the railroad company, and finally punished by being refused credit — which cut him off from further business in that direction. The National League of Commission Merchants, now thoroughly aroused, came to his assistance and subscribed money to take the cases into court. So far there has been no result; and what, indeed, can be expected in a fight against an entrenched monopoly like Armour's, with unlimited money, unlimited legal talent, unlimited power.

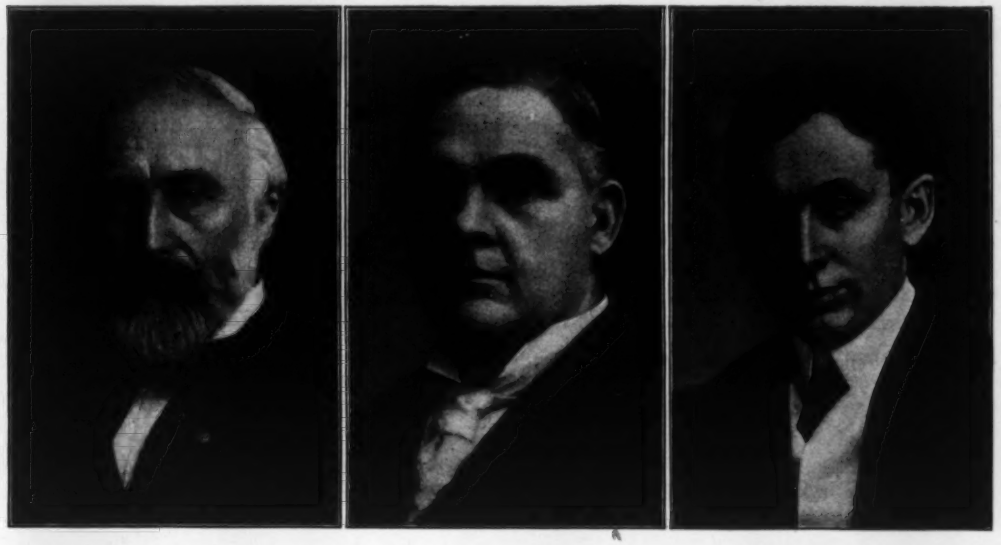
Men Who Led the Fight Against Armour

These two stories are illustrations of what happened in many instances. If a man dared to dispute Armour's exactions he was severely punished and often involved in costly law suits. Among the men who took a prominent part in the fight were E. M. Ferguson, of Duluth; J. C. Scales, of Chicago, who made one of the first exposures of Armour's methods in an address before the National League of Commission Merchants; George F. Mead, of Boston; J. A. Leverone, of Cincinnati; and others. Excellent work was done by H. L. Preston by giving publicity to Armour's methods in the *Fruit and Produce News*. E. M. Ferguson of Duluth, president of the Western Fruit Jobbers Association, has been one of the most vigorous and uncompromising of the fighters. No witness in the numerous hearings has testified on the private-car evil with more real effectiveness than he.

So much for Armour's methods of extortion in icing charges and car-mileage. One would think that profits of from 100 to 500 per cent over cost of ice — to say nothing of mileage — would satisfy even Armour. But they did n't. Monopolies don't stop; they keep on gaping like Shakspere's whale until they have swallowed the whole parish. It seems positively painful to these men to see any one else making money — even a little. They want it all so much themselves.

There was yet one step to be taken in the complete absorption of the fruit industry, and Armour was now ready to take it.

Through his influence with the railroads he now controlled the transportation of fruit and vegetables from many parts of the country. He also had over seventy beef depots and stores, besides many local and traveling agents. Why not sell the fruit and vegetables which he transported? It was a tremendous chance for additional profits at no great outlay. In the beef industry he



METHODS IN THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

JOHN C. SCALES

His address before the National League of Commission Merchants led to the defeat of Armour's plan to seize the produce and marketing business of the country.

H. L. PRESTON

of New York, Editor of the Fruit and Produce News, whose publication of the facts regarding Armour's monopoly has done much to arouse the present protest.

E. M. FERGUSON

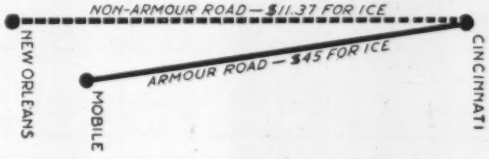
of Duluth, president of the Western Fruit Jobbers Association, the ablest witness against Armour in the various congressional hearings.

transported only for himself. In fruit and vegetables he offered his cars as common carriers to all alike, and he now proposed to sell such products in competition with his clients.

In Duluth, for example, Armour has a branch beef store. He began to sell produce in competition with the commission men for whom, at the time, he was shipping produce. The greedy presumption of such a scheme can hardly be conceived. Armour was earning twenty per cent on mileage, from 100 to 500 per cent on icing, and possibly getting additional rebates or "commissions" on all the produce shipped — and then offering to go into the market and sell these same products in competition with the very men from whom he was extorting these profits! Think of it! If such a course had been continued every commission man in the country would have been driven to the wall in a few months. Armour could have afforded to sell fruit and sell it all the time below the cost to his competitors. For his profits on transportation would have supported the business until he had crushed the commission men. Then think how he would have served the producer and consumer!

The Revolt of a Pineapple Merchant

Let us see how the new idea worked out in a practical case. J. A. Leverone of Cincinnati made two shipments of pineapples, one of fourteen cars from Mobile over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad which had an Armour contract, the other of ten cars from New Orleans by the Illinois Central which had no Armour contract. The distance from New Orleans to Cincinnati is greater than from



Pineapples shipped from New Orleans to Cincinnati on the Illinois Central, an Armour-free railroad, were iced at $11.37, while from Mobile over the Louisville & Nashville, which was bound by an Armour contract, the rate was $45. New Orleans is slightly further from Cincinnati than Mobile.

Mobile to Cincinnati. On the Armour cars the icing charge was $45 each, on the Illinois Central cars the charge was only $11.37 each — one-fourth as much. In other words Armour made 300 per cent on the ice used for the fourteen cars from Mobile. At the same time Armour shipped pineapples and sold them at his own branch stores in Cincinnati in competition with his client, Leverone. And he sold for $35 a car *cheaper* than Leverone — or just about the profit which he made out of Leverone on ice. What chance could there be for a shipper against Armour under such circumstances?

Of course, Mr. Leverone objected; his very business existence was threatened. He refused to pay the charges. The officials of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad threatened him — for they were Armour's cat's-paws in making collections — and told him that they would stop his credits. Still he would not pay and finally Brent Arnold, general freight agent, settled with him, refunding the icing charges. Then the Louisville

"On all fruit-cars, going and coming upon the face of the continent, Armour makes a profit for every mile operated, doing the business which the people chartered the railroads to do. A man in the business of butchering cattle has thus become a powerful factor in the transportation business of the country, so powerful that he intimidates the greatest railroads, and yet when he is attacked for his oppressive charges, he asserts that he is not a common carrier at all; he takes all the profits and privileges of a common carrier, and denies all the duties and responsibilities."

& Nashville issued an order withdrawing the high Armour rates from Mobile to meet the Illinois Central competition at New Orleans. But the poor fruit growers on parts of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, who had no other railroad to help them out, were still wholly at the mercy of the Armour monopoly — and are to-day.

Armour's Machinery for Breaking the Law

Armour possesses complete machinery for breaking the law, for paying rebates and the like. No better or more significant illustration of the secret workings of a monopoly could be given than the cipher code used in transacting his business. Honest men need no ciphers of this peculiar sort to conceal their operations. A copy of the code was given in testimony at Chicago in May, 1905. It was stolen from the Armour Company by a stenographer. A cursory examination of some of the words will show that Armour is provided with all the machinery for instructing his agents to pay rebates and for warning them that the officers of the law are after them. He even has code-words for each of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners! Following are the Armour code-words for the various members of the Interstate Commerce Commission:

IMPRINT — Martin A. Knapp, chairman.
IMPRINTED — Judson C. Clements.
IMPRINTING — James D. Yeomans.
IMPRISON — C. A. Prouty.
IMPROBITAS — Joseph W. Fifer.
IMPROBITY — Edward A. Moseley, secretary.

Other significant words relate to rebates and discriminations; and rebates are, of course, criminal:

JEREMY — Figure get lowest beef rate.
KINSLEY — Shade rates a little rather than lose business.
LAUGHSOME — Rebate.
LAUNCH — Better arrange rebate there.
LAUNCHED — Burning the stick at both ends.
LAUNCHING — Can make rebate.
LAUNDRY — Force payment of higher rebate.
LAURA — Handle rebate matter very carefully.
LAURUS — Pay rebates.
LAVA — Pay rebates from cash on hand.
LAVELLO — Rebate must be confidential.
LAVISHMENT — Working for rebate on——.
JEWELRY — Rates being cut by all lines.
JOCULARIS — Divide rate.
JUDICIARY — Keep your rates below all others.
JUNIOR — Rates must be made which will secure the business.
JUNK — If necessary to secure the shipment, can you make the rate to ———.
JUSTIFIED — Have agreement with — maintain rates.
JUSTIFY — Maintain rates per agreement.
JUVENAL — Maintain rates unless others cut.
KADMASTER — Manipulate rates so as to ——.
KALAND — Meet rate by voucher.
KALATMA — Meet any rate offered.
KASHGAR — If this rate will not secure, advise what is necessary.

The same witness who furnished this code told of how Armour gave rebates and how he had two different scales of rebates. To especially favored shippers he sometimes refunded as high as sixty per cent of the icing charges. Think how little chance any shipper who fought Armour had to survive under such favoritism. A sixty per cent rebate to his competitor would drive him to the wall in one season. And Armour could pay sixty-per cent from his icing charges and still make a profit. Here is a bit of testimony from the case which will show how the rebates were paid:

Exactly How Armour Pays Rebates

"How were the rebates made?" asked Attorney Marchand of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"In all cases," replied the witness, Streyckmans, "the full tariff charges were collected, and then allowance statements were made up and the rebates paid upon them."

"What are the allowance statements?"

"They are statements showing the number of cars shipped by the various shippers and the amount that was to be rebated."

"Do you know personally of any shipper getting rebates?"

"Yes. At the very time that Lieutenant-Governor Alden Anderson of California was declaring in the newspapers that he was not getting rebates I was making out his rebate statements, which showed that he got rebates amounting to about fifty-five per cent of tariff charges."

"Do you know of any rebates greater than that?"

"I do. And, in fact, the rebates were sometimes larger than they seemed. Many times cars are started under ventilation and are only put under refrigeration after many miles. In such cases the charge was always for full icing over the entire route."

The witness said he wrote letters to all agents instructing them that whenever cars were held at any point to add $5 to the icing charges, and in this manner the company secured an additional profit.

If this testimony is true, why did the lieutenant-governor of California get rebates from the Armour Company? That question I cannot answer.

Storm of Indignation Breaks at Last

At last, however, the conditions of wholesale extortion, lawless rebates, and so on grew so utterly unbearable that the storm of public indignation broke. It came from all directions at once. The railroads themselves, long forced to do the bidding of Armour, even at a loss, secretly employed J. W. Midgley of Chicago, a former railroad official of great experience, to make a thorough investigation of the private-car system, with the purpose of throwing off Armour's yoke. The commission merchants of the country, both independently and through their organizations, led by Mr. Ferguson of Duluth, Mr. Scales and Mr. Davies of Chicago, and Mr. Mead of Boston, began to clamor for relief. A similar agitation, though less pronounced, was begun by the fruit-growers. It is significant that the producers of fruit and the consumers of fruit who, in reality, paid the extortionate charges of Armour, were the least aroused. And that is one of the chief dangers of monopoly. The public is so big and busy that an additional charge can be levied upon commodities of common use — a cent on a pound of beef, a few cents on a dozen oranges, and it is hardly felt — and yet in the aggregate it builds up the dangerously great fortunes which to-day threaten the integrity of our democratic institutions.

Private car evils had already received some attention from the Interstate Commerce Commission. They had been touched upon in a hearing in 1899 and were mentioned in

the report of 1902, but it was not until the agitation begun by Mr. Midgley and the commission men that a special hearing was ordered in June, 1904. That hearing furnished the general public with the first news of how Armour was taking the country. Another hearing was held in October, 1904, and two in 1905, besides inquiries by the committees of Congress. The exterior facts have been pretty thoroughly brought out, although Armour has resisted every attempt to probe the real secrets of his business. He has defied both the Interstate Commission and the Congressional Committee, claiming that he was not a common carrier and therefore not amenable to the laws governing common carriers.

It took boldness to appear against Armour in these cases. At the first hearing in Chicago a few fruit-growers and dealers reluctantly came over from Michigan to testify. One of them was Mr. Maynard of Grand Rapids. After he had given his testimony and stepped into the back of the courtroom he was approached and threatened by F. E. Wolcott, local manager for the Armour Car Lines at Grand Rapids. He subsequently told on the witness-stand what passed, as follows :

Mr. Orton (attorney for the fruit shippers) : What did Mr. Wolcott say to you ?

Mr. Maynard : He said, "You fellows had better stayed at Grand Rapids ; we will make it warm for you here. We will give you the hot end of the stick."

Mr. Orton : What did you say to him ?

Mr. Maynard : I said we expected that of them, and to go ahead and do his worst.

Mr. Orton : What else did he say ?

Mr. Maynard : That Grand Rapids had had favors in shipments and "we got you last year just where we wanted you."

On the other hand it was shown in testimony that some of the fruit-growers who came to the same hearing to testify in favor of Armour had all their expenses paid by the Armour Company and that they were even taken to the theater to keep them amused ! Here is the testimony :

Mr. Orton : You are one of the men who have your expenses paid to Chicago ?

Mr. Wylie : You can guess it.

Mr. Orton : Were you in the theater party last night ?

Mr. Wylie : I guess so.

Of course, all witnesses who appeared against Armour had to pay their own expenses.

One of the chief arguments used by Armour's attorneys against the witnesses who appeared to tell of extortionate charges was that they were small shippers.

Mr. Ferguson said to the Senate Committee :

"An effort was made by Mr. Urion (Armour's attorney) and others to impress the committee with the relative non-importance of my protest, upon the theory that my shipments were so light as to be of no consequence."

And then Mr. Ferguson asked a question that struck at the very heart of the whole question :

"Does the size of a man's business indicate the degree of justice he is entitled to ?"

Is not this, after all, the essence of the problem — justice as between great and small ?

Again Mr. Ferguson said :

"It is against this system that robs us of the reward of our industry that I am protesting. And because of this protest the car-line people have been before the Committee claiming that we are 'radicals,' 'irresponsible commission men' — and all because we do not propose to submit tamely to their domination."

What has been the result of all this furor of investigation ?

Meager Results of the Agitation

After the first Interstate Commerce hearing in June, 1904, so confident were the Armour people in their power, they complacently, if not impudently, issued a new tariff of charges exactly identical with the old. But one result *was* accomplished. They withdrew from the last step they had made — that of entering into the produce business as dealers in competition with their own clients. The following notice issued by them shows not so much that they really recognized the evil of their course, but that they began to feel the pressure of public indignation :

Aug. 22, 1904.

To All Branch Houses :

We have concluded to discontinue the fruit and produce business, as there seems to have grown up recently some opposition to us on the part of fruit and produce commission merchants. This feeling was particularly brought to our attention by remarks made at a recent convention of the National League of Commission Merchants in

Louisville. We have, therefore, concluded to discontinue the handling of all produce of this description, and it has been decided that hereafter when the Armour Car Lines are employed in the transportation of fruits and other produce, the contents of these cars will be owned by others and not by Armour & Company.

Yours truly,

(Signed) ARMOUR & COMPANY.
E. Wilson.

It was not until a year after the first hearing, however, that any substantial changes were made in their extortionate charges. At that time, threatened with further investigation, the Michigan Central Railroad withdrew from its exclusive contracts with Armour, and Armour reduced somewhat the icing charges on the Pere Marquette Railroad — though they are still extortionately high, several times what they were before Armour reached Michigan. Since this change, we have the following significant condition: Fruit from Michigan points to Boston by the Michigan Central, no longer an Armour road, is charged from $13 to $25 per car for ice (cost), whereas if it goes by the Pere Marquette, where Armour's contract still holds, the charge is $45 — over twice as much. In other parts of the country Armour's monopoly is still supreme, still taxing the public the huge charges of monopoly.

This is all that has been accomplished after years of investigation, with the Interstate Commerce Commission doing everything in its power to bring about remedies. In the last hearing at Washington in September, the Armour Company was still bold enough to deny that they were subject, in any way, to the Interstate Commerce Commission; in short, that they were outside of the law — and proposed to stay there.

And yet there are those who assert that we have enough law; that the railroads are all right; that the men who now manage them are the best judges of what the people need!

A QUESTION

BY

MABEL MAHIN

I STUDY the faces of old women
And ask myself a question, new and strange,
To my own features will there come that change?
That look of meek submission? Am I, then,
No different from the others? And again,
I ask, have I no power to arrange
The course of mine own life? Must I exchange
My outlook on this world for theirs? What gain

If I aspire and hope? Perchance they, too,
Have hoped and seen their dreams fade in the air;
Perchance they, too, have loved as now I do,
And lost that love which seemed to them so fair.
Shall I at last, when all my struggles cease,
Wear not a crown but just a mask of peace?

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

II

WINDY BILL'S YARN: THE EMIGRANT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

AFTER the rain that had held us holed up at the Double R over one day, we discussed what we should do next.

"The flats will be too boggy for riding, and anyway the cattle will be in the high country," the Cattleman summed up the situation. "We 'd bog down the chuck-wagon if we tried to get back to the J. H. But now after the rain the weather ought to be beautiful. What shall we do?"

"Was you ever in the Jackson country?" asked Uncle Jim. "It 's the wildest part of Arizona. It 's a big country and rough, and no one lives there, and there 's lots of deer and mountain lions and bear. Here 's my dogs. We might have a hunt."

"Good!" said we.

We skirmished around and found a condemned army pack saddle with aparejos, and a saw-buck saddle with kyacks. On these we managed to condense our grub and utensils. There were plenty of horses, so our bedding we bound flat about their naked barrels by means of the squaw-hitch. Then we started.

That day furnished us with a demonstration of what Arizona horses can do. Our way led first through a cañon-bed filled with rounded boulders and rocks, slippery and unstable. Big cottonwoods and oaks grew so thick as partially to conceal the cliffs on either side of us. The rim-rock was mysterious with caves; beautiful with hanging gardens of tree ferns and grasses growing thick in long transverse crevices; wonderful in color and shape. We passed the little cañons fenced off by the rustlers as corrals into which to shunt from the herds their choice of beeves.

"Many a man has come from Texas and established a herd with no other asset than a couple of horses and a branding-iron," said the Cattleman.

Then we worked up gradually to a divide, whence we could see a range of wild and rugged mountains on our right. They rose by slopes and ledges, steep and rough, and at last ended in the thousand foot cliffs of the buttes, running sheer and unbroken for many miles. During all the rest of our trip they were to be our companions, the only constant factors in the tumult of lesser peaks, precipitous cañons, and twisted systems in which we were constantly involved.

The sky was sun-and-shadow after the rain. Each and every Arizonian predicted clearing.

"Why, it almost never rains in Arizona," said Jed Parker. "And when it does it quits before it begins."

Nevertheless, about noon a thick cloud gathered about the tops of the Galiuros above us. Almost immediately it was dissipated by the wind, but when the peaks again showed, we stared with astonishment to see that they were white with snow. It was as though a magician had passed a sheet before them the brief instant necessary to work his great transformation. Shortly the sky thickened, and it began to rain.

Travel had been precarious before; but now its difficulties were infinitely increased. The clay substructure to the rubble turned slippery and adhesive. On the sides of the

mountains it was almost impossible to keep a footing. We speedily became wet, our hands puffed and purple, our boots sodden with the water that had trickled from our clothing into them.

"Over the next ridge," Uncle Jim promised us, "is an old shack that I fixed up seven year ago. We can all make out to get in it."

Over the next ridge, therefore, we slipped and slid, thanking the god of luck for each ten feet gained. It was growing cold. The cliffs and palisades near at hand showed dimly behind the falling rain; beyond them waved and eddied the storm mists through which the mountains revealed and concealed proportions exaggerated into unearthly grandeur. Deep in the clefts of the box cañons the streams were filling. The roar of their rapids echoed from innumerable precipices. A soft swish of water usurped the world of sound.

Nothing more uncomfortable or more magnificent could be imagined. We rode shivering. Each said to himself, "I can stand this — right now — at the present moment. Very well; I will do so, and I will refuse to look forward even five minutes to what I may have to stand," which is the true philosophy of tough times and the only effective way to endure discomfort.

By luck we reached the bottom of that cañon without a fall. It was wide, well grown with oak trees, and belly deep in rich horse feed — an ideal place to camp were it not for the fact that a thin sheet of water a quarter of an inch deep was flowing over the entire surface of the ground. We spurred on desperately, thinking of a warm fire and a chance to steam.

The roof of the shack had fallen in, and the floor was six inches deep in adobe mud.

We did not dismount — that would have wet our saddles — but sat on our horses taking in the details. Finally Uncle Jim came to the front with a suggestion.

"I know of a cave," said he, "close under a butte. It 's a big cave, but it has such a steep floor that I don't know as we could stay in it; and it 's back the other side of that ridge."

"I don't know how the ridge is to get back over — it was slippery enough coming this way — and the cave may shoot us out into space, but I 'd like to *look* at a dry place anyway," replied the Cattleman.

We all felt the same about it, so back over the ridge we went. About half way down the other side Uncle Jim turned sharp to the right, and as the "hog back" dropped behind us, we found ourselves out on the steep side of a mountain, the perpendicular cliff over us to the right, the river roaring savagely far down below our left, and sheets of water glazing the footing we could find among the boulders and debris. Hardly could the ponies keep from slipping sideways on the slope, so as we proceeded farther and farther from the solidity of the ridge behind us, we experienced the illusion of venturing out on a tight rope over abysses of space. Even the feeling of danger was only an illusion, however, composite of the falling rain, the deepening twilight, and the night that had already enveloped the plunge of the cañon below.

Finally Uncle Jim stopped just within the drip from the cliffs.

"Here she is," said he.

We descended eagerly. A deer bounded away from the base of the buttes. The cave ran steep, in the manner of an inclined tunnel, far up into the dimness. We had to dig our toes in and scramble to make way up it at all, but we found it dry, and after a little search discovered a foot-ledge of earth sufficiently broad for a seat.

"That 's all right," quoth Jed Parker. "Now for sleeping places."

We scattered. Uncle Jim and Charley promptly annexed the slight overhang of the cliff whence the deer had jumped. It was dry at the moment, but we uttered pessimistic predictions if the wind should change. Tom Rich and Jim Lester had a little tent, and insisted on descending to the cañon bed.

"Got to cook there, anyways," said they, and departed with the two pack mules and their bed horse.

That left the Cattleman, Windy Bill, Jed Parker, and me. In a moment Windy Bill came up to us whispering and mysterious.

"Get your cavallos and follow me," said he.

We did so. He led us two hundred yards to another cave, twenty feet high, fifteen feet in diameter, level as a floor.

"How 's that?" he cried in triumph. "Found her just now while I was rustling nigger-heads for a fire."

We unpacked our beds with chuckles of joy, and spread them carefully within the shelter of the cave. Except for the very edges, which did not much matter, our blankets and "so-guns," protected by the canvas

"tarp," were reasonably dry. Every once in a while a spasm of conscience would seize one or the other of us.

"It seems sort of mean on the other fellows," ruminated Jed Parker.

"They had their first choice," cried we all.

"Uncle Jim 's an old man," the Cattleman pointed out.

But Windy Bill had thought of that. "I told him of this yere cave first. But he allowed he was plumb satisfied."

We finished laying out our blankets. The result looked good to us. We all burst out laughing.

"Well, I 'm sorry for those fellows," cried the Cattleman.

We hobbled our horses and descended to the gleam of the fire, like guilty conspirators. There we ate hastily of meat, bread and coffee, merely for the sake of sustenance. It certainly amounted to little in the way of pleasure. The water from the direct rain, the shivering trees, and our hat brims accumulated in our plates faster than we could bail it out. The dishes were thrust under a canvas. Rich and Lester decided to remain with their tent, and so we saw them no more until morning.

We broke off back-loads of mesquite and toiled up the hill, tasting thickly the high altitude in the severe labor. At the big cave we dumped down our burdens, transported our fuel piecemeal to the vicinity of the narrow ledge, built a good fire, sat in a row, and lit our pipes. In a few moments the blaze was burning high, and our bodies had ceased shivering. Fantastically the firelight revealed the knobs and crevices, the ledges and the arching walls. Their shadows leaped, following the flames, receding and advancing like playful beasts. Far above us was a single tiny opening through which the smoke was sucked as through a chimney. The glow ruddied the men's features. Outside was thick darkness, and the swish and rush and roar of rising waters. Listening, Windy Bill was reminded of a story. We leaned back comfortably against the sloping walls of the cave, thrust our feet toward the blaze, smoked, and hearkened to the tale of Windy Bill.

There 's a tur'ble lot of water running loose here, but I 've seen the time and place where even what is in that drip would be worth a gold mine. That was in the emigrant days. They used to come over south of here, through what they called Emigrant Pass, on their way to Californy. I was a kid then, about eighteen year old and what I did n't know about Injins and Agency cattle was n't a patch of alkali. I had a kid outfit of h'ar bridle, lots of silver and such, and I used to ride over and be the handsome boy before such outfits as happened along.

They were queer people, most of 'em from Missoury and such-like southern seaports, and they were tur'ble sick of travel by the time they come in sight of Emigrant Pass. Up to Santa Fé they mostly hiked along any old way, but once there they herded up together in bunches of twenty wagons or so, 'count of our old friends Geronimo and Loco. A good many of 'em had horned cattle to their wagons, and they crawled along about two miles an hour, hotter 'n h—— with the blower on, nothin' to look at but a mountain a week away, chuck full of alkali, plenty of sage brush and rattlesnakes — but mighty little water.

Why, you boys know that country down there. Between the Chiricahui Mountains and Emigrant Pass it 's maybe a three or four days journey for these yere bull-skinners.

Mostly they filled up their bellies and their kegs hopin' to last through, but they sure found it drier than cork legs, and generally long before they hit the Springs their tongues was hangin' out a foot. You see, for all their plumb nerve in comin' so far, the most of them did n't know sic 'em. They were plumb innocent in regard to savin' their water, and Injins, and such; and the long-haired buckskin fakes they picked up at Santa Fé for guides was n't much better.

That was where Texas Pete made his killin'.

Texas Pete was a tough citizen from the Lone Star. He was about as broad as he was long, and wore all sorts of big whiskers and big eyebrows. His heart was very bad. You never *could* tell where Texas Pete was goin' to jump next. He was a sidewinder and a diamond-back and a little black rattlesnake all rolled into one. I believe that Texas Pete person cared about as little for killin' a man as for takin' a drink — and he surely drank without an effort. Peaceable citizens just spoke soft and minded their own business; onpeaceable citizens Texas Pete used to plant out in the sage-brush.

Now this Texas Pete happened to discover a water-hole right out in the plumb middle of the desert. He promptly annexed

said water-hole, digs her out, timbers her up, and lays for emigrants. He charged two bits a head — man or beast — and nobody got a mouthful till he paid up in hard coin. Think of the wads he raked in! I used to figure it up, just for the joy of envyin' him, I reckon. An average twenty wagon outfit, first and last, would bring him in somewheres about fifty dollars — and besides he had forty-rod at four bits a glass. And outfits at that time were thicker 'n splatter.

We used all to go down sometimes to watch them come in. When they see that little canvas shack and that well, they begun to cheer up and move fast. And when they see that sign, "Water, to bits a head," their eyes stuck out like two raw oysters.

Then come the kicks. What a howl they did raise, surely. But it did n't do no manner of good. Texas Pete did n't do nothin' but sit there and smoke, with a kind of sulky gleam in one corner of his eye. He did n't even take the trouble to answer, but his Winchester lay across his lap. There was n't no humor in the situation for him.

"How much is your water for humans?" asks one emigrant.

"Can't you read that sign?" Texas Pete asks him.

"But you don't mean two bits a head for *humans!*" yells the man. "Why you can get whisky for that!"

"You can read the sign, can't you?" insists Texas Pete.

"I can read it all right?" says the man, tryin' a new deal, "but they tell me not to believe more 'n half I read."

But that don't go; and Mr. Emigrant shells out with the rest.

I did n't blame them for raisin' their howl. Why, at that time the regular water-holes was chargin' five cents a head from the government freighters, and the motto was always "Hold up Uncle Sam," at that. Once in a while some outfit would get mad and go chargin' off dry; but it was a long, long way to the Springs, and mighty hot and dusty. Texas Pete and his one lonesome water-hole surely did a big business.

Late one afternoon me and Gentleman Tim was joggin' along above Texas Pete's place. It was a tur'ble hot day — you had to prime yourself to spit — and we was just gettin' back from drivin' some beef up to the troops at Fort Huachuca. We was due to cross the Emigrant Trail — she 's wore in tur'ble deep — you can see the ruts to-day. When we topped the rise we see a little old outfit just makin' out to drag along.

It was one little schooner all by herself, drug along by two poor old cavallos that could n't have pulled my hat off. Their tongues was out, and every once in a while they 'd stick in a chuck-hole. Then a man would get down and put his shoulder to the wheel, and everybody 'd take a heave, and up they 'd come, all a-trembling and weak.

Tim and I rode down just to take a look at the curiosity.

A thin-lookin' man was drivin', all humped up.

"Hullo, stranger," says I, "ain't you 'fraid of Injins?"

"Yes," says he.

"Then why are you travelin' through an Injin country all alone?"

"Could n't keep up," says he. "Can I get water here?"

"I reckon," I answers.

He drove up to the water trough there at Texas Pete's; me and Gentleman Tim follow in' along because our trail led that way. But he had n't more 'n stopped before Texas Pete was out.

"Cost you four bits to water them hosses," says he.

The man looked up kind of bewildered.

"I 'm sorry," says he, "I ain't got no four bits. I got my roll lifted off 'n me."

"No water, then," growls Texas Pete back at him.

The man looked about him helpless.

"How far is it to the next water?" he asks me.

"Twenty mile," I tells him.

"My God!" he says, to himself-like.

Then he shrugged his shoulders very tired.

"All right. It 's gettin' the cool of the evenin'; we 'll make it." He turns into the inside of that old schooner. "Gi' me the cup, Sue."

A white-faced woman who looked mighty good to us alkalis opened the flaps and gave out a tin cup, which the man pointed out to fill.

"How many of you is they?" asks Texas Pete.

"Three," replies the man, wondering.

"Well, six bits, then," says Texas Pete, "cash down."

At that the man straightens up a little.

"I ain't askin' for no water for my stock," says he, "but my wife and baby has been out

in this sun all day without a drop of water. Our cask slipped a hoop and bust just this side of Dos Cabezos. The poor kid is plumb dry."

"Two bits a head," says Texas Pete.

At that the woman comes out, a little bit of a baby in her arms. The kid had fuzzy yellow hair, and its face was now flushed red and shiny.

"Surely you won't refuse a sick child a drink of water, sir," says she.

But Texas Pete had some sort of a special grouch; I guess he was just beginning to get his snowshoes off after a fight with his own forty-rod.

"What the h—— are you-all doin' on the trail without no money at all?" he growls, "and how do you expect to get along? Such plumb tenderfeet drive me weary."

"Well," says the man, still reasonable, "I ain't got no money, but I 'll give you six bits' worth of flour or trade or an'thin' I got."

"I don't run no truck store," snaps Texas Pete, and turns square on his heel and goes back to his chair.

"Got six bits about you?" whispers Gentleman Tim to me.

"Not a red," I answers.

Gentleman Tim turns to Texas Pete.

"Let 'em have a drink, Pete. I 'll pay you next time I come down."

"Cash down," growls Pete.

"You 're the meanest man I ever see," observes Tim. "I would n't speak to you if I met you in h—— carryin' of a lump of ice in your hand."

"You 're the softest *I* ever see," sneers Pete. "Don't they have any genooine Texans down your way?"

"Not enough to make it disagreeable," says Tim.

"That lets you out," growls Pete, gettin' hostile and handlin' of his rifle.

Which the man had been standin' there bewildered, the cup hangin' from his finger. At last, looking pretty desperate, he stooped down to dip up a little of the wet from an overflow puddle lyin' at his feet. At the same time the hosses, left sort of to themselves, and bein' drier than a covered bridge, drug forward and stuck their noses in the trough.

Gentleman Tim and me was sittin' there on our hosses, a little to one side. We saw Texas Pete jump up from his chair, take a quick aim, and cut loose with his rifle. It was plumb unexpected to us. We had n't thought of any shootin', and our six-shooters was tied in, 'count of the jumpy country we 'd been drivin' the steers over. But Gentleman Tim, who had unslung his rope, aimin' to help the hosses out of the chuck hole, snatched her off the horn, and with one of the prettiest twenty-foot flip throws I ever see done he snaked old Texas Pete right out of his wicky-up, gun and all. The old renegade did his best to twist around for a shot at us; but it was no go; and I never enjoyed hog-tying a critter more in my life than I enjoyed hog-tying Texas Pete. Then we turned to see what damage had been done.

We were some relieved to find the family all right, but Texas Pete had bored one of them poor old crow-bait hosses plumb through the head.

"It 's lucky for you you don't get the old man," says Gentleman Tim very quiet and polite.

Which Gentleman Tim was an Irishman, and I 'd been on the range long enough with him to know that when he got quiet and polite it was time to dodge behind something.

"I hope, sir," says he to the stranger, "that you will give your wife and baby a satisfying drink. As for your hoss, pray do not be under any apprehension. Our friend, Mr. Texas Pete, here, has kindly consented to make good any deficiencies from his own corral."

Tim could talk high, wide, and handsome when he set out to.

The man started to say something; but I managed to herd him to one side.

"Let him alone," I whispers. "When he talks that way, he 's mad; and when he 's mad, it 's better to leave nature to supply the lightnin' rods."

He seemed to sabe all right, so we built us a little fire and started some grub, while Gentleman Tim walked up and down very grand and fierce.

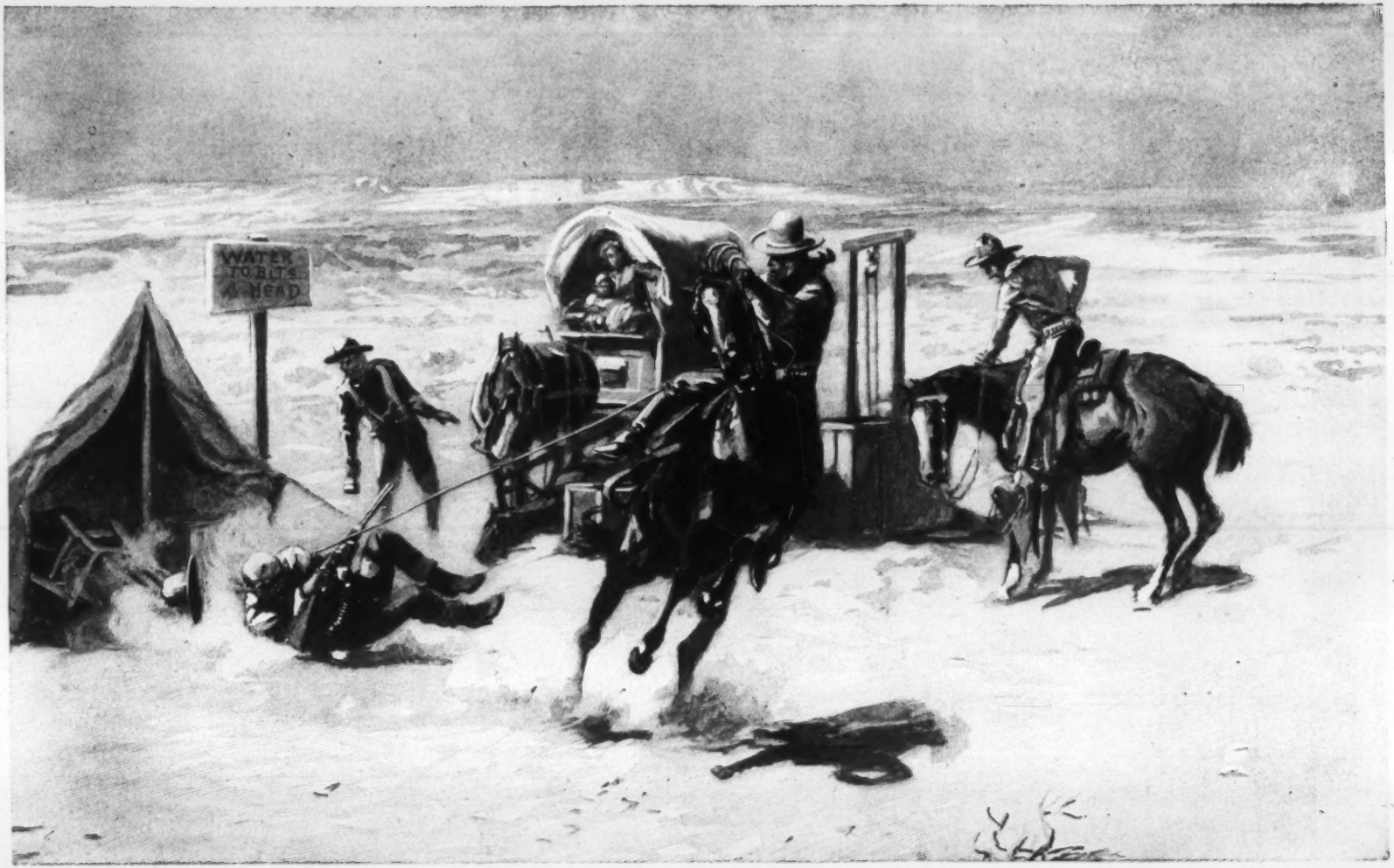
By and by he seemed to make up his mind. He went over and untied Texas Pete.

"Stand up, you hound," says he. "Now listen to me. If you make a break to get away, or if you refuse to do just as I tell you, I won't shoot you, but I 'll march you up country and see that Geronimo gets you."

He sorted out a shovel and pick, made Texas Pete carry them right along the trail a quarter, and started him to diggin' a hole.

Texas Pete started in hard enough, Tim sittin' over him on his hoss, his six-shooter loose, and his rope free. The man and I

"OVER THE NEXT RIDGE, THEREFORE, WE SLIPPED AND SLID, THANKING THE GOD OF LUCK FOR EACH TEN FEET GAINED"



"HE SNAKED OLD TEXAS PETE RIGHT OUT OF HIS WICKY-UP, GUN AND ALL"

stood by, not darin' to say a word. After a minute or so Texas Pete began to work slower and slower. By and by he stopped.

"Look here," says he, "is this here thing my grave?"

"I am goin' to see that you give the gentleman's hoss decent interment," says Gentleman Tim very polite.

"Bury a hoss!" growls Texas Pete.

But he did n't say any more. Tim cocked his six-shooter.

"Perhaps you 'd better quit panting and sweat a little," says he.

Texas Pete worked hard for a while, for Tim's quietness was beginning to scare him up the worst way. By and by he had got down maybe four or five feet, and Tim got off his hoss.

"I think that will do," says he. "You may come out. Billy, my son, cover him. Now, Mr. Texas Pete," he says cold as steel, "there is the grave. We will place the hoss in it. Then I intend to shoot you and put you in with the hoss, and write you an epitaph that will be a comfort to such travelers of the Trail as are honest, and a warnin' to such as are not. I 'd as soon kill you now as an hour from now, so you may make a break for it if you feel like it."

He stooped over to look in the hole. I thought he looked an extra long time, but when he raised his head his face had changed complete.

"March!" says he very brisk.

We all went back to the shack. From the corral Tim took Texas Pete's best team and hitched her to the old schooner.

"There," says he to the man. "Now you 'd better hit the trail. Take that whisky keg there for water. Good-by."

We sat there without sayin' a word for some time after the schooner had pulled out. Then Tim says very abrupt:

"I 've changed my mind."

He got up.

"Come on, Billy," says he to me. "We 'll just leave our friend tied up. I 'll be back to-morrow to turn you loose. In the meantime it won't hurt you a bit to be a little uncomfortable, and hungry — and thirsty."

We rode off just about sundown, leavin' Texas Pete lashed tight.

Now all this knocked me h—— west and crooked, and I said so, but I could n't get a word out of Gentleman Tim. All the answer I could get was just little laughs.

We drawed into the ranch near midnight, but next mornin' Tim had a long talk with the boss, and the result was that the whole outfit was instructed to arm up with a pick or a shovel apiece, and to get set for Texas Pete's. We got there a little after noon, turned the old boy out — without firearms — and then began to dig at a place Tim told us to, near that grave of Texas Pete's. In three hours we had the finest water-hole developed you ever want to see. Then the boss stuck up a sign that said:

PUBLIC WATER-HOLE. WATER FREE.

"Now you old skin," says he to Texas Pete, "charge all you want to on your own property. But if I ever hear of your layin' claim to this other hole, I 'll sure make you hard to catch."

Then we rode off home.

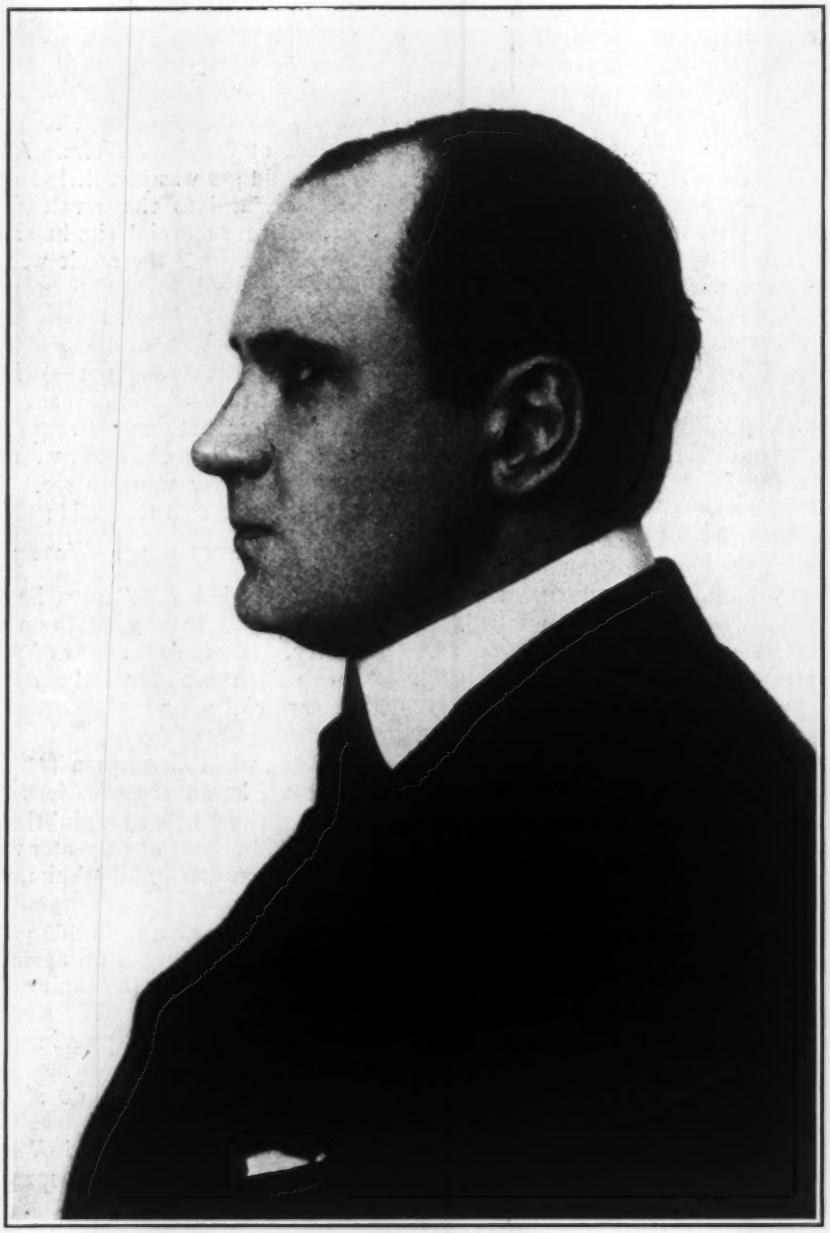
You see, when Gentleman Tim inspected that grave, he noted indications of water; and it struck him that runnin' the old renegade out of business was a neater way of gettin' even than merely killin' him.

Somebody threw a fresh mesquite on the fire. The flames leaped up again, showing a thin trickle of water running down the other side of the cave. The steady downpour again made itself prominent through the re-established silence.

"What did Texas Pete do after that?" asked the Cattleman.

"Texas Pete?" chuckled Windy Bill. "Well, he put in a heap of his spare time lettin' Tim alone."

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE CATTLEMAN'S YARN, THE REMITTANCE MAN STORY"



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

EVERETT COLBY OF NEW JERSEY

A RICH YOUNG MAN . . . . ONE OF THE NEW KIND OF POLITICAL LEADERS DEVELOPING OUT OF THE FALL OF THE BOSSES

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM ESSEX"

THE STORY OF EVERETT COLBY, A RICH YOUNG MAN IN POLITICS; WHAT HE DISCOVERED FROM THE INSIDE; AND WHAT HE DID ABOUT IT

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," ETC.

AMONG the new political leaders whom a reviving democracy is raising up to beat the bosses (and perhaps the real rulers) of the Republic, the youngest is Everett Colby, the state senator from Essex County, New Jersey. Born in 1874, he is only thirty-two years old, yet he has "busted" his boss; he shows what a young man can do. The son of Charles L. Colby, builder of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, he inherited wealth and the associations of big business; he shows what a rich young man may do if he rises above his class. And the gentleman from Essex was brought up in a class.

Imperial Kipling has raged at the "flannelled fools" of England. Did you know we had them? We have. There is a constantly growing class of rich men's sons who can throw as much strength, nerve, and concentrated intelligence into sport as their fathers put into the game of life; but, having been brought up only to play, they can't work — "can't," not "won't." They don't know how; they don't know anything but games, and they cannot learn. Everett Colby was headed straight for this fate when a man got hold of him — J. A. Browning, a teacher who teaches. He took a small class of boys who had busy fathers and loving mothers; Harold and Stanley McCormick, Percy and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Everett Colby. Everett Colby was in the worst condition. The boy could only play. "He played hard," says Mr. Browning, "but it was sport, not work. He could n't read till he was fifteen; he couldn't fix his attention. I got into his mind through his hands. He liked to play with tools. I let him. It was play till once I set him to making a bookcase for his mother. He finished it, and it was good, and it was work."

Young Colby was prepared for Brown, where he went to college with young John D. He still "played hard." He was a splendid young male when he entered; he went in for all the sports; tennis, golf, baseball; and, making the team, was captain in his senior year of the best football eleven Brown ever put into the field. But he worked, too, and he was graduated with his class, '97. In the next year, after the death of his father, he made a tour around the world; then he studied law and played polo; then he married and settled down in Llewellan Park, Orange, New Jersey. He did n't mean to stay there, but he got into politics. He became a Wall Street broker, but it was politics that saved Everett Colby.

Now, young Colby meant to go into politics. As a "little shaver" he used to go along with his father who campaigned in Wisconsin as a railroad man. He dreamed that when he grew up he would be a politician, and because the dream persisted he went in for debating in college and afterwards for the law. But it was the scenic side of the game that appealed to him, the crowd and the excitement, the fighting and the speaking and the cheers. He says so himself. He was after glory, and maybe that is all he is after now. He does n't pretend to know. But there lies the peculiar significance of the career of this rich young gentleman in politics. He simply wanted to go into politics; not to accomplish anything in particular; not to reform politics; not even with the thought of being practical in politics. He

went in on the machine side, and he served "the party"; he put in his money; he took orders; and he obeyed the boss till — he saw what politics meant. Even then he did n't revolt right away; he objected as a gentleman to doing things a gentleman could n't do, but he "went along" till he discovered as an insider what we have discovered from the outside, that the evils of politics, so-called, were all parts of one system which is perverting our government from a representative democracy to a plutocratic tyranny. When this was beaten into his head, Everett Colby fought like a citizen and a man. Wherefore his experiences are not only the story of a new political leader, but an inside view of the System in action.

When young Colby spoke of going into politics, somebody advised him to see Carl Lentz. This German-American was the Republican boss of Essex County. Bosses were as natural to our young American as the north wind or the road to Newark, and he went to Newark and he saw Carl Lentz. He says the boss talked to him a long while. Colby does n't recall what was said, but I can hear the boss drawing out and smacking his lips over an attractive young man of means; free with his money and therefore "useful;" the son of a railroad magnate and therefore "safe;" attractive and honest, therefore promising as a "good man" candidate. And all the boy wanted was to "make speeches"; he thought politics was oratory.

"He let me speak," Colby says. "Small meetings for a while, then I held the crowd at larger meetings. I spoke till the advertised speaker came when, amid the shouts for him, I sat down unnoticed, but well satisfied with myself."

He was in politics, and having got in as many another fool young American has got in, he was taken up and taken in, as the rest are. Lentz flattered Colby; then he passed him on to Governor Voorhees, who flattered him. "Seeing the Governor" was honor enough for the year 1901, but when the Governor asked him if he wanted to get into politics and the young man said he did and the Governor offered to appoint him to an office, the novice was overwhelmed with gratitude and modesty. He did n't know that to be a Commissioner on the State Board of Education was simply to be put to harmless test — by the machine. Colby thought of his education and worried about his fitness, but he took the place and he did very well, very well indeed. Then Boss Lentz made him chairman of the executive committee of the Republican organization of West Orange.

"I thought Lentz was a great fellow," he says now, "a great man." Lentz loomed as large to Colby probably as Durham looked to a Philadelphian or Cox to a Cincinnati Republican before the last election. The bosses live on the images we create of them, out of our own silliness.

The chairmanship — "actual, practical politics, with great responsibility" — came in 1902. Of course, young Colby had to spend some of his own money, and he did. He was all right, Colby was. In the next year Lentz offered him the senatorship from Essex. That was too much. The young man, modest now, was sure then that he could not be a senator. In the first place he was under the constitutional age. That did n't matter. Lentz could "have that fixed in the Manual," where the statistics of legislators are kept. This sounded a little queer, like a rather unusual north wind or a bad road to Newark, noticeable, but still a perfectly natural phenomenon. Colby refused to go to the Senate; but he consented to go to the Assembly, so Lentz had him nominated, and elected, an assemblyman from Essex.

The education of this young legislator was begun promptly, and it resembled very closely the course of his education as a boy. He saw things with his eyes long before he saw them with his mind; he saw facts separately but failed to combine them into the truth. He failed, as so many of us fail, for want of imagination, and his story is the story of thousands of young men who go into politics and go along till some day they wake up and find that they are part of a corrupted government. One day, early in the session, Sam Dickinson asked Assemblyman Colby to introduce certain excise bills. Dickinson was Secretary of State and Republican boss of Hudson County, a "great fellow" like Lentz. And like Lentz, Dickinson probably saw at once the uses of a fine up-standing young gentleman to "stand for" a piece of dubious excise legislation. Colby looked over the bills; they seemed to him to be merely a weapon to help the Republican machine take away from the Democrats the control of Democratic Hudson County. He hesitated. He went to see the Governor about it. Governor Murphy was a gentleman and the father of a friend of Colby's. The young

Assemblyman did n't know that governors are usually mere figureheads for the System; he felt only that he could trust the Hon. Franklin Murphy. And when the Hon. Franklin Murphy pronounced the bills "all right," Colby was reassured. He introduced them in the House.

Colby's own pet measure — for every legislator thinks he must put some new law upon the books — was a normal school bill. Then Essex County wanted to have passed a bill providing for the purification of the Passaic River; of course, an Essex Assemblyman was for that. But you have to have votes to pass bills, and Colby's two bills lacked a majority. How could some more votes be got for them? Colby and some others of his delegation went to the Democratic Assemblymen from Hudson. Would they help? They would — if Colby and his crowd would withdraw his excise bill. Colby would see. He saw the Governor, the Governor saw Dickinson, and Dickinson consented to the dropping of the excise bills. A bargain was struck; Colby's and Essex County's bills were passed with the help of Democratic votes. And then Dickinson asked Colby to reintroduce his excise bills. The young legislator was astonished. He had given his word and he would n't break it. Dickinson had somebody else do it, and when Colby threatened to fight, a caucus was called to bind him to it as a "party measure." Colby appealed to the Governor, and the Governor spoke to Dickinson, but in vain. The caucus was held. Colby protested that the party was bound by its bargain; not he alone, but the accredited Republican leaders had given their word to the Democrats. "Your word to a Democrat does n't mean anything," they told him in those very terms. His did, he answered. There was a scene, and amid cries of "Down with the traitor; up with the flag," Colby bolted the caucus. The party jammed through the excise bills, but Colby voted against them. He did n't see the iniquitous part the caucus plays in the perversion of representative government; he saw only his own honor, but that was enough for a gentleman. Wherefore the word of the gentleman from Essex is good with both parties in Jersey politics.

The boy disappointed his own boss, too, in that first year. George L. Record, the man behind Mayor Fagan, of Jersey City, was in Trenton with a primary election bill. This piece of legislation was to play a decisive part in a crisis of young Colby's career, but Colby did n't know that, of course. He was for it, as Edward C. Stokes was, because his instincts were right. Stokes, though the Pennsylvania Railroad man at Trenton, took charge of the bill and to him, next to Record, belongs the credit for its enactment. Some of the other ring men saw the danger to the System that lurked in the measure; Lentz especially was aroused; he could n't make Stokes see it, but he ordered his own delegation to fight it. And to his young protégé he gave his orders personally.

"Colby," he said, "you 're going to vote against that bill."

"No, Major," said Colby, "it 's a good bill, and I shall vote for it."

The Major repeated his command, but the young assemblyman laid down the limitation of his subserviency.

"Major," he said, "you must not interfere with me on any but political bills."

As if a primary bill was n't political! Bosses have their troubles; it takes time and patience to knock all the decency — or rather, all the popycock out of a promising young man. Lentz had to stand by and see Colby vote for the primary bill, and that bill became a law. But the honest young legislator, troublesome as he was, had his uses. For example, they won him easily to the support of a bill to require the consent of twenty per cent of the stock of a Jersey corporation to bring a stockholder's suit. "It was an awful bill," he says now. "It was introduced in the interest of the U. S. Steel Company, and I knew that. But I was told what a great business this was, the steel trust, and how 'strike suits' were being brought against it. Strike suits were bad but that bill was worse. It was so bad, indeed, that even I saw my mistake before the session was over." It was so bad they could n't raise a majority for it and it was killed that year.

By the close of the session, young Mr. Colby had few friends among the leaders in his own party; they would n't speak to him and one might have supposed that his political career was over. But this was all part of the game. Since the young man was rich, they could n't buy him with money, so they were applying a little discipline "just to show him." If they could keep him under for a while, they would get him by and by through his ambition; he should have office and honors. And as a foretaste of what was

in store for him, in the next session the Hon. Everett Colby was made floor leader of the Republican majority in the House.

This was taking a big chance on the boy. This was making him responsible for all the dirty party work of the system, but they counted on "pride" and his "sporting blood" to see him through with it. And they handled him very carefully. They did n't tell him everything and they did n't give him his orders harshly. They approached him through men he liked.

For instance, early in this session (1904) Percy Rockefeller came to Colby with the U. S. Steel's same old "twenty per cent consent" bill which had failed in disgrace the year before. We must n't blame Percy Rockefeller; he seems not to have known what the bill meant. Indeed, the shocking thought is that he was innocent, and that some of his elders in Wall Street had got this boy to go to his boy friend, Everett, to ask him to introduce this bill which was so bad that even Francis Lynde Stetson, the great corporations' greatest counsel, told Colby afterwards that he did right to keep clear of it. The System will sacrifice its own children to have its dirty work done! Everett Colby, fortunately, was "wise" enough to the purposes of the bill to explain them to Percy Rockefeller, and he sent his chum back to those who had sent him with the message that not only would he not father the thing, he would do his best to kill it if anybody else introduced it. And somebody else did introduce it, and when Colby, the leader, opposed it, the System sent its other messengers to him, not boys this time. No, Governor Murphy and ex-Senator (now Governor) Stokes, "the Penn's man." The Governor called Colby a "Puritan" for his scruples; he said the great corporations threatened to leave the state unless they were "treated fairly." And Stokes, backing up the Governor, said he, Stokes, would be willing to go on the stump and advocate a fifty per cent law!

This opened a little the eyes of the young legislator. He did n't see the System yet, but he was learning to. These were the leading men of his state and of his party, and the young Assemblyman had great respect for them.

"But," he says, "I saw then that they all were corporation men and that they represented in politics the interests of corporations." Seeing that, he opposed and he helped to beat this particular bill, but he said nothing. "What could a fellow say?" He went on and his education went on.

This was the session when the present issues of New Jersey politics were raised in their present form. Mark Fagan, the Mayor of Jersey City, raised them. The Christian Mayor went to Trenton with his corporation counsel, George L. Record, to ask in the name of his people for relief from the unendurable burden thrown upon them by the railroads. The railroads, with all the best (terminal, water-front) property in the city, paid practically no taxes to the city, only to the state, and then, on a valuation fixed by their own state board, at rates lower than the rates on other property. Record had drawn a bill to tax railroad property locally and at local rates. They were Republicans, Fagan and Record, and their party was in control of the state, absolutely; so they applied to the leaders of their party, among them, of course, to the Hon. Everett Colby. He liked Mayor Fagan, he says; he did n't like Record, but Mark Fagan, the "man of the people," intent only upon the needs of his city, walked straight into the heart of the rich young gentleman, who so far as he knew was bent only upon a political career for personal glory. "I liked that man," he says, "and the condition of Jersey City appealed to me. I wanted to help them and I couldn 't; at least I did n't."

"Why?" he said, repeating my question thoughtfully. Then he looked me straight in the eye. "I don't know that I can tell you, exactly. I will try to explain, if you will understand that I 'm not apologizing for myself. There was no more excuse for what I did in this matter than there was for other things I did and — did n't do. The bill was bad; it was crudely drawn."

"Record admits that," I interjected. "Record says that at that time he had never heard of the main stem and had no right understanding of the situation at all."

"Nor had I," said Colby. "But that does n't let me out. It served me as an excuse at the time. The big leaders, seeing my bent toward the bill, told me it was badly drawn, and I grasped at this reason as at a straw. But why should n't I, the House Leader, have amended that bill? The need of the legislation was plain. Why did n't I fix the bill? I could n't. You understand? I, a law maker, had n't the ability to draw a good bill. Why, then, did n't I have some other, older legislator make the bad bill

good? There was n't a man in that House who could have drawn a sound tax bill to meet the most notorious need of the state. We were incompetent. Perhaps some of us might, once upon a time, have been legislators; but boss rule was so old there that we did n't, we could n't think for ourselves. We had lost the art of independent thought and work. We were dummies. We took orders, we waited for orders, we depended upon orders. Dummy legislators, that 's what we were.

"Oh, I was unhappy. I saw all this, but only dimly; I would n't let myself see it clearly. You know how a man jollies himself along with lies to save his face. The Democrats drew a better bill, still not good, and Fagan and Record accepted that; they had no pride in their pet measure; and they did n't care whether the Democrats or the Republicans got the credit of authorship. They wanted an income from railroad property in Jersey City. But the bill was buried in committee and I, the leader, should have got it out. I could n't have got it out. And when the Mayor came to me and asked me why I did n't have it reported, I told him the truth. "I can't," I told him. I was n't really a leader. I was the real leaders' dummy.

"You understand that the crime was not that we would n't pass the bill, but that we would n't consider it. I was willing to vote against it, if there were good reasons. I was n't against corporations. But why could n't we have the bill out and debate it? That 's what Mayor Fagan could n't understand, and that 's what I asked in the caucus. We had orders; that was all; no reasons, except the one I remember they gave me in caucus a year later on a similar bill. When I asked why not take it out and beat it in the open—if it 's so bad, they answered, in awed tones, "Why, the Penn would raise hell." There was the reason, the real reason."

There, too, was the truth about Jersey. When the Mayor who represented the people of the second city in the state asked that legislature to consider a bill in their interest, that Jersey legislature could n't because it represented "the Penn," a foreign corporation. "The Penn" ruled that state, and the ruler would "raise hell."

Colby did n't see this. "I did n't want to see it," he says. But Mark Fagan saw it, and he made Everett Colby see it; made him grasp with his mind what his eyes reflected. Mark, the gentle Mayor, raised hell. Defeated, with eyes wide open and ears alert, he took in the truth. The thing for a practical politician to do was to "take his medicine" and go home and tell his people the lies he heard told to the public. But Mark Fagan had made promises, not only on the stump; he had gone about from house to house and had made his promises man to man and for keeps. He could n't go back home to his people with lies. He put the truth to Governor Murphy in an open letter, and this letter was read aloud to the House of Assembly. It was a silent House; the representatives had read in their newspapers what this meek Mayor, a Republican himself, had written to the Republican governor about their party and themselves. But they listened again. Colby says he sat low sunk in his seat and each separate sentence, as the Democratic leader read it, fell like a whip upon him.

The letter said that the writer spoke "as Mayor of Jersey City, and also as a member of the Republican party," . . . "The present session is drawing to a close," he said. "Its record is . . . disgraceful. Its control by corporation interests, in the Assembly at least, has been absolute." And those men knew this was true. "For that condition the Republican party is responsible." Everett Colby, Leader, knew this was true. And as the letter took up the legislation, bill by bill, to show how every one that was against a corporation failed, the party leader of the House could recall the orders he had got to make them fail. He heard again Governor Murphy's comforting arguments and the bosses' tactful orders. He saw Major Lentz watching in the lobby. What did it mean? Fagan asked that in his letter to Governor Murphy. "What is the meaning of all this?" And the letter gave the answer and it is the answer we all must hear as those legislators heard it, writhing. "The answer is plain! A Republican legislature is controlled by the railroad, trolley, and water corporations." So this honest Republican mayor wrote; but he did n't stop there. "And the interests of the people are being betrayed."

After the reading silence hung on that assembly. "I sat where I was," says Colby, "stunned. It was my duty to reply. I was the leader. The others were waiting for me. And I? I could n't say a word. It was all true, every bit of it. Nobody moved for a dreadful space of time. Then Tom Hillory got up, and he defended us, all of us. I felt

mean. I was sore, sore at myself, you understand; not at the Governor, not at the Penn; not at anybody else. I was sore at myself. It was true. We were dummies; we betrayed the people who elected us."

"Do legislators commonly understand that?" I asked.

"They must. I don't know. They must and yet, how can they? It is n't easy to explain. A fellow is moved by a lot of mixed-up considerations. Take my case. I saw it as Mark Fagan described it. I had more facts than he had, knew it better than he, but I did n't go right out and fight. Neither did he. Why did n't we? We both supported the Republican party that fall and the party was not changed. The truth, falling like that, did n't kill, did n't even change things essentially."

The Governor appointed a commission to investigate taxes, and the platform promised some reform, if reform should prove necessary. But the Republican nominee for Governor was "the Penn's man," Edward C. Stokes. And Colby and Fagan supported the ticket; they were "loyal to the party" which one said and the other admitted, "represented corporations" and "betrayed the people." Why did they do it? Why do men like John C. Spooner and Edward C. Stokes "go along"? They know and, their friends say, grieve themselves sick. Why did Mayor Weaver "go along" so long? Everett Colby says he had excuses for the world, and some for himself. "The commission was to investigate and report," and he meanwhile threw himself into a study of taxation. He broke away finally; like Mayor Weaver and Mark Fagan, he made a stand in the end. And why did he do that? And why did Mayor Weaver and Mark Fagan do it?

The way Everett Colby will try, when you ask him, to lay bare his motives is one of the convincing traits of the man. He is instinctively honest, and his candor is obvious.

"You 'll hear," he told me, "that I wanted to be speaker, and that my defeat made me turn. There is something in that. I think you understand that I don't want to think that that was all, and, as I recall it, I don't think it was decisive, nor just that alone. That was only one of a score of things that made me see — and drove me to act. I simply don't know the exact weight of any one thing."

All he knows is, that from seeing things separately with his eyes he came to see them all together with his mind. His friends put into his head the idea of the speakership in the next session (1905). "I did n't care much," he said. "I felt I had n't done very well, and I was willing to wait." But he wrote to "the boys," and enough of the leaders promised him their support to elect him. When Major Lentz got wind of it, he told Colby he could n't have the speakership. This was the System at work; the House leader had n't "made good"; he was not yet "safe"; but that is n't what the boss said. Lentz said Colby must n't run because he could n't be elected. With those letters in his pocket, Colby knew it was n't his colleagues that would make it impossible to elect him. He did n't mention to Lentz the pledges he had; but neither did he bow to the boss as bosses like to be bowed to. Now political bosses are not really bosses; they are the agents of the real bosses who are business men, and when Colby got a telephone message to come to the Newark office of U. S. Senator Dryden, the young man, his eyes wide open now, realized that he was to see one of the men who are the sovereign interests of his state. Senator Dryden, the president of the Prudential Life, was there, and with him was Lentz. The U. S. Senator is the financial head of the Public Service Corporation in New Jersey; not the president; Thomas C. McCarter is that. Dryden is the man back of McCarter as he is the man back of Lentz; and that is why he is our U. S. Senator; he represents one of the two great sources of the corruption of the state. He told Mr. Colby that he could n't be speaker. Dryden is a pleasant-spoken man, and he appealed to "his young friend's" good feeling, explaining that since he could n't get the votes, it would weaken the prestige of their (Essex) delegation to run and fail. But Colby said he could get the votes. How did he know he could? He knew it because he had them in his pocket; and he tapped those letters. This was unexpected and the Senator exclaimed:

"But Tom McCarter says it won't do."

That settled it. Tom McCarter spoke for the trolley business.

Colby consented not to run: he told them it was "all right." "But I could be elected if I could have the support of my county."

Major Lentz approved, as they went away, the obedience of his young protégé. "That 's the way to talk," he said. Colby was "mad." He hated the fraud of it all.

"Why did n't they give their real reasons? Why did n't they say they feared that as speaker I might not represent their trolleys?"

The next session was to be crucial. Colby made up his mind to be a free lance. The speakership denied him, he would decline the leadership also. Without knowing what he meant to do, he was going to be free to act as he might find it right to act.

If Colby had begun his career at the bottom, in local politics, he would have known of two or three separate reform movements that had long been going on in his county, and he could have gone to these, combined and led them against the machine. He does lead them now, but he did n't go to them; they came to him. One of these movements was in Newark, the metropolis of the state. This city belonged absolutely to the business interest grouped about the Prudential Life, the Fidelity Trust Co., and the Public Service Corporation, which, ruling through Major Lentz, gave the city pretty good government, except that these special interests came first, the common interest of the city second. The Democratic machine stood in with the Republican ring. Now and then, when James Smith, Jr., the Democratic business boss, had business differences with the Republican business grafters, there was a political fight. But all the opposition that counted at all came from a few young men, with William P. Martin at their head, who, mostly Republicans, got into councils and opposed steadfastly the public utility grabs. Their story is a story by itself, and a good one; suffice it for the present to say these fellows were battling against the enemies of their city, the public service interest, all the while Colby was trying to get along with his party.

Several other movements were under way in the suburbs of Newark — Bloomfield, the Oranges, etc. These were "good government," "good men for office" reforms till Tom McCarter aroused these "communities" to opposition to the real cause of all their troubles. Tom McCarter is a fiery, red-headed politician, who, as president of the Public Service, believes honestly that anything that helps his business is right. He was extending his trolley system, and, desiring to go through parks and resident streets, needed franchises. Of course he must have them, and of course he must have them for nothing and forever. Frederick W. Kelsey, a park commissioner, opposed him till public sentiment was formed and then McCarter undertook, by the methods characteristic of privilege-seekers, to get what he wanted anyhow. There was scandal and mass-meetings. The New England Society took up Kelsey's old fight against business graft. Could the fight have gone on locally, with McCarter's franchises for issues, it might have developed good citizenship in the Oranges. But both sides appealed to the state. Tom McCarter, finding that the local council, though corrupt enough and willing, lacked the nerve to vote him what he wanted in the face of "mobs" made up of good citizens.

He decided to appeal to the legislature; and his plan was to create a Greater Newark, taking into the city which he could control the suburbs which were giving the trolley "so much trouble." And the men of Orange, finding that their representatives in the local counsel did not represent them, (except when watched), determined not to reform themselves and their voters and their counsel, but to go also to the legislature. Their petition was a very modest one; they wanted "their" state to forbid "their" council to grant any franchise for a period longer than twenty-five years.

The average Jerseyman thinks his state is well governed. His local government is bad, but politicians run that and he sees the results with his own eyes. The state is a government by lawyers, whom he knows by reputation at least; these lawyers are counsel for business men, like Senators Dryden and Kean, ex-Governor Murphy, and Tom McCarter — the kind of men he knows as good business men, and they tell him the state is all right. When the good men of Orange, finding that Tom McCarter was back of the politicians who misrepresented Orange, set about getting their good state government to check Tom's chicaneries in Orange, the average Jerseyman learned why Senator Dryden and Governor Murphy and Tom McCarter called the state government "all right." The state government also represented "business," and it did not represent the average citizen of Jersey.

The men of Orange must approach the state legislature through members of that body, and naturally they applied to their own Essex County legislators. What was their surprise to find that their own representatives would n't, nay could n't, represent them! One by one they sounded them

only to *see* that no representative of theirs dared touch their bill. Why?

Everett Colby was learning why. The men of Orange decided to ask him to take up their bill, and the Newark fighters were to support them. Would Colby do it? He did n't know. Before his fellow citizens asked him, he heard of their intentions and he was n't sure what he should do. He was aware of the feeling between the corporations and the people not only in Orange but everywhere, and his disposition was not to take a side, but to listen to both sides, study the subject, and do the fair thing. One evening ex-Governor Murphy gave a dinner. "Everybody" was there, all the business and political leaders and others, quite a crowd. When they rose from the table Colby went up to Tom McCarter to get the trolley side of the franchise question. He heard, he said, that the New England Society of Orange had a limited franchise bill to offer to the legislature, and would n't McCarter like to talk it over with him (Colby)? "Now, you know," said Colby to me, "they could have fooled me easily. If they had had any tact, and had given me any reasonable argument, I think, in my ignorance, I would have been taken in. But, no; they ruled and they ruled. not by reason, but by command."

Tom McCarter did not want to talk it over with Colby. Irascible and dictatorial, the trolley boss bent his head forward at the young legislator and slapping his hands insultingly in his face, he said that anything but perpetual franchises in Jersey was "talk," "child's play"; and, raising his voice so that all in the room turned to hear, he cried: "We would n't touch anything else with a ten-foot pole!" With that he turned his back on Colby and walked off.

"It was n't a question," Mr. Colby explained to me, as he recalled this scene, "it was n't a question of right and wrong as between two interests; it was, and it is, a question of who rules here."

Colby listened to his neighbors. He explained to them how difficult it would be for them to get any relief from their legislature, how little he could do; but they were agreeing on plans when McCarter drove home the lesson Colby was learning. This time it was at a luncheon at Trenton. The legislature had met, and again all the rulers of the state were present, the rulers and their dummies, the office-holders and legislators. This time Tom McCarter went to Colby; that is to say the business boss beckoned the assemblyman to him.

"Colby," he said "what's this I hear about you introducing a limited franchise bill?" He did n't wait for an answer. Raising his voice as before, so that all could hear, he laid down the law of the land for legislators. "You introduce that bill," he bawled, in his mad rage, "and you 'll lose every friend you have in Essex County."

What did Tom McCarter mean? His brother made that clearer. The financial rings that rule Jersey often have to smooth over the troubles their quick-tempered trolley president causes with his "honest grafter" blunders. Uzel McCarter, Tom's big brother and the head of the trust company through which (like the Big Three) the Prudential Life Insurance crowd finances its trolley and other schemes — Uzel, a diplomat, joined Colby that day on a train. He talked pleasantly, even flatteringly, to the young man. By and by the franchise subject happened to come up, and that led, naturally, to Colby's connection with the bill to limit trolley grants. Most unfortunate connection that. "We," said the banker, "we think you have a political future before you, and we don't want to see you throw it away."

There was more, but that was the point. Uzel McCarter was taking the young man who could n't be bribed with money, or browbeaten by the bosses, up on the mountain to see the cities of the earth, and the young man understood it. "It was a promise," says Colby, "and — a threat."

Undaunted, uncorrupted, the young man came down from the mountain to a study of the situation. He knew a limited franchise bill could not be passed, so he hit upon the idea of introducing a resolution to put the legislature on record. He drew one. He spoke of it to no one except Edward Duffield, the House Leader, to whom Colby, as an ex-Leader, owed that courtesy. Just before he rose he turned to Duffield and said:

"Now, Ed, don't be surprised, but watch. And look out that you don't make the mistake of your life."

And Colby offered a resolution to the effect that it was the sense of this house that perpetual grants of monopolies to corporations should not be made. Everybody looked to the leader. He sat still. The speaker hesitated, then, with all eyes on the mute leader, he put the motion. Colby says, and I 've

heard men in other states who know legislatures well, say, that if a body of elected Americans are not interfered with by business corruption they will do right nearly every time. That House that night, having no orders from the System and getting no sign from "Ed," adopted that resolution with not one negative vote!

But before the Speaker declared the resolution carried, the lobby woke up. Governor Stokes's Pennsylvania man came rushing in out of breath; wanted to know what the — thing meant anyhow? "Can't you give us time?" he begged. Colby knew that A. J. Cassatt would call down Stokes, and that Stokes would call down his man, and that the Public Service lobbyists and legislators would catch it; and besides, he did n't want to join in a fluke, so he said: "Surely, we 'll make it a special order for Thursday."

The next day a telephone message summoned him to one of the business-political leaders of the state, a man who usually had been able to "handle Colby." "Everett," said this man, "our friends are awfully upset by this resolution of yours." Of course, he said, it had gone too far to be absolutely withdrawn — by Colby, but "our friends will fix up an amendment," and "if you accept this amendment, they 'll let it pass." "*They 'll* let it pass!"

"You don't mean to tell me," Colby exclaimed, "that they are to determine what bills shall pass!"

"Now, Everett," said this gentleman, "you ought to know by this time how all these things are."

The amendments were absurd, ridiculous, impossible. Colby refused to accept them, and he meanwhile had been busy seeing his colleagues. The Speaker and four-fifths of the members were for the resolution. Yet, when it came up again on Thursday, only ten men voted "yes!"

This was only a preliminary skirmish in the long fight of this session of 1905. It was a defeat, but it was better than a victory since it aroused public interest and attracted to Trenton citizens and committees of citizens to take object lessons in a "good business government" in action. The Orange men — on hand in force, insisted upon having their limited franchise bill introduced, and Colby presented it. It went to committee for burial, but there were hearings on it, and Colby says the sight of citizens delivering carefully prepared arguments to a committee of legislators whom he knew to be dummies with no will of their own, no minds of their own, no ears for anything but the orders which they already had received to "hang onto that bill" — this spectacle, common as it was, and typical of all our legislatures from the youngest state to Congress itself, the humiliation of it struck deep into the growing intelligence of the young legislator. And evidently it made an impression on Jersey men; the papers described the scene mercilessly and the rumble of popular indignation finally scared the rings. Major Lentz is said to have told Governor Stokes that if some bill was n't reported, "that fellow Colby would make a lot of trouble" for him (Lentz) in Essex. So the Pennsylvania Railroad threw over the Public Service Corporation. Stokes gave orders. A substitute bill was drawn — a bill to appoint a commission to investigate; that was all, but just before final adjournment this old device to gain time was reported and rushed through. And, even then, Tom McCarter told the Governor he had no right to let such a thing happen when "our great interests were against it." And Governor Stokes did not sign it for weeks; and then he appointed a commission typified by ex-Governor Murphy, the chairman.

A railroad tax bill, promised in the Republican platform, was introduced with the permission (as I happen to know), of Mr. Cassatt of Philadelphia, but it was in the form prescribed by "the road." It taxed second-class property (buildings and ordinary real estate) at local rates, but not the "main stem" (the roadbed). This would relieve Jersey City somewhat, but it would n't satisfy Mayor Fagan or any other citizen who believed in "equal taxation."

And after it was passed, another bill was run out and jammed through, prescribing that the first bill should not materially increase the total tax of the railroads. This was made "the Governor's bill," but Colby opposed it and introduced another to tax the main stem like any other real estate. Of course, Colby's bill was beaten, but its defeat left equal taxation an issue in Jersey politics.

Another fight that showed things as they are was over a bill to promote Tom McCarter's scheme to bring into a Greater Newark all the suburbs which did not respond to trolley corruption. Bloomfield was one of these. The people there had held the trolleys at bay; annexation had been

proposed to them and they had voted it down. In this session of 1905 some "leading citizens" of Bloomfield applied to the legislature for another referendum on annexation, and the trolley pretended to have nothing to do with it. But it had. Those leading citizens were stockholders and friends of stockholders in McCarter's company; Major Lentz "steered" them; and for more direct evidence, there was the story of a friend of Colby. This man had been in the employ of the Public Service. He was against the bill, and "they" sent for him. This was their bill, they told him. They wrote it, and they needed it as a step in their plan to absorb into Newark all the troublesome suburbs about the city; their employee must get out of the way. Their employee told them he was out of their employ and, being therefore free, would continue to fight them with this added information to spur him on.

It was this bill that finally brought about the declaration of war between Boss Lentz and Assemblyman Colby. One day, when Lentz was steering his "citizens committee" about the Capitol, he introduced Colby to its members. And he told Colby in their presence that he must work for their bill. "They contribute to the campaign fund;" that was the reason he gave, and it was bad enough, but Colby knew that the real reason was that Tom McCarter and Senator Dryden wanted to control through Newark the destinies of Bloomfield and the Oranges against the will of the inhabitants of those places.

David Baird came along as they were talking. Baird is the Republican boss of Camden, and the agent there of the Penn and the Public Service.

"David," said Lentz, after introducing him, "I want you to get your boys in line for that bill."

"All right, Major," said David, "I will."

Colby was n't so agreeable." He did n't say much, but Lentz suspected him and his suspicions were promptly confirmed. Colby happened to meet about noon that day the chairman of the committee which had the Bloomfield bill in charge, and they went together to lunch. When they entered the restaurant there sat the Major with his citizens. The boss seemed gradually to work himself into a rage, for after staring angrily at Colby a few moments, he got up, stalked over, and "putting his head in between ours," Colby says, "and spluttering in my face, he demanded to know if I was opposing him in this." So far as Colby can recall, he and the chairman had n't mentioned the bill, but he *was* opposing Lentz "in this," and he said so.

"That settles it," said the Major.

Not only that, but everything settled it between Colby and his boss and the bosses of the boss. Tom McCarter had said Colby would lose every friend he had in Essex; Uzel had warned him to take heed for his political future. "It was fight," says Colby now. "I went home from that session burning hot with indignation. But I did n't think about *my* political future. That had sunk into a small detail of a situation which was bigger than the political ambition of any man. I saw that the legislature, yes, and the government in nearly all of its branches was ruled absolutely by our Jersey corporations. And despotically, unscrupulously, too; in the interest of their business, they were corrupting all of us. Had n't they nearly corrupted me?"

The question was what to do. Colby did n't know what to do. He asked me what I would have done, and I pass it on to you who read this: What would you have done? And I ask the question to bring home to you the quandary of this young legislator and of his friends and of the citizens of Orange and of Newark and of Jersey who wanted to fight. Lentz said Colby should not be renominated for the Assembly, and some of his friends proposed a fight in the party for the county committee. But Colby did n't want to run for boss of Essex; he wanted to make his appeal more to the people. This was an instinct, a democratic instinct which this rich railroad magnate's son has well developed in him. He proposed running an older man for senator, but the older man would n't run and the Newark, Bloomfield, and Orange men wanted Colby to lead their common fight. He was in doubt. He wanted to make the fight impersonal, and they adopted his principle to fight the boss, not Lentz, not personally, but the boss as an institution, as an agent of a corrupt oligarchy. But how?

"Then," said Colby, as he told me the story, "then came Record."

There 's a good deal of feeling against George L. Record in Jersey. He is the man who came to Mark Fagan when the kindly Mayor of Jersey City was at the first crisis of his administration, and Record helped Mark Fagan. From suspecting him, Mayor Mark came to lean upon him for his economic

policy and they and their Jersey City cabinet have influenced Jersey politics and the Jersey legislature more and more healthfully than any other one force in the state. Yet, while none denies the perfect honesty of Mark Fagan, many men distrust George L. Record. And you may recall that Colby, two years before, when he took to Fagan, "disliked" Record. But when "Record came," he told Colby just what to do and how to do it. Colby is very handsome in his acknowledgment of the service Record rendered them in Essex, and his friends confess, though more grudgingly, that Record is a man of resources. But nobody can see what Record gets out of it for Record. They think he wants to go to the United States Senate. I hope he does; this long, lean, thinking Yankee from Jersey City might accomplish something even in the United States Senate. But Record is another story, and it does n't matter now "what Record is after."

When he came to Colby, he came suggesting that since Colby had made one good fight at Trenton, he should make another; and since he personified all the discontent that opposed the control of the state by the corrupt corporation of the state, he, Colby, was the man to run for Senator. How? There was the primary law. Record, the father of that law, suggested the use of it to beat the Republican boss in his own party. "But," he said, "don't stop there. Adopt a platform. Promise specific things and go to the people with these definite promises. And put up a full ticket, senator and assemblyman and county officers — everything."

Mark Fagan has in Jersey City a "group plan" of government. A picked lot of fellows get together, discuss, and agree upon policies and plans. Colby took that idea, and he accepted also the suggestion to join issue with fighters in other counties. So two groups, one from Essex and the other from Hudson, came together and out of their deliberations grew a platform.

They adopted Colby's Orange issue: limited franchises; Record's: franchise taxation; Fagan's: equal taxation; and Colby, Record and others added one new one: an expression at legislative elections of a popular choice for United States Senators.

It is n't necessary to follow the campaigns, for there were two — the first a fight at the primaries for the nomination for state senator, the second the general election at the polls. Both were anti-boss fights. Colby opened with an announcement of his candidacy, backed by a statement of his program. The boss and the ringsters laughed. They laughed till the first mass-meeting was held. That was expected to fall flat, but the opera house was filled to overflowing and Fagan, Record, Colby, and Martin aroused the crowd to tremendous enthusiasm. But the best thing Colby did was to adopt Fagan's method of meeting the voters face to face. Fagan told him how to do it. Colby asked him. The young club man thought there was some mystery about talking to working-men, so he invited Mayor Mark to luncheon to get his secret. The Mayor was puzzled.

"Why, Mr. Colby," he said, "I can't tell you how to do that. I can tell you when you will find working-men at liberty to listen, and I can tell you how they feel about some of these great questions. But I can't tell you what to say to them. You must say just what you think, and, Mr. Colby, if you don't feel from the bottom of your heart a real interest in people you might just as well stay at home."

"And that," says Colby, "is about the best advice I ever got. The instant he said it I knew it was right. After that I went out to my noon-day meetings and I did n't try to find out what they thought. I told them what I thought about things."

Colby's class suffers from class consciousness, as much, if not more, than labor does. If he had gone forth as a rich man to the poor, or as a capitalist to labor, or as a business man offering a good business administration to a people incompetent for self-government, he would have had to buy votes or be beaten. But going as he did, as a man to men, and promising things that were directed at the reform, not of politicians, and the police, and dirty streets, etc., etc., but of the grosser vices of his own class, even though he did not mention class, those people sized up "this rich young club fellow" as they sized up the ex-gilder and undertaker, Mark Fagan, and they put their faith in him as the Missourians did in Folk, as the people of Wisconsin did in La Follette, and as the people of New York did in Jerome. The American people seem not to know the difference between clean streets and dirty streets, but they do know the difference between hypocrisy and sincerity, between plutocracy and democracy. They 'll help you beat the boss if you 'll show that you see

as plainly as they do who is back of the boss.

The machine blundered. The bosses always blunder when, as they put it, "they go up against a new game," and this was a new game. Colby made use of Record's primary law to print his name, as candidate for the senate, after the names of his delegates. Lentz would n't do that. He wanted to elect his delegates, then dictate as of old all the candidates to be nominated by the convention. Governor Stokes warned Lentz. Colby thought he saw signs of the governor's interference against him and he went to Mr. Stokes to ask that "he keep his hands off."

"Why," said the Governor, "all I have done was to tell Lentz that if he did n't name a man against you, you 'd beat him."

Colby's crowd worked early and late. As time went on and the excitement grew, men who never had taken part in politics joined in what they agreed was the "greatest game they ever sat in at," the great game of politics. Everybody was welcome, and everybody was happy. It was a popular election, every man's election, and they won. Won? The completeness of their victory at the primaries astonished them. They carried everything. The next morning Major Lentz told Colby the Convention was his, Colby's, and Colby might "run it" to suit himself. Very gracious indeed was this defeated boss, but he hoped (and he hopes) to be boss again.

"I 've been thinking," he said to the victor, "that maybe I ought to resign. What do you think, Colby?"

"I think you might as well, Major," said Colby, who thought Lentz meant what he said. But Lentz did n't mean anything of the kind.

"Well, I won't," he answered in a huff. "I did n't mean resign the chairmanship of the county committee. I meant as manager of the campaign."

Colby said he and his crowd nearly went to pieces on this very point. They held their convention, and they nominated the whole legislative and county ticket. That had all been planned in advance. But what next? What about managing the campaign? Lentz had the county committee, and the county committee usually ran county campaigns. Colby and his group meant to have their fight made by a joint committee, but their plans were indefinite. "We had n't thought it out," Colby says, "and we made a bad blunder." The county committee was to have a meeting, and it was the custom for candidates to go and be presented. Colby left town intending not to recognize the committee, but he was telephoned for by some of his best friends. As a victor he must not show ill-will, etc., etc. So Colby went to the meeting. In the course of the formalities, Lentz said something about the campaign being run as usual, and, Colby says, "I should have jumped up then and there to declare that it would not be run as usual. I did n't. Don't know why I did n't, but I did n't I just had n't my wits about me and I let it pass."

The next day the papers were full of the "Love Feast," "Colby and the boss were together." Colby thinks this was a very "bad break" and so do some of his friends, but mistakes don't count in these criminal days, and he corrected his promptly. He came out with a letter demanding that his own, not the county, committee should run the campaign. This was a repudiation of the organization. Lentz refused to give up, so he ran one campaign, and Colby's committee, with William P. Martin for chairman, ran the other. The machine men cut Colby at the polls, but he won in spite of them. The normal Republican majority in Essex County ranges from ten to twelve thousand, Colby's was 19,986 and some of the other men on his ticket ran a few hundred ahead of him.

The election of Everett Colby and his ticket ranked in significance with the victories last fall of Jerome in New York, of Weaver's ticket in Philadelphia, of Judge Dempsy's for Mayor of Cincinnati, of Tom Johnson in Cleveland, of Brand Whitlock in Toledo, of Pattison in Ohio, etc. They all were anti-boss fights; some of them, like Pattison's and Dempsy's, were minority party fights against the majority party boss; some like Jerome's and Whitlock's were against "both the bosses" and "all parties"; Colby's, like La Follette's and Folk's, was within the majority party. No matter how made, these fights were all against the boss, and the boss fell. What next?

The political boss is nothing but an agent of the business bosses back of him. Some of these anti-boss leaders know this; some do not. Those that do may get somewhere; the others won't. Colby is one of those that can see beyond the boss, that is one reason why he would not make his campaign a

personal fight against Carl Lentz. He saw, and he sees and some of the men with him see the powers behind Lentz, and he is proceeding now, deliberately and intelligently against them, the real enemies of the state, its active rulers, the class which corrupts it, and its officials, and its people for the sake of the privileges obtained or to be obtained from the state. Look at their program of bills again. In themselves they might not interest you and me very much, but look behind those bills. To "limit franchises" and "to tax them" — these will bring these new Jersey leaders in direct, open conflict with the Prudential-Fidelity Trust — Public Service interests. To "tax the roadbed of railroads" like any other real estate is to challenge a most profitable privilege of the Pennsylvania and other railroads. To let the voters pledge their legislators to candidates for the U. S. Senate,—that is to make the U. S. Senate represent the people. All the resources of the railroads, trolleys, and other public utilities, and of all the "protected" businesses of Jersey and of the United States will be called into play to defeat this kind of reform; for this is real reform. It is not a little tap at superficial evils; it is a stab at the source of all evil in all our politics. It aims at democracy, at the restoration of truly representative government. It is "radical;" it is "dangerous." If the corporations do to Colby in Jersey what they have done to La Follette in Wisconsin, they will stir up envy and hatred against him; they will befool his followers with false arguments or buy them with money or office or "business"; and they will embitter his life, public and private, too, with misrepresentation and slander. The rings are preparing, as I write, false bills pretending to do what Colby and Mark Fagan and Record propose really to do. If the fight is fought to a finish, every trick known to expert manipulators of legislatures and public opinion will be tried, but the rings don't believe it will be fought to a finish. Can you guess why? One of them told me what their faith was founded upon.

"We 'll get Colby," he said. "We 'll get him before the session is over. He wants something. Every man wants something. It 's all a matter of finding out what he wants. He may not know what it is himself, but we 'll find out; and he 'll get it and we 'll get him — or his crowd, or both."

There is no conceit about Colby, no bluster, and when I told him this, he did not clench his fist and set his jaw. He wondered whether they would. He knows the tremendous power and the infinite ingenuity of the interests that will oppose him, so he wonders, as you or I may, what is going to happen to him. He is as open-minded to the truth about himself as he is to the truth about corruption, and because he is open-minded and because he can confess his mistakes when he sees them; because he takes fences as he comes to them, and because he says he "will go any length to put a stop to the corruption of men and government," it is certain that the Gentleman from Essex will fight to a finish. What the end will be in Jersey, Jerseymen must decide; they will have to watch the struggle and choose between those representatives who represent them and those who do not. But the rest of us should watch, too. Everett Colby is a national leader; he is leading a national fight. His arena is local, but others are making the same fight elsewhere, the fight we all must make, sooner or later, — the fight to restore the government of the people to the people.

WILD WATERS

BY

LLOYD OSBOURNE

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ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THINGS had been dull in Apia before the arrival of Captain Satterlee in the "Southern Belle." Not business alone, which was, of course, only to be expected — what with the civil war being just over and the kanakas driven to eat their cocoanuts instead of selling them to traders in the form of coprah — but socially speaking the little capital of the Samoan group had been next door to dead. Picnics had been few; a heavy dust had settled on the floor of the Public Hall — a galvanized-iron barn which social leaders could rent for six Chile dollars a night, lights included; the butcher's wedding, contrary to all expectation, had been strictly private, and might almost have slipped by unnoticed had it not been for a friendly editorial in the *Samoa Weekly Times;* and with the exception of an auction, a funeral, and a billiard tournament at the International Hotel, a general lethargy had overtaken Apia and the handful of whites who made it their home.

As Mr. Skiddy, the boyish American Consul, expressed himself: "You can't get anybody to do anything these days!"

Possibly this long spell of monotony contributed to Captain Satterlee's pronounced and instant success. The topsails of the "Southern Belle" had hardly more than appeared over the horizon when people began to wake up and realize that stagnation had too long held them in its thrall. Satterlee was not at all the ordinary kind of sea-captain to which the Beach (as Apia always alluded to itself) was more than well acquainted. Gin had no attractions for Captain Satterlee, nor did he surround himself with dusky impropriety. He played a straight social game and lived up to the rules, even to party calls and finger-bowls on his cabin table. He was a tall, thin American of about forty-five, with floor-walker manners, greyish mutton-chop whiskers, and a roving eye. The general verdict of Apia was that he was "very superior." His superiority was apparent in his gentlemanly baldness, his open-work socks, his well-turned references to current events, his kindly and indulgent attitude towards all things Samoan. He deplored the rivalry of the three contending nationalities, German, English, and American, whose official representatives quarreled fiercely amongst themselves and mismanaged the affairs of this unfortunate little South Sea kingdom, and whose unofficial representatives sold guns and cartridges indiscriminately to the warring native factions. Satterlee let it be inferred that the rôle of peacemaker had informally settled upon himself.

"We ought to try and pull together," he would say, his bland tolerance falling like balm from heaven; and he would clinch the remark by passing round forty-cent cigars.

The "Southern Belle" was a showy little vessel of about ninety tons, with the usual trade-room in the after part of the ship, where the captain himself would wait on you behind a counter, and sell you anything from a bottle of trade scent to a keg of dynamite. He never was so charming as when engaged in this exchange of commodities for coin, and it accorded so piquantly with his evident superiority that the purchaser had a pleasant sense of doing business with a gentleman.

"Of course, I might run her as a yacht, and play the heavy swell," he would remark. "But candidly, I like this kind of thing; it puts me on a level with the others, you know; and then it 's handy for buying supplies, and keeping one in touch with the people!"

With this he would give you such a warming smile, and perhaps throw in free a handful of fish-hooks, or a packet of safety-matches, or a tooth-brush. Indeed, apart from this invariable prodigality, his scale of prices was ridiculously low, and if you were a lady you could buy out the ship at half price. As for young Skiddy, the American Consul, the bars in his case were lowered even more, and he was just asked to help himself — which young Skiddy did, though sparingly. Captain Satterlee took an immense fancy to this youthful representative of their common country, and treated him with an engaging mixture of respect and paternalism; and Skiddy, not to be behindhand, and dazzled besides by his elder's marked regard and friendship, threw wide the consular door, and constantly pressed on Satterlee the hospitality of a cot on the back veranda.

The captain professed to find it remarkable — which, indeed, it was — that a boy of twenty-six should have been entrusted with the welfare of so considerable a section of Samoa's white population. The roll of the consulate bore the names of thirty-eight Americans — not to speak of the thirty-ninth who was soon expected — over whom the young consul possessed extraordinary powers withheld from far higher posts in far more important countries. Young Skiddy, on a modest salary of two hundred dollars a month and a house rent-free, was supposed, if need be, to marry you, divorce you, try you for crimes and misdemeanors, and in extreme cases might even dangle you from the flagstaff in his front yard.

He had been very seldom called upon, however, to use these extensive powers. In three years he had married as many couples, helped to baptize a half-caste baby, held an inquest on a dead sailor, bullied a Samoan army off his front grass, and had settled a disputed inheritance involving five acres of

"Things had been dull in Apia"

cocoanuts. This, of course, left him with some spare time on his hands, which on the whole he managed to get through with very tolerable enjoyment. But until the date of Captain Satterlee's arrival he had never had a friend — or at least so it seemed to him now in the retrospect. His official colleagues were out of the question — the stand-offish Englishman, the sullen German, the grotesque Swede who held the highest judicial office. No, there was not the little finger of a friend in the whole galaxy. And elsewhere? Not a soul to whom one could give intimacy without the danger, almost the certainty, of its being abused. No wonder, then, that he turned to Satterlee, and grasped the hand of fellowship so warmly extended to him.

The little consul had never known such a man; he had never heard such talk; he had never before realized the extent and splendor of the world. Sitting in the cabin of the "Southern Belle," often far into the night, he would give a rapt attention to this extraordinary being who had done everything and seen everything. Paris, London, Constantinople, New York — all were as familiar to Satterlee as the palm of his hand, and he had the story-telling gift that can throw a glamor over the humblest incident. Not that his incidents were often humble. On the contrary, in his mysterious, suggestive fashion, he let it be inferred that his bygone part had been a great one. He would offer dazzling little peeps, and then shut the slide; a chance reference that would make his hearer gasp; the adroit use of a mighty name, checked by a sudden: "Oh, hold on, I 'm saying more than I ought to!" You felt somehow that to have roused the interest of this wonderful personage was to insure your own career. With a turn of his hand he was capable of gratifying your wildest ambition.

"would clinch the remark by passing around forty-cent cigars"

He had remarked your unusual capacity, and had quietly determined it should be given proper scope. When and where and how were to be settled later. These questions you left confidently to Satterlee. It was enough that you were informed, in those fine shades of which he was a master, that your day would surely come. On leaving Satterlee you walked on air without knowing exactly why — or rather Skiddy did — for by "you" I mean the little consul.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that it is so easily deceived. A glib tongue, an attractive manner, a few hundred dollars thrown carelessly about — and presto! you have the counterfeit of a Cecil Rhodes! We are not only willing to take people at their own valuation, but are ever ready to multiply that valuation by ten. Obtrude romance — rich, palpitating romance — into the lives of commonplace people, and they instantly lose their heads. Romance more than cupidity is what attracts the gold-brick investor.

Of course Satterlee was a poser, a fraud, a liar; the highest type of liar; the day-dreaming, well-read, genuinely inventive, highly imaginative, loving-it-for-its-own-sake liar. But to Skiddy every word he said was Gospel-true. He never doubted the captain for an instant. Life grew richer to him, stranger and more wonderful. It was like a personal distinction — a medal or the thanks of Congress — that Satterlee should thus have singled him out. His gratitude was unbounded. He felt both humble and elated. His cup was brimming over.

Let not his credulity be counted against him. After all, he was not the only admirer of the captain. Did he not see Satterlee lionized by the Chief Justice and the rest of his brother officials; publicly honored by the head of the great German company; called to the bosom of both the missionary

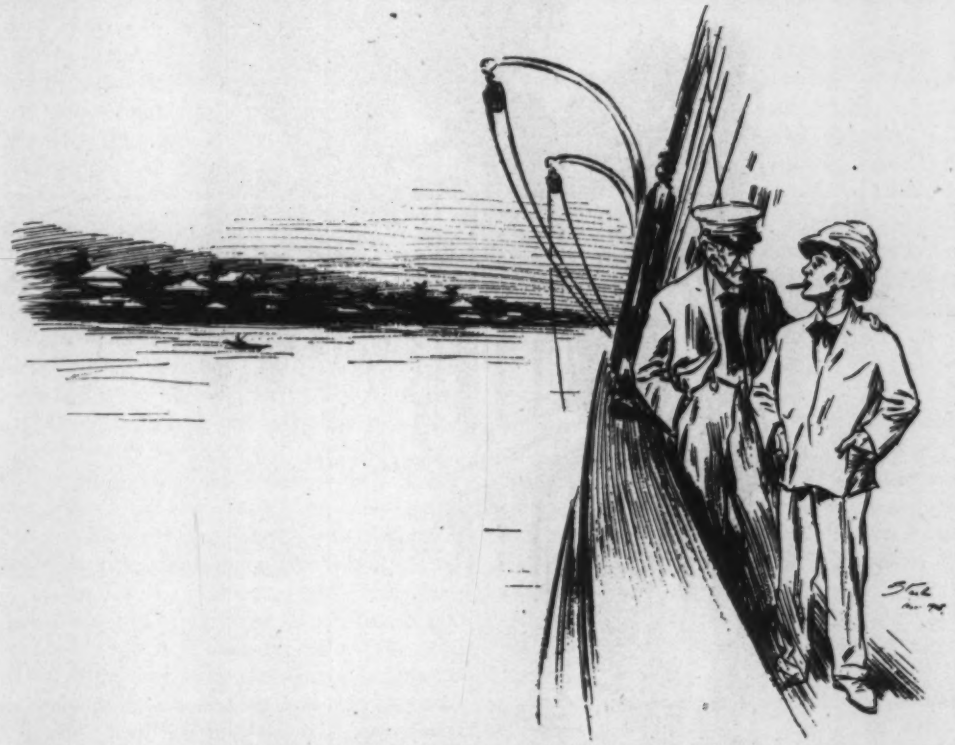
denominations? Was not all Apia, in fact, regardless of sex, creed, or nationality, acclaiming Satterlee to the skies, and vying amongst themselves for the privilege of entertaining him?

Never, indeed, were there so many picnics, so many parties, such a constant succession of dances at the Public Hall. Even the King was galvanized into action, and to the surprise of every one gave a sort of At Home, where Satterlee was the guest of honor and received the second kava cup. A half-caste couple, who before had barely held up their heads, sprang into social prominence by getting married under the direct patronage of the popular captain, and thus rallying to their visiting list all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Apia.

It was a delirious month. There was an event for almost every night of it. The strain on the half-caste band was something awful. Miss Potter's millinery establishment worked night and day. Of a morning you could n't find a lady on the front veranda who was n't stitching and sewing and basting and cutting out. And the men! Why, in the social whirl few of them had time to sober up, and the sale of Leonard's soda-water was unprecedented.

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco, Satterlee got restless and talked regretfully of leaving. He gave a great bargain day on board the "Southern Belle," where sandwiches and bottled beer were served to all comers, and goods changed hands at astonishing prices; coal-oil at one-seventy-five a case; hundred pound kegs of beef at four dollars; turkey-red cotton at six cents a yard; square-face at thirty cents a bottle; and similar cuts in all the standard commodities. There was no Customs House in those days, and you were free to carry everything ashore unchallenged. A matter of eighty tons must have been landed all round the beach; and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle in the trade-room, and the steady hoisting out of fresh merchandise from the main-hold made a very passable South Sea imitation of a New York department store.

At any rate there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed expression on the faces of the purchasers, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it — the change — in the form of jews'-harps, screw-eyes, or anything small and



"he never doubted the Captain for an instant"

"Mr. Purdy was forthwith retained by the United States Government"

handy that happened to be near by. It was the most lightning performance Apia had ever witnessed, and the captain carried it off in a brisk, smiling way as though it was the best joke in the world and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail cutter two days ahead of schedule! Thrice unlucky popularity that found thee basking in the sunshine of woman's favor instead of on thy four-inch deck! The pilot signaled the mail; Skiddy put forth in his consular boat, intercepting the cutter in the pass, and receiving (on his head) his own especial government bag. The proximity of the "Southern Belle" and the likelihood of Satterlee being at home caused Skiddy to board the ship, and open the bag on her quarter-deck. One stout, blue, and important-looking envelope at once caught his eye. He opened the stout, blue, and important-looking letter, and ——!

There were no white men in the crew of the "Southern Belle." They were all Rotumah boys with the exception of Ah Foy, the Chinese cook. This amiable individual was singing over his pots and pans when he was

suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the galley door. The little consul was deathly pale, and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

"Come out of here," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming. That was why he was sewn up with two hundred dollars in hard cash, together with a twenty dollar bill under his left heel. He began to cry, and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-preservation is the first law, and he had besides some dim conception of State's evidence. Skiddy made the conception clearer, and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it. This the Chinaman forthwith did in his laborious pigeon. A good part of it was incomprehensible, but he established certain main facts, and confirmed the stout, blue, important-looking letter. As Satterlee came off on a shore-boat, pulling like mad, and then darted up the ladder in a sweat of apprehension, he was met at the top by Skiddy — not Skiddy the friend — but Skiddy the arm of the law, Skiddy the retributive, Skiddy the world's avenger, with Seniko, his towering cox, standing square behind him.

"John Forster," he said, "alias Satterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States, on the charge of having committed the crime of barratry, and warn you that anything you say now may be hereafter used against you!"

It was a horrible thing to say — to be forced to say — and no sense of public duty could make it less than detestable. Skiddy almost whispered out the words. The brutality of them appalled him. Remember, this was his friend, his hero, the man whose intimacy an hour before had been everything to him. Satterlee gave him a quick, blank, panicky look, and then, with a pitiful bravado, took a step forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be dumfounded at the accusation; he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to reassert his old dominion, calling Skiddy "old man" and "old chap" in a shaky, fawning voice, and wanting to take him below "to talk it over." But the little consul was adamantine. The law must take its course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States he had to do his duty.

Satterlee preceded him into the boat. The consul followed and took the yoke lines. They were both dejected, and neither dared to meet the other's eyes. It was a mournful pull ashore, and tragic in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as heavy as lead. The crew, conscious of the captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt also constrained to a deep solemnity. Yes, a funereal pull, and it was a relief to every one when at last they grounded in the shingle off the consulate.

Skiddy had a busy day of it. Leaving the captain at the consulate under guard, and sending off Asi, the chief of Vaiala, together with ten warriors armed with rifles and axes to take charge of the "Southern Belle" and her crew, he walked into Apia to make arrangements to meet the painful situation. Single-handed he had to rear the structure of a whole judicial system, including United States' marshals, a clerk of court, four assessor judges, and a jail. His first steps were directed toward a little cottage on the Mototua Road, the residence of Mr. Scoville Purdy, a goaty, elderly, unwashed individual who formed the more respectable half of the Samoan bar. Mr. Purdy was forthwith retained by the United States Government, and the papers of the case left in his hands. Skiddy next sought out Mr. Thacher, the other half of the bar, and directed him to defend the prisoner. Then he bent his mind to the consideration of jails, of which Samoa boasted two.

The municipal jail was a two-roomed wooden shed, sparingly furnished with a couple of tin pails. Humanity forbidding the incarceration of Captain Satterlee in such a hovel, the little consul passed on to Mulinuu, where the general Samoan Government held sway. The jail here was on a more pretentious scale. It consisted of a rectangular enclosure, perhaps sixty feet by forty, formed by four eight-foot walls of galvanized iron, and containing within five or six small huts of the kind that shipwrecked seamen might build on a desert island. In fact that was just about what they were, and as foul and repulsive as the real article. Owing to financial stringency the Samoan Government was unable to house or feed its prisoners, who, for both those reasons, might well be described as castaways.

These unfortunates were absent at the time of Skiddy's visit, employing a very languid leisure on the improvement of the roads; and the consul could not have penetrated the jail at all had it not been for the

King, who, on being appealed to, was obliging enough to lend the diplomat his spare key. Skiddy stood and regarded the place with an immense depression. It would not do at all. It was no better than a cattle-pen. He was about to turn away when the two Scanlons appeared on the scene, their keen noses having scented out a job. The Scanlons were burly half-castes, of a muddy, sweaty complexion, whose trustworthiness and intelligence were distinctly above the average. The Scanlon brothers, to any one in a difficult position, could be relied upon as pillars of strength. There was nothing a Scanlon brother would n't do — and do well — for two dollars and fifty cents a day. Mind and muscle were both yours — Scanlon mind and muscle — for this paltry and insignificant sum; and the consul, in a quandary, welcomed the stout bristly-haired pair as though they were angels from heaven.

In less time than it takes to write, Alfred Scanlon was appointed a United States' marshal, Charles Scanlon an assistant United States' marshal, and the arrangement was made with them to take full charge of Captain Satterlee during the trial. He was to live in their cottage, have his meals served from the International Hotel, and while carefully guarded night and day, was to be treated "first-class" throughout.

"The law of the United States," boomed out little Skiddy, "assumes that a prisoner is innocent until he is actually convicted. I want both of you to remember that!"

The Scanlons did n't understand a word of what he said, but they saluted and looked very much impressed. When you bought a Scanlon you got a lot for your money, including a profound gravity when you addressed him. It was the Scanlon way of recognizing that you were paying, and the Scanlon receiving, two dollars and fifty cents a day!

At the head of his two satellites, who kept pace respectfully behind him, Skiddy next directed himself to find Dillon. Dillon was a variety of white Scanlon, though of an infinitely lower human type, who kept a tiny store and cobbled shoes near the Mulivae bridge: and who, from some assumed knowledge of legal procedure, invariably acted as Clerk of the Court — any court — American, English, or the Samoan High. You associated his heavy, bloated, grog-blossomed face and black-dyed whiskers as an inevitable part of the course of justice. It was his custom to take longhand notes of all court proceedings, as, of course, stenographers were unknown in Apia; and at times it would seem as though all Samoan justice boiled down to dictating to Dillon. As a witness you never looked at the judge; you looked at Dillon, and wondered whether he was taking you down right. A careful witness always went slowly, and used the words that Dillon was likely to understand.

Dillon having been found and engaged, the next procedure was to appoint the assessor judges, of whom the Consular Instructions insisted on there being four. This weighty matter seemed to require the cooperation of the vice-consul, Mr. Beaver, a highly respected quack doctor, whose principal nostrum was faith cure plus hot water.

After arguing away your existence, which he always could do with extraordinary fluency, he would plunge you into a boiling bath till your imaginary skin turned a deep imaginary scarlet, and then send you home with some microscopic doses of aconite. The best that could be said of him was that he never really harmed anybody, scalded the poor for nothing, and was willing (and even pressing) to turn over serious cases to the regular practitioner, Dr. Funk.

There were twenty-seven American citizens on the consular roll of male sex, sound mind, and above twenty-one years of age. Four of them lived far from Apia, and were therefore unavailable. Two more, as known deserters from the United States navy, were considered unworthy of the judgment seat. Forged or suspected naturalization papers threw out another five. This reduced the residuum to sixteen, whose names were written on slips of paper, thrown into a pith helmet, and tumbled together. The first four withdrawn constituted the assessor judges, who were at once warned by messenger to be in attendance at the consulate at ten the next morning, or be punished for contempt.

What a stir was made in the little town as the news went round! Satterlee, the cherished, the entertained, the eagerly sought after — Satterlee had been discovered to be a pirate! The "Southern Belle" was no "Southern Belle" at all, but the "James H. Peabody"! He had shipped as supercargo, putting in a thousand dollars of his own to lull Mr. Crawford's suspicions, and then had marooned the captain and mate on Ebon Island, and levanted with the ship!

Heavens, what cackle, what excitement, what a furious flow of beer in every saloon along the beach! It was rumored that the great bargain-day sales might be canceled — that the goods might have to be returned — that not a penny of compensation would be paid to the unlucky purchasers. Then what a rubbing off of marks took place, what a breaking up of tell-tale cases, what a soaking off of tags! The whole eighty tons disappeared like magic, and you could not find a soul who would even confess to a packet of pins!

"Dillon . . . Clerk of the Court—any court"

The trial took place in the large office-room of the consulate. The big front doors stood open to the sea, where a mile away the breakers tossed and tumbled on the barrier reef. The back door was kept shut to keep out the meaner noises of domesticity, but at intervals in the course of the trial you could hear the deliberate grinding of the consular coffee, the chasing of consular chickens, the counting of the consular wash, shrill arguments over the price of fish — a grotesque juxtaposition that seemed to make a mock of the whole proceedings.

The consul, in well-starched white clothes and pipe-clayed shoes, sat on a dais beneath the crossed flags of his country, giving the effect of an elegant and patriotic wax-work. Below him were the four assessors, sunburned, commonish, sea-faring men, with enormous hands that they did not know what to do with, who moved uneasily in their chairs and looked about for places to spit — and then did n't dare to. One, whose brawny arms far exceeded the shrunken sleeves of his jumper, unbared to view on his hairy skin the tatooed form of a naked mermaid. A table stood in the center of the uncarpeted room, with a lawyer on either side — Purdy, the goaty-haired, dirty, elderly man, half-blind, sharp-voiced, rasping out his case. Opposite him, Thacher — a slinky, mean-looking young man, who was reputed to have left New Zealand under a cloud. He looked what he was, a cheap lawyer's clerk, of the pinched, hungry variety one sees in gloomy ante-rooms. At the head of the table was Dillon, the everlasting dictatee, his dyed black whiskers drooping in the heat, who raised a fat hand from time to time as a brake on outstripping tongues. And there the Captain, the cause of all this singular assembly, tilting back in his chair, or occasionally leaning over to whisper into his counsel's ear — spare, angular, careworn — with his grim mouth and resolute air, as though the soul within him refused to be cowed by such droning tomfoolery.

Beside the front door was a shabby, basket-work sofa, where members of the public were entitled to sit. They would tiptoe in, these members of the public, furtively, as though expecting to be shot on sight, the bolder ones perhaps exchanging a whisper, the weaker brethren silent and trembling if they caught an official eye. Outside, on the steps of the broad veranda, the brothers Scanlon lolled and slumbered, with pewter stars on their sweaty bosoms, enjoying the deep contentment that comes with two dollars and fifty cents a day.

The trial lasted two days, but judgment was held over for the third. The case against Satterlee was complete. The San Francisco affidavits, properly made out by competent hands, were confirmed by the confession of Ah Foy, the cook, who (besides Satterlee) was the only present member of the original crew. Satterlee set up the lame defence that he had purchased the vessel from Crawford, and was, therefore, her actual owner. He was sworn, and gave evidence accordingly, but Purdy's cross-examination left him without a leg to stand on. He cut a pitiful figure as he floundered and lied and

contradicted himself under the lash of that relentless tongue, miring himself ever deeper with explanations that did not explain, and agitated references to a "conspiracy" whose object it was to ruin him. No, the only thing to be considered was the degree of punishment that would adequately offset his crime.

On the reassembling of the court on the morning of the third day, little Skiddy, from the majesty of the dais, summed up the case at length. It covered nine sheets of foolscap, and had cost him hours of agonizing toil. Beginning with a general rhetorical statement about the "policy of nations," and the "security of the high seas," he descended by degrees to the crime of barratry — or, in plain English, the theft of ships. He looked at barratry from every side, and the more he looked the less he seemed to like it. It was the cradle of piracy; it destroyed the confidence of owners; barratry, if frequently repeated, would shake the whole commercial structure. A person who committed barratry would commit anything. In this manner he went on and on, reviewing the evidence of the case, destroying the whole fabric of the defence, dwelling at length on the enormity of the entire transaction. The "James H. Peabody" had been deliberately seized. The prisoner had lawlessly converted her, the property of another, to his own base uses. He had broken into the cargo and shamelessly sold it as his own. He could plead neither the extenuation of youth, nor ignorance, nor the urging of others. He had conceived the crime, and had carried it out, single-handed. The court could not accept the contention that Ah Foy, the Chinaman, had been in any sense a confederate or an accomplice. The court dismissed the charge against Ah Foy. But after mature deliberation its unanimous judgment was that John Forster, alias Satterlee, was *guilty*. The court sentenced John Forster, alias Satterlee, to *ten years' penal servitude*.

Purdy popped up with some question as to the scale of court fees. Thacher winked at Dillon, and began to roll up his papers. Skiddy descended from the dais, and became an ordinary human being again. The Captain, leaning forward in his chair, gazed absently out to sea. The Scanlon brothers appeared, officiously wanting to know what they were to do next. Skiddy was unable to tell them, except that they were to stay by the prisoner until he could consult with the authorities. He put on his hat, lit a cigar, and forthwith departed.

The President was kind, the Chief Justice urbane. The income of the kingdom barely sufficed for their two salaries, and they judged it incumbent (as they could do nothing else) to be as polite as possible to the American Consul. But jails? Oh, no, they could n't oblige Skiddy with a new jail! He was welcome to what they had, but it was n't in reason that he could expect anything better. Skiddy said it was a hog pen. The President retorted that the King's allowance was eight months in arrears, and that the western end of the island was still in rebellion. Jails lost money, and they had no money. Skiddy declared it was an outrage, and asked them if they approved of putting a white man into a bare stockade, with none of the commonest conveniences or decencies of life?

They were both shocked at the suggestion. The pride of race is very strong in barbarous countries. A white man is still a white man even if he has committed all the crimes in the calendar. The Chief Justice very seriously pointed out that it would disgrace them all to confine Satterlee in the stockade, and force him to mix with the dregs of the native population. Surely Mr. Skiddy could not consider such a thing for a moment? Mr. Skiddy wanted to know, then, what the deuce he was to do? The Chief Justice benignantly shook his head. He had no answer to that question. The President murmured sauvely that perhaps next year, with an increased hut-tax, and the suppression of the rebellion, the Government might see its way to——

"Next year!" roared Skiddy. "I want to know what I 'm to do NOW!"

The two high officials gazed at him sadly. It was a great pity, they observed (with an air of gentle complaint) that Mr. Skiddy should have embarrassed the Government at a time when its whole position was precarious. Had he not better refer the matter to Washington? Doubtless Washington, reccognizing the fact that — Skiddy flung himself out lest his anger should get the best of him. He went and had another look at the jail, and liked it even less than before. Faugh, it was disgusting! It would kill a white man in a week. It would be nothing less than murder to put Satterlee into it. He returned to the consulate to talk over the matter with the trusty Scanlons.

Would they consider a monthly arrangement on a reduced charge, giving Satterlee the best room in their cottage, and pledging themselves that he should never quit the confines of their three-acre cocoanut patch? The half-caste brothers fell in joyfully with the suggestion, and their first wild proposals were beaten down to forty dollars a month for custodianship and fifteen dollars for the room and the transport of Satterlee's food from the International Hotel — fifty-five dollars in all. Thirty dollars a month for the hotel raised the grand total to eighty-five dollars. Skiddy wondered ruefully whether Washington would ever indorse this arrangement, but in his desperation he could n't see that he had any other choice. He would simply *make* Washington indorse it. It was with great relief that he saw the Captain's departure from a corner of his bedroom window, and felt that, for the moment at least, he had a welcome respite from all his perplexities.

He put a captain and crew on board the "James H. Peabody" and packed her back to San Francisco, at the same time apprising the State Department by mail, and begging that a telegraphic answer might be sent him in respect to Satterlee's imprisonment, and the expense it had necessarily entailed. He calculated that the telegram would catch an outgoing man-of-war that was shortly due.

"Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison"

The consular salary was two hundred dollars a month, and if the eighty-five dollars for Satterlee was disallowed, the sum was indubitably bound to sink to one hundred and fifteen dollars. Deducting a further fifty, which little Skiddy was in the habit of remitting to his mother, a widow in narrow circumstances, and behold his income reduced to sixty-five a month! It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Skiddy waited on pins and needles for the Department's reply!

In the course of weeks it came.

Skiddy U S consul apia samoa satterlee case the department authorizes charge for food, but

none for custody or lodging. bronson assistant secretary.

This was a staggering blow. It definitely placed his salary at ninety-five dollars! He sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the Department, inclosing snap-shot pictures of the jail, the prisoners, the huts, and other things that cannot be described here. It evolved an acrimonious reply, in which he was bidden to be more respectful. He was at liberty (the despatch continued), if he thought it advisable as an act of private charity, to maintain the convict Satterlee in a comfortable cottage, but the Department insisted that it should be at his, Skiddy's, expense. The Department itself advocated the jail. If the situation was as disgraceful as he had described it, ought not the onus be put on the Samoan Government, "and thus place the Department in a position to make strong representations through the usual diplomatic channels?"

"Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains"

"But in the meantime what would happen to Satterlee?" returned the consul in official language across six thousand miles of sea and land.

"You are referred to the previous despatch," retorted the Department.

"But it will kill him," said Skiddy, again crossing an ocean and a continent.

"If the convict Satterlee should become ill, you are at liberty to send him to the hospital."

"Yes, but there is n't any hospital," said Skiddy.

"The Department cannot withdraw from the position it took up, nor the principle it laid down in despatch No. 214 B!"

Thus the duel went on, while Skiddy cut down his cigars, sold his riding horse, and generally economized. A regret stole over him that he had n't sentenced Satterlee to a shorter term, and he looked up the Consular Instructions to see what pardoning powers he possessed. On this point the little book was dumb. Not so the Department, however, to whom a hint on the subject provoked the reply, "that by so doing you would stultify your previous action and impugn the finding of the consular court. The Department would view with grave displeasure, etc.——!"

Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison. His winning personality never showed to better advantage than in those days of his eclipse. He dandled the Scanlon offspring on his knee; helped the women with their household tasks; played checkers with the burly brothers. He was prodigiously respected. He gathered in the Scanlon hearts, even to uncles and second cousins. You would have taken him for a patriarch in the bosom of a family of which he was the joy and pride. He received the best half-caste society on his front porch, and dispensed Scanlon hospitality with a lavish hand. These untutored souls had no proper conception of barratry. They could n't see any crime in running away with a schooner. They pitied the Captain as a bold spirit who had met with undeserved misfortunes. The Samoan has ever a sympathetic hand for the fallen mighty — and the hand is never empty of a gift. Bananas, pineapples, taro, sugar-cane, *palisami*, sucking-pigs, chickens, eggs, *valo* — all descended on Satterlee in wholesale lots. Girls brought him *leis* of flowers to wear round his neck;

anonymous friends stole milk for his refreshment; pigeon-hunters, returning singing from the mountains, deferentially laid their best at his feet. He was consulted, and his advice taken on intricate and perplexing subjects, medical, legal, nautical, and military. No one could pass his door without a chat.

On Sundays Skiddy paid the Captain a periodical visit. He would bring the latest papers if there were any — or a novel or two from his scanty stock. Their original friendship had died a violent death, but a new one had gradually arisen on the ashes of the old. Skiddy had no more illusions in respect to this romantic-minded humbug and semi-pirate; but the man was likable, tremendously likable — and in spite of himself, the little consul could not forbear suffering some of the pangs of remorse. The world was so big, so wide, with such a sufficiency of room for all (even romantic-minded humbugs and semi-pirates), and it was hard that Providence should have singled him out to clip this eagle's wings! There was something, too, very pathetic in Satterlee's contentment. He confided to Skiddy that he had never been so happy. With glistening eyes he would discourse on "these simple people"— "these good hearts"—"this lovely and uncontaminated paradise where evil seems never to have set its hand"— and expatiate generally on the beauty, charm, and tranquillity of Samoan life. He dreaded the time, he said, when a ruthless civilization would sweep it all away.

Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains, invariably accompanied by a Scanlon brother to give an official aspect to the excursion. It maintained the fast-disappearing principle that Satterlee was a convict and under vigilant guard. It served to take away the appearance besides (which they might otherwise have presented) of two friends spending a happy day together in the country! A Scanlon brother stood for the United States Government and the majesty of law, and propriety demanded his presence as peremptorily as a chaperon for a young lady. A Scanlon brother could be useful, too, in climbing cocoanut trees, rubbing sticks together when the matches were lost, and in guiding them to noble waterfalls far hidden in the forest.

In this manner nearly a whole year passed, which, for the little consul, represented an unavoidable monthly outlay of fifty-five dollars. He got somewhat used to it, as everybody gets somewhat used to everything; but he could not resist certain recurring intervals of depression when he contrasted his present circumstances with his bygone glory. Fifty-five dollars a month made a big hole in a consular income, and he would gaze down that ten-year vista with a sinking heart. But relief was closer at hand than he had ever dared to hope. From the Department? No! But from Satterlee himself.

The news was brought to little Skiddy early one morning. Alfred Scanlon, with an air of gloom, deprecatingly coughed his way into the bedroom, and handed the consul a letter. It was written on pale pink note paper, of the kind Samoans liked best, with two lavender love-birds embossed in the corner. It was from Satterlee.

"DEAR FRIEND," it ran, "when this reaches you I shall be far to sea. My excuse for so long subsisting on your bounty must be laid to my ignorance, which was only illuminated two days ago by accident. I had no idea that you were paying for me out of your own private purse, nor that my ease and comfort were obtained at so heavy a cost to yourself. Regretfully I bring our pleasant relations to an end, impelled, I assure you, by the promptings of a heart-felt friendship. I loved the simple people amongst whom my lot was cast, and looked forward, at the termination of my sentence, to end the balance of my days peacefully amongst them. The world, seen from so great a distance, and from within so sweet a nest, frightened me, old stager that I am. God knows, I have never seen but its ugliest side, and return to it with profound depression. Kindly explain my abrupt departure to the Scanlons, and if you would do me a last favor, buy a little rocking-horse that there is at Edward's store, price three dollars, and present it in my name to my infant god-daughter, Apeli Scanlon. To them all kindly express my warmest and sincerest gratitude; and for yourself, dear friend, the best, the truest, the kindest of men, accept the warm grasp of my hand at parting.

"Ever yours,

"JOHN SATTERLEE."

"It must have been the Hamburg barque that sailed last night," quavered Scanlon.

Of course Skiddy blew that Scanlon up. He wiped the floor with him. He roared at him until that great, hulking creature shook like jelly and his round black eyes suffused with tears. He made him sit down then and there; swore him on the consular Bible; and made him dictate a statement which was signed in the presence of the cook. This accomplished, Alfred was ingloriously dismissed, while the consul went out on the back veranda, and sat there in his pajamas, to think the matter over.

It seemed a pity to rouse the Department. The Department's interest in Satterlee could at no time have been called brisk, and it had now ebbed to a negligible quantity. But it would be just like the Department to get suddenly galvanized and hysterically head Satterlee off at Hamburg. This would mean his ultimate return to Samoa, and a perpetual further outlay of fifty-five dollars from a hard-earned salary! No, he would n't worry the Department . . . Let sleeping dogs lie. There were better ways of spending fifty-five dollars a month than . . .

That night the consul had champagne at dinner, and drank a silent toast.

"Good luck to him, poor old devil!"

"Of course, Skiddy blew that Scanlon up"

EDITORIAL

"The truth shall make you free." — JOHN VIII. 32

"JUDGE NOT"

"JUDGE not that ye be not judged." It is a counsel of charity, it is a word of authority, but it may be misapplied. As a maxim of social intercourse between man and man it softens asperities and lubricates friction. For the regulation of our personal relations we need to keep it always in mind.

Plainly, however, it is not a rule of universal application. For the magistrate in the seat of authority, for the jurist upon the bench, for the juryman in the box it will not do at all. It is the business of these men to judge the conduct of their fellow men; that responsibility rests upon them; the security of society depends on the honesty and fearlessness with which they discharge it.

To this proposition all except the theoretical anarchists readily agree. And even such theoretical anarchists as Tolstoy, while they condemn the use of physical force in the execution of judgment, are not at all slow to judge, and to pronounce judgments of the most terrible severity upon those whose conduct seems to them worthy of reprobation. There seems, it must be allowed, some inconsistency in the practise of such anarchists who reprobate only physical violence, and reserve for themselves the utmost violence of speech.

The duty of magistrates to judge, and even to punish, is not seriously questioned by many sane men. But is the magistrate the only one who is to judge and condemn the evil doer? Is his attitude of mind toward those who offend against the commonwealth to be radically unlike that which his neighbors out of office maintain? Is his soul the only soul in the community to be filled with indignation at the evil deed? Is his voice the only voice to be raised in condemnation of the evil doer? Is the magistrate to be on the one side, censuring, condemning and punishing the guilty person while all the rest of the community is on the other side complacent or indifferent?

If such is the situation the judgment and the punishment of the magistrate will have very little effect upon the malefactor. The disapproval which is merely official will not greatly disturb him. Nor is the mere physical punishment for which the law provides — even when it extends to incarceration — anything very serious if no disgrace goes with it. The prisoner who could truly say: "It is only the officers of the law who disapprove of what I have done; the rest of the people do not care; I have lost nothing in their estimation," would not suffer a very severe punishment. It is only because the judgment and condemnation of the court is believed to represent the judgment and condemnation of the community that its stroke is degrading.

The truth is, of course, that the magistrate in his verdict and sentence expresses the moral feeling of his fellow-citizens. He is their representative. He has no right to judge but that which they have conferred upon him. What makes his judgment effective is the fact that although they hold their judgment in suspense while he is finding out the facts, they are ready to add the entire weight of it to his judgment when sentence is pronounced. They have not divested themselves of this power or the right of judging; they have simply sought to make their judgment clear by a fair investigation.

In truth the right and power of judging are attributes of which no enfranchised citizen of a republic can divest himself. They belong to the very elements of responsible citizenship. It is the citizen's primary business to judge, and not only to judge measures, but to judge men. His judgment of men is a great deal more important than his judgment of measures. The best of measures in the hands of cranks or rascals will be warped or thwarted. And it is the citizen's first business to judge strictly and sternly, with fearless intelligence, the men who present themselves for his

suffrages; to have an opinion about them and to express that opinion so that it shall influence his neighbors. If they are not fit for office, he ought not merely to think so, he ought to say so. The maxim "Judge not," if it were laid down here, would be grievously applied.

It is equally his business to judge the men in office, as to the manner in which they perform their duties. They are his representatives, and he ought to know whether they are performing the duties assigned to them. He ought not to be hasty and careless in such judgments, but he is bound to judge — not merely principles and policies, but men in office. When they do well he ought to praise them; when they do ill he ought to condemn them. It is the clear judgments of intelligent men upon the conduct of public affairs that constitute the public opinion which is the motive power of good government. To bid them judge not is to stifle the living breath of freedom.

Nor is the citizen's sphere of judgment confined to candidates or officials. Wherever in the conduct of men he discovers agencies at work which tend to bring harm to the commonwealth it is his duty to expose them and reprove them. When he discovers men obtaining, through the bribery of officials, or by any other corruption, franchises which enable them to practise extortion upon the inhabitants of a city; when he sees them gaining the power to exploit, through iniquitous railroad rates, the earnings of a continent; when he finds them appropriating to their own uses trust funds belonging to widows and orphans, it is time for him to form clear judgments and to utter them without fear. He must not wait until the law has overtaken the transgressors before he expresses his judgment of such unsocial conduct; it is the voice of public opinion, it is the sum of the individual judgments of honest men, that makes the law efficient to suppress such plunderers — this and nothing else.

It is clear, therefore, that this maxim "Judge not" is greatly limited in its application. In our purely domestic and personal relations it is a good rule; in the higher realm of our political and civil responsibilities it is wholly out of place.

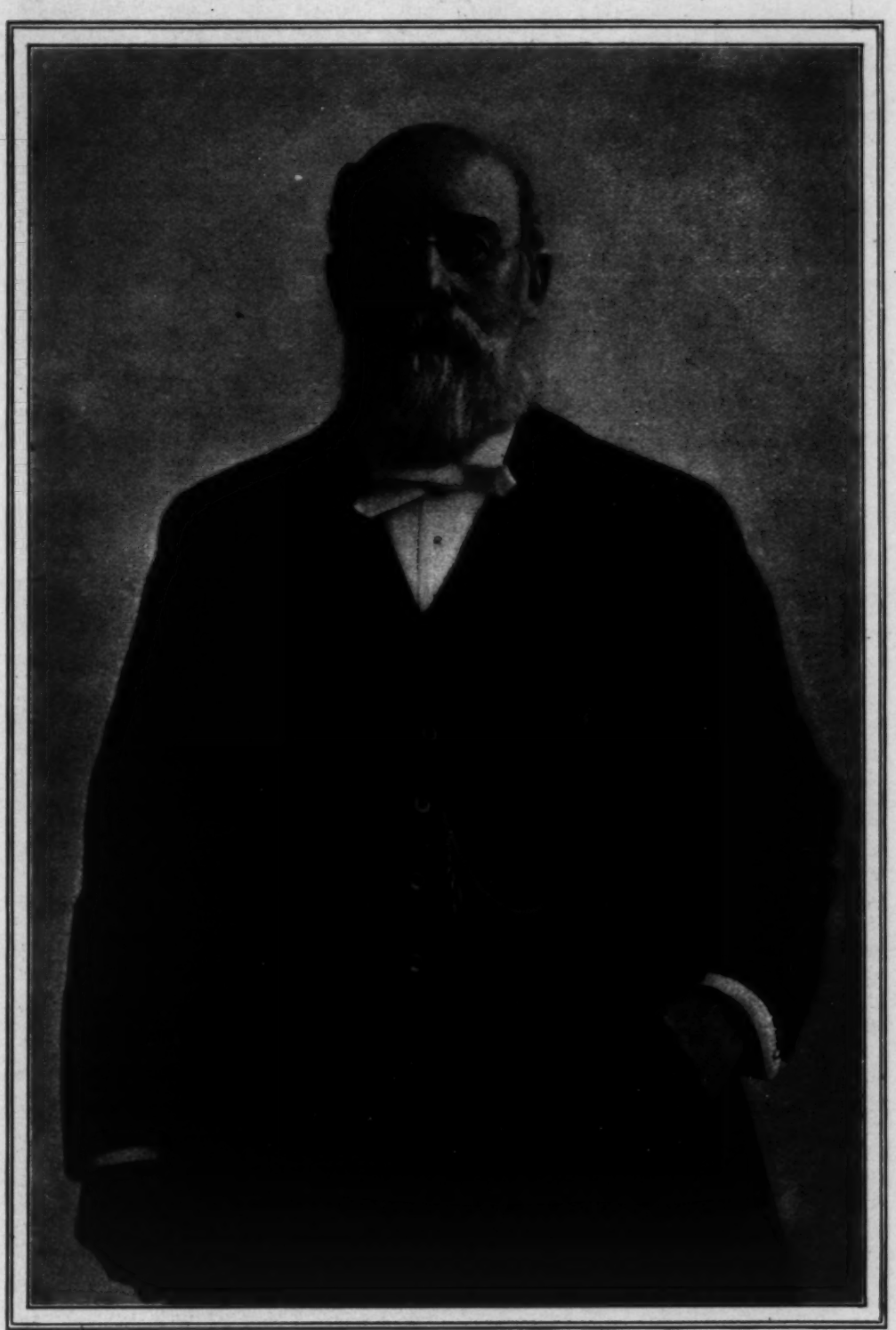
For it must not be forgotten that in a republic every enfranchised citizen sustains a dual relation. He is a subject, and he is also a sovereign. He is under the law, and he is also a maker and administrator of law. Certain maxims which apply to him in one of these relations do not apply to him in the other. The same great principles of conduct govern both realms, but particular rules are pertinent in one and not in the other. It may be difficult for us to adjust these differences; to learn in what places we must be tolerant and charitable, and in what places we must be strict and stern. but this is one of the lessons we must master.

There is but one kind of retribution which has any valuable deterrent effect upon those worst enemies of society who are yet out of jail. The threat of mere physical punishment, with no moral disapproval behind it, would not be effectual; they might hope to evade that; but discovery that the community at large held their deeds in abhorrence would mightily restrain them. The only thing that will cure these worst social mischiefs is the formation and the utterance of a clear moral judgment concerning them — a judgment which shall reverberate through the length and breadth of the land.

To furnish the grounds for such a judgment has been and will be the purpose of this magazine.

AN APOSTLE OF APPLIED CHRISTIANITY

IT is a fine thing for a man to come to seventy years of age and find the convictions of his youth undimmed, the causes he has espoused still worth fighting for, his ideals still without tarnish. It is the record of the Rev. Washington Gladden who, on February 11th, celebrates his seventieth birthday. For nearly fifty years an active pastor in the Congregational Church, Dr. Gladden for thirty years has been known to the general public as a bold and able advocate of the application of Christianity to the every-day activities of human life. He first attracted attention by a little book demanding that the Golden Rule be used in the relations of workmen and employers. It was many years ago when such a doctrine was pretty generally considered outside of a preacher's business and Dr Gladden was criticised for establishing a "dangerous precedent." From that he went on making more and more frequent applications of Christianity to political, social, and industrial situations. He preached that Christianity has something to say about economics until he was called a Socialist. He denounced the bigotry of the American Protective Association until he was called a Jesuit. He called the trusts to order for their illegal and brutal treatment of rivals and



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THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN

consumers until he was denounced as an agitator. But all this left him unmoved. As he saw it, all parts of life must be brought under the religious motive or Christianity is a failure. He was really working for that "integration of the Christian conscience" which, as the newly appointed Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, Rev. Charles D. Williams, pointed out in this magazine for December, "is the deepest ethical need of this generation."

Where man is as aggressive and persistent in awakening thought as Dr. Gladden has been, he is almost sure to be regarded by the great comfort-living, satisfied part of the world as one-sided and morose. Dr. Gladden is anything but that. If one will read the sermons in a recent collection, "Where the Sky Begins," along with his latest book, "The New Idolatry," one will find that the warrior is a wise, serene Catholic Christian who never forgets the sky, however hot the battle. And this is logical enough. There is no man who can be so serene as he who stands on absolute right. His mind is not torn by efforts to twist and color and evade, his soul is not tortured by self-accusation or fear. He walks in the light and is free to see the sky, to look men in the eye, to take openly joy and good wherever he finds it. It is possible for such a man and only such a man to do as Dr. Gladden has done; live a long life without disillusion, without loss of courage or of temper, to deal his heaviest blows at subtle and unacknowledged wrongs at seventy and at seventy to have more sky in his landscape than ever before.

MANUFACTURING PUBLIC OPINION

THERE has long been a suspicion amounting, in many quarters, to a certainty that our great corporations included in their advertising bureaus well-equipped, secret departments for manufacturing public opinion favorable to themselves. It is one of their vaunted "economies" which, for "the good of the business," they took care to keep to themselves. As a rule, all that a restive public could do under this suspicion was to accuse. It could not prove. One of the many substantial public services rendered by the admirable life insurance investigation which has been going on in New York City last fall and this winter was to contribute a clear demonstration of the way the publicity bureau worked in the Mutual Life Company at least. It is probably a fair example of what all our great corporations support.

That a great life insurance company, like the Mutual, should do a large amount of advertising goes without saying, but as the investigation showed, there is something else beside straightforward advertising of itself done by the concern; and this is the way it 's worked. In the employ of the Mutual for the last eighteen years has been a certain Mr. Charles J. Smith. His business has been that of managing a species of literary bureau. In ordinary times his activities have been general and rather unimportant, but in time of emergency they are enlarged; for instance, last September, when the investigation began, he turned all his strength to preparing articles calculated to counteract the reports of the investigations sent out through the regular news channels. He did not send out these articles from the office of the Mutual. He turned them over to an institution handled by a Mr. Allan Forman, called the Telegraphic News Bureau. The Mutual paid Mr. Forman $1 a line for every issue of Mr. Smith's articles which he secured in a reputable newspaper. For one item supplied to about 100 different papers in October, the Mutual Life paid between $5,000 and $6,000. On October 25th they had paid out for six articles which Mr. Forman had handled in that month something like $11,000, and many of the bills had not yet come in. As stated, Mr. Forman received $1 a line from the Mutual Life for handling this matter. What the newspapers received for publishing did not appear. Mr. Smith said that some of the newspapers charged $5, some $1.50, and some $2 a line. Now, this large sum was paid because the matter was published as regular telegraphic news or reading articles, that is because the newspapers gave no indication that they were really publishing advertising matter for which they were receiving pay. Mr. Smith mentioned several reputable papers in which his articles had appeared as reading matter.

So much for the kind of work Mr. Smith's department has been doing, but this is not all of the Mutual's advertising on the quiet. There is a regular advertising department outside of Mr. Smith's. This is managed by a Mr. W. S. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan buys space in magazines and in some of the newspapers, direct advertising of which nobody can complain, but he also sends out what his

account books call "Telegraphic Readers." Mr. Sullivan claimed to Mr. Hughes that these telegraphic readers were sent out *at the solicitation largely of the newspapers themselves*.

"All the large daily newspapers," he explained, "have representatives, or most of them have representatives, in this city. The trade name is a "special advertising agent." These men, of course, come to see us in the course of business, they come to see all general advertisers, and this telegraphic news item is a matter that appears on a great many of their rate cards, and we have never, to my knowledge, sent out to any paper that had not already filed with us their rate, so that we understood what we were to pay for the service." These notices, Mr. Sullivan went on to say, were printed, as a rule, without any distinguishing marks. However, some of them, he said, made a practice of disguising the matter in what he called "a very subtle way," such as a cut-off rule, a star, a different form of type than the body of the paper.

It all amounts to this, that the Mutual Life Insurance Company has been able to arrange for a price with a lot of reputable newspapers to print as reading articles or as matter of news, material which was incontestably devised to deceive public opinion. The ethics of the press on the matter of paid space are perfectly simple. Whatever is printed and paid for must appear as advertising. To print an article as news, as reading matter, or as editorial comment and receive pay for it — is to deceive the reader. It is entirely analogous to selling a vote — quite as debasing to the person who does it and as unfair to the public whom he serves. Certainly newspapers that will consent to allow such a use of their columns are more to be blamed than the corporations which employ them.

The Mutual Life's news department, so far as revealed, is not nearly so complete as that which other corporations, notably the Standard Oil Company, has supported among its other curious "economies." For instance, in Ohio that concern employed at one time a distributing agency known as the Jennings Advertising Agency, which distributed articles, prepared especially for the concern, to the newspapers, and paid for them on condition that they appeared as news or editorials. In one of the examinations conducted by the Ohio Attorney-General, Frank S. Monnett, in 1898 — he brought out a contract with the newspaper made by this agency of which the following is a fragment:

"The publisher agrees to reprint on news or editorial pages of said newspaper such notices, set in the body type of said paper and bearing no mark to indicate advertising, as are furnished from time to time by said Jennings Agency at the rate of — per line, and to furnish such agency extra copies of paper containing such notes at four cents per copy." Specimens of the articles published under this contract were offered in the testimony — all of them defenses or laudations of the Standard.

In the last year the Standard has done a large amount of similar publishing in Kansas. During the "oil war" of the spring of 1905, articles three and four columns in length, bristling with tables and calculations which had no bearing on the real points at issue in the oil trouble in the state, but which were admirably calculated to bewilder and mislead a public knowing little or nothing of the real facts of the situation, were offered the Kansas papers at their own figure. These articles were worth anywhere from five hundred dollars to one thousand to the papers, and when one remembers that the prosperous newspaper in the Kansas towns clears probably not over $2,500 a year, the temptation in the plum is obvious. But there were papers clean enough on the ethics of the matter to refuse the fruit. The *Emporia Gazette* refused it, so did Governor Hoch's newspaper, but there were more which looked and ate!

The Standard, it is well known, has always had a subsidized press of its own, the leading representative of which is the Oil City *Derrick* — a very able paper in its legitimate oil news and a vituperative and amusing advocate in matters of controversy. For many years, too, the Standard Oil Company subsidized *Gunton's Magazine* to the tune of $15,000 to $25,000 a year. This periodical, which flickered out last year, began as a strong and able expositor of the principles of combination and co-operation in commerce, but it suffered the intellectual dry-rot which overtakes most subsidized concerns, and at its death had become an ineffective and rather querulous defender of corporations in general and the Standard Oil Company in particular.

Another method of manufacturing opinion largely employed by the Standard is anonymous or misleading circularization of pamphlets or books. It was this method which the concern took to meet Miss Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company. That it was their right — even their duty to the public — to answer openly the arguments and facts of that work is evident, but they did little openly. Secretly, however, the publicity bureau was not idle. For instance, a little volume called "The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company" appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers in the spring of 1903. It explained the rise of the great trust as the almost automatic working of

the law of combination, it overlooked conveniently any evidence of unusual railroad manipulations or brutal forcing of rivals out of business, and it was as innocent of an ethical notion as a newborn babe. Immediately after its publication this magazine began to receive letters from librarians, colleges, ministers, and teachers all over the country, saying that they had received the book with a slip bearing the printed legend, "Compliments of Harper & Brothers," and suggesting with more or less indignation that this was a Standard Oil method of meeting criticism, as it undoubtedly was. Publishers are not given to gratuitous distribution to that extent. Nobody could rightly criticize the open circulation of the book by the Standard Oil Company. If they believed it a putting of their case which it would be wise to circulate, there was no reason they should not have sent it to whomsoever they wished, with their own compliments on every volume of the thousands they scattered. But that is not the way this company sees things.

At the present writing the amount of indirect and distorted advertising which the railroads are doing in opposition to the rate regulation bill before Congress is becoming apparent to the initiated. Mr. Baker, whose series of articles on the railroads began in our November number, has gathered many facts about the way in which public opinion is being manufactured, and we hope soon to be able to publish an article by him on the subject. Mr. Baker finds that there is in operation an extensive press bureau, supported liberally by a combination of leading railroads. This bureau has its headquarters in Boston and has branch offices in New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, and Topeka, Kansas, with many local and traveling agents elsewhere. Like the press bureau of the Mutual Life Company it sends out prepared articles which are published in the newspapers as regular reading matter. The bureau put numerous lecturers in the fields last summer following up Governor La Follette, President Roosevelt and others who had spoken in favor of railroad rate regulation. It also operates powerfully on conventions of shippers, and even succeeded in splitting the important Interstate Commerce Law Convention held in Chicago in October.

As far as the publishing by the newspapers of these paid articles as reading matter is concerned, we believe that it is only necessary to put the facts plainly to cause a revolt on the part of all respectable newspapers against the practice. It is a pernicious business, as no one of them will probably dispute. They have fallen easily into it because it paid. As long as nobody called attention to it, the returns kept their consciences quiet. The situation is indeed a good deal like that in regard to advertising injurious patent medicines. They paid well, and as long as nobody complained, the publisher's mind was easy. But the agitation so ably conducted recently by *Collier's Weekly* has set many newspapers to thinking and on all sides we hear of the canceling — or refusing the renewal — of contracts for patent medicine advertisements. It is another of the many signs of the general awakening of the public conscience.

As for other indirect methods of influencing opinion practised by corporations, nothing will ever cure them but to convince business men themselves that they don't pay — that the popular contempt for underhand work of this kind is too costly to make it wise. There is no reason why the Mutual Life Company, the Standard Oil Company, anybody and everybody in this country should not openly give their side of every converted point which concerns them, no reason why they should not fight for their side — insist that it be heard. All that the public asks is that they come into the open to do this, that they sign their articles, put their own signature on the newspapers they support — their own compliments on the books and circulars they distribute.